

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OCTOBER, 1896.

VOL.

XI.

NO.

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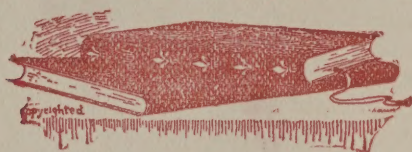
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THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. I.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1896.

THE MONTH.

A good start is an excellent thing in any undertaking. The first three weeks of this term have passed and now we are to work till the Christmas vacation. Those who have studied hard these three weeks are going to have an easier time the remainder of the term than those who have loafed so far. In a bicycle race the pace is followed from the start, but some of us don't do that in our studies, and as a result, we are obliged to "hump" a great deal to come within the required limit. If the first lap is loafed, it is a phenomenon who can catch the bunch, and most of us are not phenomena. Look out for your marks!



This year we publish a directory with the belief that it will be a convenience to every one. Many have felt the need of this, and we are indebted to the secretaries, Miss Dodge and Miss Babbitt, for the opportunity to satisfy the want. Now when a fellow contemplates escorting a beautiful maiden, he will not be faced with the uncertainty of distance, and she in turn will know how great her charms when she finds she has led him three miles from home.

Since the Latin School was started it has enjoyed the enviable reputation of being one of the finest fitting schools in the country. This record is due to the marked efficiency of the faculty, and to the fine class of students who have attended here, pupils who have had every incentive in their home life for making a good personal record in their classes. Also great care is taken that no one goes to the examinations unless he is sure to pass them. Some pupils who have failed to satisfy the master of their ability to take the examinations, have been sent up by outside parties, and some of these have passed the examinations; others have not. If the individual pupil would strive to hold the school to its past record as does the faculty, the school will hold the record for a long time.



Now that the foot-ball team is back in the league, it is well to remember that such a fault may happen again. To guard against such an occurrence there should be a committee to look after the athletics of the schools. Mr. Raymond gave a great deal of valuable time to get us back, and it is his opinion that such a committee should be appointed, preferably from the graduates. Again, every boy who can

play ought to think enough of the school to play. If he is in doubt as to his ability, he should at least respect the opinion of his fellow students. And the girls and younger fellows should join the Association, and thus keep in touch with the athletes and athletics. There is hardly a school where there is less enthusiasm than in Cambridge. This year is an improvement over last in this respect, but we can do better yet. Give all the teams your hearty support. Support gave Brookline the baseball championship; it will do much in giving Cambridge victories.



The Mass Meeting of the Athletic Association was well attended. Mr. Bradbury expressed his approval of properly conducted athletics. Mr. Chase said that he was going to give more attention to our sports in the future. Mr. Coolidge was indignant at the lack of enthusiasm in the schools. These three gentlemen spoke nothing but the truth, and were well received. We need the advice of such men in our outside work as well as their instruction in classics and mathematics. Let us improve the opportunity to obtain both.



We do not intend to criticise, but it would certainly be to the comfort of 2nd class students if they were provided with a few of the large desks which are standing idle in another room, instead of the small, old fashioned ones now in use.



It is with great regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Ray Greene Huling, a woman of marked sweetness of character. We extend our sympathy to our beloved headmaster and his family, and trust that they will remember, "Joy cometh in the morning."

THE KNIGHT IN GRAY.



A knight, all clad in armour white,
Made himself ready the world to fight,
Bold was his heart and ready his hand.

Forth to the lists he took his way
And soon was matched with a Knight in gray.
Bold were their hearts and ready their hands!

They fought like lions, long and well,
And still they were fighting, tho' many fell.
Bold were their hearts and skillful their hands!

At last, by strokes of superior skill,
The White Knight did the Gray Knight fell.
Bold was his heart and quick was his hand!

His fame spread far to distant lands,
To him did kings offer daughters' hands.
Great was his fame and pleasing his looks!

But he with mirth refused them all;
"A Knight am I of Bach'lors' Hall."
Cold was his heart but warm was his hand.

At length, grown tired of conqu'ring men,
He homeward hied his way again;
Stiff was his arm and dull was his blade.

He gained his gate whose arch was low,
But saw not Love, who with his bow
Shot forth his dart with aim sure and true.

Fair Ellen long had pined away,
For she had loved the Knight in Gray,
Whose heart was so bold and so ready his hand.

To Ellen now the White Knight came,
And every day he did the same.
Warm was his heart but cold was his hand!

He told her tales of lands afar,
Of knights and ladies, peace and war.
Warm was his heart but cold was his hand!

He told her tales of himself a few,
Of how he once a Gray Knight slew,
Whose heart was so bold and so ready his hand.

And she, howe'er, did not complain,
But loved him who'd her Gray Knight slain.
Love is a wonderful, wonderful thing!



"Bob" Wrenn has become famous in every civilized country for his dexterity with the tennis racket. He is also famous as the most brainy athlete ever produced. Many men who have had more ability have fallen before his skill coupled with his wits. His success at Newport last August was due to his brains and steadiness. Many times he came near being beaten, yet he hung on and pulled out finally, to the delight of his admirers.

While tennis is Mr. Wrenn's forte, he is also renowned as a famous Harvard 2nd Baseman and Quarterback. He played a very brilliant game at football, as his clearness of vision gave

the team every chance at the enemy's weak spots.

At the Latin School in Cambridge he prepared for Harvard, and it was here that he became prominent in athletics. He played quarterback on the football team for several years, in the good old days when Cambridge won legs on the league cups. He also played a heady game at baseball, steadying the team a great deal by his fine work in the field and at the bat. He was particularly famous for double plays, having more to his credit than any Interscholastic player of that time,

MASS MEETING.

A mass meeting of the students of the two schools was called for Friday evening, September 25 at the Latin School hall. The notices were posted one week in advance by the Secretary of the Association, so that ample time was given for the circulation of the news.

About two hundred and fifty boys and eight girls responded. The meeting was called to order at 7.30 by Secretary Blackburn. He came right to business, calling for a temporary chairman. H. H. Murdock was nominated and elected. Chairman Murdock then stated the purpose of the meeting, and said that anyone who had ever been a member of the Athletic Association would be allowed a vote in the proceedings of the evening.

Nominations were then made for officers for the term of '96-'97. H. Stanley Hyde made a nomination speech for H. H. Murdock and was seconded by Guy Bancroft. Mr. Usher was nominated but declined. Mr. Warnock's name was presented by the English High delegation. The nominations were closed at this juncture. The vote resulted in Murdock's election, twelve votes to two.

Samuel Usher was nominated for Vice-President, and no one was run against him. His unanimous election was greeted with cheers by the delegations of both schools.

George Dow was nominated for Secretary by J. Blackburn. He also was elected unanimously, and that the choice was a popular one was shown by the cheering as he took his place on the platform.

The Executive Committee was elected by acclamation and consists of the following well known fellows: John Blackburn, Stanley Hyde, William Warnock, and Henry Winslow.

After the election of officers came the best part of the meeting. The chairman introduced as the first speaker, Joseph A. Coolidge, of the English High School, but he had left the room. After the entreaties of several members, and continued applause from those in the hall, he returned, and his return was a scene beyond description, for Mr. Coolidge is very dear to every student of the two schools. He spoke very earnestly and received the best of attention from the assembly.

Mr. Bradbury was next called upon by the chairman, amid the applause of the audience. He said that he heartily seconded the remarks of Mr. Coolidge, and that he would be glad to do anything to put Cambridge athletics on a sounder basis. Mr. Bradbury is not an admirer of the game of foot-ball, and said so very plainly, but he is willing that those who are up in their recitation marks should go into athletics.

The petition, which had been signed by all the male pupils of the two schools, was read at this time. It was very well worded and carefully constructed.

Mr. Herbert J. Chase was next introduced. He had just come from Boston Common after a vain attempt to hear Wm. J. Bryan. He told the audience that he was in favor of properly conducted athletics, and would in the future be ready to do his part in any way he could. He expects honest athletics, and because he thought that the experience of last year would teach honesty, and because he thinks we have been punished enough, he signed the petition before coming to the meeting. Mr. Chase was well received, and his remarks often applauded. All captains and managers will find a good adviser in Mr. Chase.

Estabrook was then asked to put some enthusiasm into the meeting, and he certainly succeeded. This gentleman is back in the school again and will probably play centre on the football team. Henry Dyer, famous in joint debates, was called on, and gave a very pointed speech on the wretched support given to Cambridge teams.

Lee Beardsell, Newell Tilton, Arthur Saul, William Warnock, players on last year's team, and Farwell Thayer each spoke a few words of advice and encouragement.

A. M. Blackburn was introduced as the manager of the '96 Football Team. He spoke briefly and to the point.

At the close of the meeting a large number signified their intention of joining the Association, thus giving a fitting ending to the meeting.

CATALOG OF THE CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

1896 = '97.

TEACHERS.

Head Master.

WILLIAM F. BRADBURY, 369 Harvard St.

Master.

THEODORE P. ADAMS, Boston.

Teacher of Physics.

HERBERT J. CHASE, Hancock Park.

MARGARETTE M. LEIGHTON, 367 Harvard St.

HELEN M. ALBEE, 48 Lakeview Ave.

JENNIE S. SPRING, 2 Leonard Ave.

CAROLINE DREW, 25 Blagden St., Boston.

MARY C. HARDY, Lake St., Arlington.

ANNA M. WARREN, 329 Broadway.

ALICE C. BALDWIN, 197 Auburn St.

HELENE H. BOLL, 85 Newbury St., Boston.

MARY A. BACHELDER, 199 Prospect St.

EDITH A. HALL, 15 Avon St.

Teacher of English.

CONSTANCE G. ALEXANDER, 7 Buckingham Pl.

Assistant in Physics.

ROSE S. HARDWICK, 354 Mass. Ave., Boston.

Secretary and Librarian.

ANNIE S. DODGE, 15 Cottage St.

Batchelor, Chauncey C. 19 Wendell St.
 Blackburn, Alex. M. 133 River St.
 Boyle, Jeremiah J. 351 Norfolk St.
 Chipman, Gilbert S. 101 Allston St.
 Flint, Roger 8 Chauncy St.
 Hall, Norman F. 7 Irving Terrace.
 Hill, William 42 Sacramento St.
 Humphrey, Lewis D. 23 Maple Ave.
 Hyde, H. Stanley 32 Mellen St.
 Lewis, C. Arthur R. 36 Highland Ave.
 Locke, Charles W. 7 Francis Ave.
 Mendelsohn, Louis 107 Inman St.
 Murdock, Harris H. 130 Putnam Ave.
 Nelligan, John P. 159 Sherman St.
 Peters, Charles A. 12 Fayette St.
 Rice, William C. 135 Oxford St.
 Ryan, John W. 64 Plympton St.
 Simmons, Roger W. 8 Roseland St.
 Thomas, William K. S. 427 Broadway.
 Walker, William H. 155 Western Ave.
 Welsch, Benjamin S. 16 Rockwell St.
 Wyman, Arthur D. 908 Massachusetts Ave.

POST-GRADUATE STUDENT.

Chamberlin, Alice D. 24 Eric St.

CLASS I. '97.

Alexander, Georgia E. 181 Green St.
 Baker, Minnie L. 111 Museum St.
 Bates, Almira W. 20 Wendell St.
 Cahill, Mary A. 313 Prospect St.
 Chase, Alice G. 950 Massachusetts Ave.
 Cogan, Mary A. 105 Huron Ave.
 Ford, Mary A. T. *13 Sherman St.
 Foxcroft, Faith 25 Hillside Ave.
 Garey, Pauline M. 891 Massachusetts Ave.
 Graham, Florence I. 25 Kidder St.
 Lombard, Bertha S. 25 Walker St.
 McWhinnie, Louise I. 29 William St.
 Morgan, Agnes B. 1 Highland Park.
 Norris, C. Maud 760 Massachusetts Ave.
 Peters, Helen E. 12 Fayette St.
 Phillips, Alice B. 12 Inman St.
 Wesselhoeft, Eleanor 391 Harvard St.

CLASS II. '98.

Abbott, Mabel L. †6 Franklin St.
 Anderson, Ethel M. 23 Hudson St.
 Appleton, Ethel D. 361 Harvard St.
 Brooks, Gertrude D. 57 Lake View Ave.
 Bryant, Edith H. 199 Auburn St.
 Chase, Ethel L. 77 Orchard St.
 Conant, Ella B. 18 Tufts St.
 Crowley, Elizabeth M. 54 Fairmount St.
 Davenport, Grace C. †31 Coolidge Hill St.
 Dillingham, Annie B. 20 Hubbard Ave.
 Dimick, Esther †13 Russell Ave.
 Downs, Mary E. 341 Columbia St.
 Fawcett, Nellie E. 84 Hammond St.
 Gauss, Helen W. 58 Lake View Ave.
 Goodridge, Lillie R. 12 Scott St.
 Hale, Mabel G. 63 Inman St.
 Heald, C. Gertrude 54 Oxford St.
 Jaquith, Anna A. 14 Ellsworth Ave.
 Kastman, Valborg 351 Harvard St.
 Lansing, Marion F. 1034 Massachusetts Ave.

* Somerville. † East Watertown. ‡ Watertown. § Belmont.

Leonard, Frances R.	343 Harvard St.	Bates, Theodora	282 Green St.
Lowe, Emma S.	316 Broadway.	Brennan, Helen L. B.	46 Mt. Auburn St.
Moller, Bertha J.	330 Western Ave.	Bullen, Elsie B.	56 Creighton St.
Nichols, Florence A.	314 Harvard St.	Carr, Ethel E.	14 Oxford St.
Parsons, Grace A.	77 Walden St.	Clark, Clara S.	§Pleasant St.
Pevear, Hannah L.	†11 Irving St.	Clarke, Maude D.	178 Elm St.
Richardson, Persis E.	222 Columbia St.	Coar, Elsa J.	81 Oxford St.
Rouillard, Lillian I.	222 Prescott St.	Coburn, Marion E.	134 Otis St.
Russell, A. Eloise	150 Hancock St.	Davidson, Marion	‡Coolidge Hill St.
Sherman, Edith E.	22 Ellsworth Ave.	Dickson, Emily I.	6 Myrtle Ave.
Smith, Maude E.	313 Broadway.	Dolan, Sadie M.	38 Pearl St.
Stevenson, Isabel M.	139 Spring St.	Dooley, May V.	121 Gore St.
Walker, Florence V.	35 Pleasant St.	Dougherty, Ethel W.	417 Broadway.
Wentworth, Emma G.	125 Hampshire St.	Downes, Lillian A.	341 Columbia St.
White, Elsa H.	18 Concord Ave.	Dyar, Madeline B.	21 Summer St.
		Earl, Laura B.	16 Healey St.
Adams, Charles W.	321 Broadway.	Emerson, Marguerite E.	395 Broadway.
Adams, Kilburn E.	5 Wyeth St.	Glazier, Olive L.	396 Harvard St.
Anderson, Alfred W.	23 Hudson St.	Gould, Frances B.	35 Tufts St.
Bancroft, Guy	5 Putnam Ave.	Griffith, Margaret J.	13 Leighton Ct.
Barbour, Samuel L.	8 Bigelow St.	Hall, Mabel W.	48 Erie St.
Barnes, Donald C.	25 Lancaster St.	Hastings, Florence B.	16 Centre St.
Blackburn, John H.	133 River St.	Herrick, Elizabeth H.	Oxford St.
Carter, Leigh W.	12 Rockwell St.	Howard, Florence G.	49 Wendell St.
Clark, Robert B.	22 Sacramento St.	Huling, Ellen P.	101 Trowbridge St.
Davis, Richard M.	1 Bond St.	Hutchins, Lucy C.	10 Appian Way.
Denison, Arthur W.	13 Arlington St.	Hyde, Ethel G.	145 Hancock St.
Dow, George L.	23 Magazine St.	James, Louise F.	123 Green St.
Durant, Aldrich	9 Lowell St.	Johnson, Harriet E.	26 Lee St.
Durrell, Ralph O.	17 Dana St.	Macklin, Mary A.	5 Crescent St.
Dyer, William D.	25 Mt. Pleasant St.	Mandell, Edith F.	4 Walnut Ave.
Emerson, Elliot S.	395 Broadway.	McGrew, M. Edith	71 Walker St.
Flanagan, Arthur B.	22 Mt. Pleasant St.	McGrew, Ruth E.	71 Walker St.
Fletcher, Frederic W.	35 Blake St.	Needham, Kathryn P.	41 Bowdoin St.
Goodridge, C. Harold	1705 Massachusetts Ave.	Parker, Lucy P.	54 Concord Ave.
Horton, Lydiard H.	13 Sacramento St.	Prescott, Helen M.	2 Highland Park.
Kehew, Francis D.	Bedford, Mass.	Sargent, Jessie O. D.	129 Green St.
Kelsey, Paul H.	1590 Cambridge St.	Scorgie, Anna M.	228 Brattle St.
Metcalf, Carleton R.	22 Linnaean St.	Stratton, Bertha L.	26 Linnaean St.
Parker, Thomas	148 Mt. Auburn St.	Swan, Nellie W.	‡42 Elm St.
Proudfoot, Arnold S.	1491 Cambridge St.	Taylor, Ethel R.	354 Harvard St.
Seaver, Clifford	96 Franklin St.	Webber, Grace B.	201 Norfolk St.
Skene, Norman L.	176 Prospect St.	Webster, Lizzie E.	3 Albany St.
Sparrow, Ernest H.	23 Bigelow St.	White, Mary E.	324 Winsor St.
Whitney, Charles F.	105 Chestnut St.	Whitmore, Bertha N.	32 Mt. Pleasant St.
Winslow, Henry J.	152 Magazine St.	Wilde, Jessie L.	120 Henry St.
Witte, Saul A.	54 Pleasant St.	Wyman, Florence M.	908 Massachusetts Ave.
Ybarra, Thomas			



CLASS III. '99.

Anderson, Nina E.	23 Hudson St.	Adams, Philip	45 Oxford St.
Bates, Helen B.	20 Wendell St.	Bateman, George W.	27 Cushing St.
		Beane, Arthur E.	9 Ellery St.
		Clark, Walter E.	6 Tenny St.

Cox, Geo. H., Jr. 325 Harvard St.
 Derry, Cecil T. 12 Trowbridge St.
 Dyer, William P. 10 Kidder St.
 Howland, Gerald S. 421 Green St.
 Janes, Robert F. 2192 Massachusetts Ave.
 Keith, Merton S., Jr. 46 Irving St.
 Lemon, Michael B. 12 Salem St.
 Locke, Robert W. 7 Francis Ave.
 Lombard, Charles C. 25 Walker St.
 Macdonald, W. Val. 1557 Massachusetts Ave.
 Marcen, Parker E. 46 Brewster St.
 Miller, Malcolm D. 122 Hancock.
 Parker, Frank P. 7 Haskell St.
 Parker, Henry S. 5 Buckingham Pl.
 Parker, Stanley B. 5 Buckingham Pl.
 Pennell, William A. 29 Blake St.
 Pierpont, Harry W. 16 Lee St.
 Sheridan, William H. 13 Sparks Pl.
 Sherman, Herbert L. 35 Langdon St.
 Smith, Herbert P. 313 Broadway.
 Stevens, Horace P. 79 Raymond St.
 Stratton, Charles E. 24 Linnaean St.
 Sullivan, Patrick J. 33 Baldwin St.
 Thompson, William E. 37 Irving St.
 Trow, Frank E. 66 Putnam Ave.
 Warland, William S. 81 Brattle St.
 Welch, Bernard B. 68 Bolton St.
 Weymouth, Harrison 15 Beech St.
 Wilson, Howard B. 16 Lee St.
 Woodbury, Ralph B. 14 Arlington St.



CLASS IV. '00.

Barker, Annie L. 283 Huron Ave.
 Brainard, Bessie F. G. 4 Arrow St.
 Brewster, Elvira M. 40 Kirkland St.
 Carpenter, Florence A. 7 Linnaean St.
 Chamberlin, Charlotte A. 30 Linnaean St.
 Coleman, Mary L. 565 Putnam Ave.
 Craig, M. Blanche 1 Lexington Ave.
 Crocker, Grace G. 32 Lee St.
 Deady, Mary G. 7 Leonard Ave.
 Fitzmaurice, Joanna A. 149 Putnam Ave.
 Ford, Margaret E. 341 Columbia St.
 Harrell, Jessie E. 20 Upton St.
 Hildreth, Ellen E. 6 Linnaean St.
 Hill, Mary F. 42 Sacramento St.
 Holt, Catherine F. 1 Langdon Sq.
 Hopkins, Geraldine S. 276 Pearl St.
 Huling, Elizabeth L. 101 Trowbridge St.
 Lally, Lucy E. 26 Surrey St.

Lerner, Mary G. 12 Mt. Auburn St.
 Lovering, Elinor 2 Larch St.
 MacKaye, M. Hazel 44 Martin St.
 MacKusick, J. Ardelle 99 Norfolk St.
 McWain, Elsie D. 12 Farwell Pl.
 Norris, Grace M. 760 Massachusetts Ave.
 Robinson, L. Anena 266 Winsor St.
 Ruggli, Eva M. 25 Church St.
 Southworth, Myra A. 951 Massachusetts Ave.
 White, Fannie E. 199 Prospect St.
 Wilson, Jennie B. 16 Lee St.
 Wyman, Mary S. 23 Fayette St.

Barham, Frederick B. 8 Ash St. Pl.
 Bartlett, Raymond S. 1673 Cambridge St.
 Bennett, Holland 49 Linnaean St.
 Blake, Allen H. 7 Prentiss Pl.
 Blanchard, Arthur F. 159 Huron Ave.
 Chase, Carl 18 Story St.
 Colby, Carleton L. 23 Norfolk St.
 Conlin, James F. 1 Eustis St.
 Counihan, Edw. A. Jr., 245 Charles St.
 Davenport, John C. ‡31 Coolidge Hill St.
 Davidson, Herbert C. ‡Coolidge Hill St.
 Davis, Lloyd G. 23 Irving St.
 Dolloff, Charles H. 7 Gerry St.
 Donnelly, Joseph S. 133 Thorndike St.
 Doran, Daniel F. 5 Clay St.
 Ellis, Alfred F. 18 Market St.
 Estabrook, Angus D. 101 Washington Ave.
 Good, Thomas F. 255 Putnam Ave.
 Hanus, Charles A. 60 Buckingham St.
 Hathaway, Alton H. 341 Huron Ave.
 Haworth, Christopher 27 Rice St.
 Heffernan, David A. 328 Prospect St.
 Holien, James F. 53 Webster Ave.
 Howe, Marshall M. 14 Concord Ave.
 Kelly, Robert G. 12 Harding St.
 Lantigua, Edward F. 100 Putnam Ave.
 Leitch, Charles A. 269 Portland St.
 Long, William G. 24 Rice St.
 Lothrop, Oliver A. 1741 Massachusetts Ave.
 Mason, Henry T. 84 Franklin St.
 Mayhew, Clyde R. 98 Raymond St.
 McGirr, John F. 1522 Cambridge St.
 McGlinchey, Joseph F. 1 Athens St.
 Munroe, Arthur J. 6 Chester St.
 Murphy, John F. 8 Grant St.
 Murphy, Thomas F. 37 Hubbard Ave.
 Page, Ralph W. 9 Riedesel Ave.
 Rady, A. John 254 Broadway.
 Regan, William J. 176 Spring St.

Scorgie, George M. 1 Gibson St.
 Smith, Edgar L. 64 Sparks St.
 Sullivan, Cornelius D. 73 Howard St.
 Taunton, William H. 47 Mt. Auburn St.
 Taylor, Edward H. 274 Winsor St.
 Walker, Clifford St. 155 Western Ave.
 Weldon, C. Harold 1 Pemberton St.
 Wesselhoeft, Robert 391 Harvard St.
 Whittemore, Harris S. 36 Irving St.
 Whittemore, W. Stewart 36 Irving St.

O'Brien, Edith 360 Green St.
 O'Hara, Mary A. 1210 Massachusetts Ave.
 Pope, Mary E. 125 Oxford St.
 Potter, Harriet W. 9 Fairmount Ave.
 Reynolds, Persis M. 126 Green St.
 Rideout, Ethel L. 177 Auburn St.
 Robinson, Ethel A. 67 Lake View Ave.
 Salmon, Alice 72 Wendell St.
 Scorgie, Helen C. 228 Brattle St.
 Scott, Ida R. 2 Cleveland St.
 Sears, Mildred G. 16 Avon St.
 Severance, Louise T. 3 Hancock Park.
 Seymour, Stella W. 41 Garden St.
 Shackley, Jennie L. 42 Walden St.
 Smith, Agnes H. 8 Mellen St.
 Sullivan, Mary V. 22 Holworthy Pl.
 Williams, Bertha D. 18 Springfield St.
 Winter, Mabel 1037 Massachusetts Ave.
 Wood, Madeleine 40 Arlington St.

CLASS V. '01.

Anderson, Flora E. 129 Putnam Ave.
 Barbour, Lillian M. 8 Bigelow St.
 Barnes, Etta M. 14 Leonard Ave.
 Blaisdell, Alice L. 98 Winthrop St.
 Boynton, Hattie L. 130 Oxford St.
 Bradeen, Nellie A. 281 Harvard St.
 Breen, Gertrude E. 26 Crescent St.
 Brown, Marion M. 54 Fairfield St.
 Burpee, Marion D. 467 Broadway.
 Burton, Edith G. 54 Sacramento St.
 Butcher, Letitia E. 197 Lake View Ave.
 Coffey, Josephine G. 25 Bow St.
 Conant, Amy R. 18 Tufts St.
 Costello, Agnes M. 81 Putnam Ave.
 Cotter, Margaret C. 11 Magnolia Ave.
 Crowell, Edna L. 45 River St.
 Daggett, Helen D. 49 Lee St.
 Drew, Mabel E. 26 Howard St.
 Edgerly, Caroline M. 322 Broadway.
 Fiske, Helen F. 16 Fayette St.
 Fox, Gertrude W. 99 Irving St.
 Garton, Florence H. 364 Harvard St.
 Glidden, Georgia E. 17 Putnam Ave.
 Goodwillie, Winifred B. 8 Beech St.
 Hammond, Clara M. 859 Massachusetts Ave.
 Hickey, Ida M. 1734 Cambridge St.
 Holt, Alice L. *5 Hammond St.
 Hopewell, Nellie H. 82 Magazine St.
 Johnson, Nancy P. 30 Harris St.
 Jones, Florence G. 26 Tufts St.
 Kinsley, F. Belle 199 Auburn St.
 Lincoln, Gertrude 32 Broadway.
 Mackenzie, Agnes 239 Brookline St.
 MacLeod, Ethel M. 62 River St.
 Manning, Rose E. 398 Putnam Ave.
 McFarlane, Sarah E. 381 Broadway.
 McGrath, Katherine M. 9 Camden Pl.
 Moller, Selma C. 330 Western Ave.

Ammidon, Philip R. 91 Hammond St.
 Auerbach, Fred S. 878 Massachusetts Ave.
 Bennett, Harold W. 49 Linnaean St.
 Bond, Henry H. 2106 Massachusetts Ave.
 Burns, Timothy F. 37 Bow St.
 Carstein, Gustav E. 45 Cogswell Ave.
 Chapin, Harold C. 97 Lake View Ave.
 Chase, Alfred W. 18 Story St.
 Clark, John H. 18 Fairmount Ave.
 Conant, Louis F. 22 Lee St.
 Coolidge, Philip T. †17 Garfield St.
 Cummings, Robert E. 43 Fourth St.
 Davy, John W. J. 160 Putnam Ave.
 Durrell, Harold C. 17 Dana St.
 Farrington, H. Coleman 1902 Massachusetts Ave.
 Foster, George G. 56 Prince St.
 Foster, Harry L. 12 Mellen St.
 Fulton, Allan, Jr. 61 Ellery St.
 Ganthier, Ernest S. 45 School St.
 Good, Frederick L. 255 Putnam Ave.
 Hall, Frederick G. 86 Hammond St.
 Hall, Irving 86 Hammond St.
 Hanson, Harvey R. 18 Antrim St.
 Hennan, Arthur T. 9 Midin Pl.
 Hogan, Clemence J. 30 Russell St.
 Hubbard, William O. 7 Upton St.
 James, Reginald S. 88 Lake View Ave.
 Jones, Harold M. 37 1-2 Langdon St.
 Locke, Arthur W. 7 Francis Ave.
 Loughrey, William H. 359 Cambridge St.
 Masstrangialo, S. Raphael 61 Austin St.
 McLean, Frank A. 2218 Massachusetts Ave.

Mulherin, Vincent J. 111 Spring St.
 Murray, John F. 9 Avon St.
 Page, Arthur W. 9 Riedesel Ave.
 Potter, Henry B. 87 Lake View Ave.
 Randall, Roy M. 7 Hilliard Pl.
 Remick, Ervin R. 11 Bigelow St.
 Rice, Horace J. 135 Oxford St.
 Rideout, Howard E. 39 Austin St.
 Sherman, Fred S. 22 Ellsworth Ave.

Stone, J. Garfield 8 Warland St.
 Sullivan, John S. 101 Plympton St.
 Sumner, Louis W. 33 Lee St.
 Teaffe, Henry J. 59 Flagg St.
 Thayer, Carl J. 5 Hastings Sq.
 Toohey, Thomas 94 1-2 Gore St.
 Westcott, George E., Jr. 27 Lee St.
 Williams, William W. 14 Sumner St.



IN GENERAL.

The foot-ball season has opened with nearly all the college and school teams, Medford in the Suburban League played a practice game with Needham, September 26, and was defeated 16-1. On the same day Boston Latin beat Andover 4-0, repeating her victory of a year ago. The strong Groton Academy team beat Brookline 16-0, in a well played game. Exeter was defeated by Tufts College 6-4. Tufts made her touchdown in 52 seconds. Among the colleges, Brown beat Worcester 20-0. Yale beat her old foe Trinity in a hard fought battle 6-0. For a time it looked like Trinity, for Yale is very weak this year. Capt. Thorne watched the game from the side lines. Pennsylvania beat the strong Franklin and Marshall team 4-0.

In track events some notable records have been made during the late summer. Wefers made new time for several distances, doing the 300 in 30 3-5 seconds, an amateur world record. He is now in training, preparatory to equaling the record of 30 flat, made at Glasgow in 1884 by a professional. Tom Burke is also in training. He expects to reduce the 440 yards straightaway record. The trial will be made at the famous Readville Trotting Park. "Piper" Donovan is still the world's 100 yards man, his

record of 9 3-5 being unequalled. He offers to race any man for \$1000 or more a side, Walter Christie or Wefers preferred. Christie is the new trainer at Princeton.

John R. Gentry's mile in 2.00 1-2 is the best yet, although Star Pointer, Joe Patchen, and others are fast after him. The future of the light harness horse is unlimited, so it appears.

"Etney" Warren is out for the Harvard Varsity.

Donovan's backers lost \$40,000 once, but his victories since have made it up to them.

Teevens, full-back, is the star of Boston Latin. Lowe, left guard, is captain of the team.

The Intercollegiate Athlete, a new sporting paper, has offered a handsome cup to be contested for by Andover and Exeter. This will do more to bring about a reconciliation between these old rivals than anything else.

The Boston Journal and Intercollegiate Athlete are the official organs of the Interscholastic League. The captains and managers of the competing teams will meet in the rooms of the Intercollegiate Athlete, Tremont Building, not less than ten days before each game, to make all arrangements complete.

Elliott Spaulding, Hoppy '96, is manager of the Harvard Freshmen Eleven.

ATHLETICS AT MR. HOPKINSON'S SCHOOL.

Mr. Hopkinson's School is situated at 29 Chestnut Street, Beacon Hill, Boston. The neighborhood is full of interest, the historic Common, the Theological School, the State House and other objects adding popularity to its selectness and gentility. The building in itself, however, is nothing to brag of, but serves its purpose, a means to an end.

The school is for boys only, and particularly for those desiring to enter Harvard College. Not everyone is allowed to come into the institution, which perhaps accounts for its unpopularity with some classes. To remarks of sarcasm, the boys of the school are wont to remark, "Sour grapes."

The school spirit at "Hoppy" is very marked, and to a degree commendable. All the students wear the "Green" whenever the occasion justifies, and they always are ready to defend their interests. However, jealousy of other schools has once or twice led them to actions, which, had they been committed by some schools of less patriotism, would have been condemned heartily by the press. It is this excellent school spirit, however, which has made the school prominent in athletics. If a man has ability, he uses his ability to further the prestige of his school, and if he has no ability, he "backs up" the various teams with his money.

In former years, athletes from this school have made fine records. Two legs on the foot-ball cup, one on the base-ball cup (now the property of Cambridge) and various other victories have made the school famous. The Brewers, Hallowell, Paine and other Harvard men of less ability have brought the school into notice and favor at Harvard and greatly added to her laurels. "Hoppy" men are certainly justified in feeling proud of such men as these,

men who made Interscholastic records, men who played great baseball, men who kicked the pigskin between the posts after carrying it across the touchdown line. When another coterie of such athletes comes to the school on Beacon Hill, you will find more leaves on the foot-ball cup inscribed with the name of Hopkinson.

The opportunities for training in athletics are very fair, perhaps superior to those of the other Interscholastic teams. The unity of school life gives a chance for a training table. Many of the men are enabled to use the B. A. A. gymnasium, and for foot-ball and base-ball practice they are as well off as any of the league schools. Graduates of the school take great interest in the teams and thus the men are inspired to do their best as they are confident of being well coached. This interest of the Alumni and the unity of school life are two potent factors of "Hoppy's" success.

Cambridge and Hopkinson have always been rivals. Foot-ball, base-ball and team-races between these schools always excite great interest, and bring out crowds of both contingencies. A Cambridge team has never won a team-race from the wearers of the green, but on the diamond and on the gridiron, the crimson has generally come off victorious, and the Cambridge schools have every reason to feel that they are more than square with their ancient foe. In last years' series the Cantabrigia team won at base-ball in an exciting game of nearly three hours' duration, by a score of ten to nine. At foot-ball, the game between these two schools was the most exciting in the league series. At the end of the first half the crimson led two to nothing. In the second half Jaynes, by splendid work, scored six points for "Hoppy," but not until

Currie, behind Warren and Parker, made a twenty-yard run over the line. Watson kicked the goal. Cambridge therefore won last year's series, although the foot-ball game went to Hopkinson on protest. A healthy rivalry of this sort stimulates athletics and makes things much more interesting.

This year the Beaconites will make a strong bid for the game with Cambridge, and in fact for the whole series. Captain Hallowell has

none too many men to choose from, but those that are out are fast men. In addition to the usual practice, Irvington Oval will be lighted with electrics for evening line-up, in order to secure the services of coaches who are engaged during the day. At any rate the team will do its best when it hears

"H-O-P kin S-O-N, son
Hopkinson!
Hoppày, Hoppày, Hoppày!"



The convention of the National Democratic Party, representing those Democrats who are opposed to the platform and candidates of the Chicago convention, was held on the second and third of September at Indianapolis.

The nominees were respectively for President and Vice-President, Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, and Governor Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky. Both these men have been Governors of their respective States and each has held the rank of Major-General in the Civil War, General Palmer in the Union Army, and General Buckner in the Confederate.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia are on a visit to England as the guests of Queen Victoria. It is interesting to know that the Czar rides a black enameled bicycle which is no better than a great many Cambridge school boys ride.

The new Cambridge Latin School building has been prophesied for the Class of 1999.

The contested election for President in Chili was settled by the Chilian Congress, last month. The new President is Frederico Gurazuriz the candidate of the Conservatives. The term is five years.

Queen Victoria has just celebrated her fifty-ninth anniversary as Sovereign of the British Empire.

A Central American Republic seems likely to be a reality as negotiations have been entered into, and the terms seem to be favorable to all the states.

The recent bombardment of Zanzibar only seems to make more sure the division of Africa among foreign nations.

A man of Monmouth, Ill., Prof. Goodwin, has constructed a gigantic rocket with which he proposes to shoot himself into the air for two miles and descend in a parachute.

A meteor fell recently in Colorado which covered six acres of land.

. . . . IN 1950

I have always lived in the West, and although I have travelled in the East, I never visited the city of Boston until last winter, when with a friend of my childhood, I spent a few days there.

Boston is truly a remarkable city. The narrow streets, lofty buildings and fine park systems greatly impressed me, but most interesting of all were the stone ruins in a neglected park, which our guide book assured us were the remains of Boston's old subway, begun but never finished. After we had visited the most important places in the city proper, we took a flying-ship at our door, and set out to visit the suburban city of Cambridge. We were told afterwards, that we had taken the same route which the old Tremont House trolley traversed.

On, on we flew, over the river, until we reached a peculiar construction of wood-work of old, called a "draw," and it still deserves the name for it certainly drew many visitors, old and young, who for ten cents were permitted to see the wheels go round. Right here, while mentioning money, I must own that I had no idea that there were so many relics to be seen in Boston, for such a comparatively small sum. At one place, for only twenty-five cents, I saw, among other things, a book written years ago, but carefully preserved, and upon looking closer I found that it was "Trilby," a book famous during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

There also was a paper containing an account of the Vanderbilt - Marlboro' nuptials, the pen with which the Thanksgiving proclamation of '95 was written, and one of the few fishhooks used successfully by ex-president Cleveland while fishing in Buzzard's Bay. These you know were very rare. However, the most curious of all, to me at least, was an old newspaper with the portrait of that famous boy

orator who could never remember that speech was silver but silence golden.

But I am wandering from my story. After we had crossed the bridge, seen the ruins of Harvard College and walked over the old campus, we decided to visit a public school in Cambridge, for the reputation and fame of these schools has been handed down to posterity. Therefore, we left the ship at the college ruins, stepped upon a rotating sidewalk, and soon reached the "Schoolicus Latinicus;" located near the corner of Broadway and Trowbridge Street, directly back of the "Schoolicus Saxonicus."

As we entered the grounds our attention was called to the flourishing condition of the lawn, and especially to one corner where, enclosed by an iron fence, we perceived a wooden slab bearing these words, "Keep off the grass." It was one of the signs of the old Latin School.

We pressed an electric button upon the door and the hinges did the rest, while we found ourselves in a spacious hall, and were at once met by a small page who conducted us to the office. Here we met the principal Mr. W., son of one of the Class of '97, who kindly gave us a program of the school work and invited us to take our choice of recitations.

After much thought, we chose a history recitation in the second class. Here also, we were made welcome and took seats in the small balcony (for they had banished raised platforms) preparatory to the assembling of the class. Before the hour began I noticed that the teacher was quite busy pressing electric buttons by her side. When I asked her the reason for this, she replied, "Why, you see I press each one of these buttons which is connected by a battery with each student's desk, and by this means send a slight shock to those out of order."

By this time the class had assembled and we settled ourselves to hear an ancient history recitation in this year 1950.

The first question asked was, "Tell some of the events of Cleveland's administration;" and the scholar questioned arose and said, "A slight insurrection in Cuba, an attempt among the women to obtain citizenship, and an increase of the silver supply."

"Very well," replied the teacher, "and now, has there been any conspiracy or plans made among those of lower rank?" "Yes," the scholar answered, "a slight insurrection broke out under the leadership of one named Coxey, but was speedily quelled."

Perhaps you may be interested to hear what other answers were given in that history class, for I learned many items of worth there. At this period of Cleveland's administration it seems the people were divided into two factions, the Republicans and Democrats; the Republicans, men of strength and power, and the Democrats, well, ——— Democrats. At the close of this, his second term, Cleveland retired to Buzzard's Bay after having accomplished much good for the country (?) by increasing the silver supply but diminishing the fish supply.

We left this recitation before the conclusion, as we were obliged to get back to New York in time for dinner, but I can truthfully say that it was one of the most enjoyable hours I have ever spent. The scholars knew their lessons so well!

As we were leaving the building we noticed a square piano, considerably old and worn when my friend commented on its rather shabby condition, the principal proudly remarked, "Oh yes, that is the old Latin School piano, and it still keeps its original tone!" Then Mr. W. kindly presented us with a souvenir of our visit, a little book bound in white and gold with these words upon it, "Latin Rules for Indirect Discourse," which book he assured us would be an invaluable help should we ever wish to polish up our Latin. This book had been left as a legacy from one of the former teachers in the school and, although originally in pamphlet form, had been recently bound in this new edition.

Thus I have given you a faulty description of our visit to this school, and I must say in closing, if you are ever about to visit Boston, you would be amply repaid in visiting the still famous Latin School of Cambridge.

BRYAN AND THE ANGEL.

About Bill Bryan, may his tribe decrease!
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and silverlike in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding gall had made Bill Bryan bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said:
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look of what he might expect,
 Answered: "Their names who'll get it in the
 neck."
 "And am I one?" asked Abou. "I don't know,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, sir,
 Write as one not liable to err."
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great November light,
 And showed the names of those knocked galley-
 west;
 And lo, Bill Bryan's name led all the rest!

—N. Y. S.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following is the schedule of league games to be played by Cambridge High and Latin:

October	31	. . .	Hopkinson.
November	6	. . .	Boston English High.
November	13	. . .	Boston Latin.
November	18	. . .	Brookline High.
Thanksgiving		. . .	C. M. T. S.

The management requests all, including class editors who wish to contribute to the REVIEW, to leave their contributions in the REVIEW boxes which will be found at both schools.



PRIZE AWARDS.

I.

A prize of \$3.00 is offered for the best story of not more than three and a half or less than two pages.

Conditions. 1. Eligible only to those not members of the staff who have never had anything printed in the paper before.

2. All contributions must be handed in on or before December 1.

II.

A prize of a year's subscription to the REVIEW for the best school cheer.

Conditions same as in I.



The October issue of the REVIEW will be found on sale at Sever's, Thurston's and Amee's, Harvard Square.



Subscribers who do not receive their REVIEW regularly will please notify the management at once.



The November REVIEW will contain the High School Directory.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL, whose picture accompanies this sketch, graduated from the Cambridge High School at the early age of sixteen. He was studious and yet very fond of out-door sports. He entered Harvard with honors in 1873. Here he held a high rank, but at the same time he was a good oarsman and a good shot. At his graduation in '77, he was elected class secretary, and remained so until 1890. He graduated from the Law

and pleasing speaker; his speech for gold, at the Democratic convention in Chicago, July 7, was a magnificent appeal for patriotism.

On returning from Chicago, he started, with two friends, for a vacation in the Canadian woods. On the morning after their arrival, July 16, his companions found him dead in bed. His body lay in state on Monday, July 20, at City Hall, from 12 until 3 o'clock, and during that time between thirty and forty thousand



School of Boston University, in June, 1879, *summa cum laude*. One year later he was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County.

He soon became interested in politics. He served the city of Cambridge as councilman in 1882, as alderman in 1883 and 1884, and as mayor in the four years 1885-88. In 1890, and again in 1891 and 1892 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. He was an earnest

people viewed the body of the beloved ex-Governor, while many more were refused admittance. The funeral was held from the Shepard Memorial Church, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., officiating. He was laid at rest in Mount Auburn cemetery. Thus closed the career of usefulness and honor of a man, "gone 'ere his prime."

A PATRICIAN. HER REMORSE.

An electric car is a very cosmopolitan affair. In a single car you will sometimes find nearly every condition of poverty and prosperity represented; very often a banker is seated beside a day-laborer; an Italian pedleress beside a haughty woman of "blue blood"; a college man next to a "bum" who cannot write his own name. Such a sight is more frequent in a closed car than in an open one, but if you will observe an open car, you will find that the front seat is generally filled last, unless it happens that there are some people who are out to get as much fresh air as possible. In the next three seats you will find the women, with an occasional man mixed in. In the next two seats are the men who ride on the cars every day of their lives, the men who can read a paper in spite of the worst of jolts. On the last three seats are the smokers. Here you will see a broken "T. D.", filled with "Mayo's five cent", a fancy French briar, filled with "London Mixture", a twenty cent "Havana", a "two-fer", a "Nestor" and a "Cycle" all together, a sight perhaps pleasing to the Socialist, but certainly very disagreeable to the noses on the rear platform.

I.

Early June is a time of much confusion with many people. The summer hotel man hastens to put his house in order for the coming season; the people in the fashionable part of town close their front blinds and pack their baggage, preparatory to the season with those hotel keepers; the school teacher racks his brain to make the final examinations regular "stickers"; the student crams for all he's worth for those same examinations.

One day in this exciting time of year, a lady

stood on a corner in "the" part of town. She gazed up the avenue, and as a car came into sight, she stepped out from the sidewalk and made ready to signal the rapidly approaching cosmopolitan mode of conveyance. A policeman, who was standing on the same corner, looked at her and said, "Lady, the car don't stop at this corner. Next corner in either direction." The lady nodded her thanks and hastened up the avenue, but the car beat her to the white post. As the car rushed past her, she frantically waved her sunshade at the motorman, but the car was impolite and went on its way rejoicing at her discomfiture, leaving her very much excited and very much incensed at street railway employees in general; consequently she boarded another car fifteen minutes later in no happy frame of mind. Evidently she was not accustomed to ride in so plebian a vehicle, for she did not take an end seat.

When the same lady boarded an up-town car some few hours later she was in no better spirits. She had been tendered some coppers in the process of her shopping and she determined to spite the conductor by handing them over as her fare, but when he took them as though he never expected anything else in the world from a woman, she was angry, as it is human to be when an attempt at spite is easily turned aside.

The car had by this time left the busy part of town and now was entering a thickly settled district, the abiding place of the masses. Children were playing in the streets, utterly heedless of teams or cars, so that the motorman was obliged to ring the gong incessantly to warn the little imps of impending danger. The lady of society put her hands to her ears in a vain attempt to shut out the noise, but as this was of

no avail, she became nervous, and finally motioned to the conductor. He promptly rang for the car to stop; after the car had come to a standstill, the lady turned about and shook her head at the conductor. He started up the car, and then went up to find out what she wanted. "Sir," she said, "can't that gong be kept silent? It is driving me frantic." The conductor attempted to explain to her why it was necessary that the gong should be used, and also added that it was a rule of the road that it should be used on busy streets. She replied that it made no difference, her husband was a director of the road, and if he didn't have that gong stopped, she would complain. She ended her remarks by producing a card from her case and showing the same to him.

After again attempting to expostulate, the conductor went up to the motorman and said, "Joe, there's a woman back there who demands that you stop ringing the gong, and she says that she'll complain to her husband if you don't. Her husband is a director, for I saw her card. You and I can't afford to lose our jobs." The motorman replied, "All right, but if I run over any kids, their blood be on her head. We're behind time now, but here goes," and away went the car at its usual rate of speed, but unlike the usual car, it was silent.

II.

Three little boys in short dresses were sitting on the curbstone of a semi-busy street. Somewhere they had secured a little express wagon full of sand, and they played with this for some time, but seemed to tire of it after awhile and commenced to talk. One little fellow, with freckled face and black eyes declared that his papa was a grocery man, and forthwith gave an excellent eulogy on the grocery business. This little boy's name was Tommy and he evidently admired his papa very much. Then another one of the trio, Teddy, a tow-headed, red-cheeked little dumpling, began to cry, and

amid the wails could be heard a plaintive voice, "I ain't got no papa, my papa's dead." Tommy looked at him a moment and then said, "You's a cy-baby, and I ain't goin' to play wif you anymore, an' you can't play wif my cart, neifer. I'm goin' home; good-by, old cy-baby," and little Tommy then hauled his cart into his back yard.

The other little boy was Joe. He had an attractive face, and he was very clean for a boy who had been playing in the sand. After Tommy had gone, he comforted Teddy as small children sometimes comfort one another. Then he said, "Let's go 'cross the street and then we can see my papa on his car when he goes by."

Carefully they kept out of the way of teams and reached the double tracks in safety. Here they waited for a down-town car to pass, and then started to cross the tracks immediately. A man on the sidewalk shouted to them, and Joe started to run for the sidewalk, but Teddy stood stock still with fright. A car at full speed was eight feet from them.

The motorman of the approaching car reversed, people were pitched over the seats, women screamed and fainted. A piercing shriek rent the air and then came a prolonged wail from another voice. The motorman, having stopped the car by a superhuman effort, staggered and fell limp on the front seat.

A crowd gathered quickly. Little Tommy was sitting on the fender, crying for all he was worth. A glance told that he was not hurt. A doctor, seeing the accident, got out of his buggy and came forward. He tenderly bound the mangled limbs of lifeless little Joe, and waited until his patient was safe in the ambulance. After he had done this, he was about to get into his buggy, when he was detained by two women, one in a fashionable shopping dress, the other in a cotton working garment. He turned first to the fashionable woman, and to her inquiries, replied, "The boy will live, but with the certain loss of both legs." He took the extended card

with a bow, and then turned to the other woman. He answered her with great tenderness. She was Joe's mother.

At eight o'clock that night a messenger boy went to the motorman's house with two letters. One was from the street-car company, informing him that he was promoted to foreman of the new 6th division stables; it also contained a grant of three weeks' leave with pay. The other letter was from the director's wife. It was a humble confession and full of remorse.

"Joe," said his wife, after reading the letter, "why is this woman so interested in us?" Joe then told her the story. "Well," she said; "I'm very thankful that it wasn't your fault. We'll forgive her; but it is poor little Joe who will do the suffering."

III.

A week later a lady stepped softly into a private room of the great hospital. Near the window was a little brass bed, near which was seated a nurse. The lady approached the bed very silently, but, nevertheless, the little head on the white pillow turned toward her. "How is Joe today," she asked. "My legs hurt much, but littler than they did yesterday. Are you the lady who sends me the purty flowers and thin crackers?" he asked, with a soft look in his gray eyes.

"Yes," she replied. She was crying now, "And I'm also the lady who caused you to be hurt. Will you forgive me?"

"I don't understand you," he said; "but I love you. Will you kiss me?"

GIRLS' CORNER.

There will be more danger of collision in public places since the change of style in sleeves. What shall we do for protectors?



Only three months more of leap year and not another for eight years. Most of us will be too old then, so, girls, make the most of your opportunities.



Again the time approaches when the delights of the canoe and hammock must give way to the kindred pleasures of the ice and sofa.



The style of using sealing wax on letters has come back after a brief absence. Surely nothing can give a prettier finish to an envelope. The dark colors of the wax are particularly used, a very dark blue receiving the preference.

We all feel the disadvantage of our long skirts when we want to ride our wheels to school. Some of the girls are independent enough to wear their short skirts, but the most rather hesitate. Let us all be independent!



What is this dreadful vacancy?

No one can fail to know?

What is it makes our hearts so sad

As back to school we go?

Where are the bright and sunny smiles

That greeted us each day?

Where is the ready wit, that made

Each recitation gay?

Oh what a blow to every one

That "Neddie" is no more

Our aid in learning LeFrançois

And stupid Ancient Lore.

Ah woe the day when our dear Ned

To other fields was torn!

Ah woe the day he went away,

And left us all forlorn!



We understand that stockings are going out of style in 1st class Greek recitation.

NOTA DE ALUMNIS.

Under this title will appear monthly items concerning the graduates of the Latin and High Schools, of interest both to graduates and under-graduates. As it will be impossible for the Graduate Editor to keep himself informed of the doings of all the alumni and alumnae, those who can are urged to send notes of interest to the Alumni Editor, George Alfred Goodridge, 12 Scott Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The following graduates of the Latin School, Class of '92, received the degree A. B. from Radcliffe last June, all "cum laude":—Miss M. B. Lippincott, Miss L. G. Perrigo, and Miss Alice H. Stratton.

Hon. F. W. Dallinger, C. L. S. '89, has been nominated for a second term in the State Senate of Massachusetts.

F. T. Lewis, '93, has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society from '97.

T. H. Clarkson, '95, heads the list of batting averages of last year's 'Varsity Base-Ball Team, with 0.368.

Max Benshimol, '91, was married to Miss Annie Schwartz at Waltham, June 25, 1896.

On the list of the fifty strongest men in Harvard, last year, the name of Arthur Lovering, C. L. S. '93, is second, with a record of 1300 points; C. W. Bronson, E. H. S. '94, is third, with 1124; I. Haines, C. L. S. '93, is sixth, with 1038; and R. S. Davis, '94, is thirtieth, with 861 points.

Miss Marion B. Hall, E. H. S. '92, daughter Hon. J. M. W. Hall, was married to Mr. Albert E. Bailey, Harvard, '94, in Cambridge, June 23, 1896.

OBITUARY.

Mary Catherine Parker, C. L. S. '95, died of a complication of diseases in Cambridge, August 12, 1896. She had been unwell for sometime, and had been living in Philadelphia from the time of her graduation until shortly before her death, when she returned to Cambridge. Her death was a great shock to her classmates and to her many friends. The Class of '95 sent a floral contribution to her funeral which occurred August 13.

Miss Parker at one time held the office of Vice-President in the permanent organization of the class. At her graduation, she took part in the Greek dialogue, which formed part of the graduating exercises. Her death is the first break in the class organization.

At a special meeting held September 23, resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressing the sorrow of the class at her untimely death, and sending sympathy to the bereaved parents.

The second semi-annual reunion of the Class of '95, C. L. S., was held on the evening of June 25, at the home of Mr. Walter J. Osborne, 16 Lee Street. The entertainment consisted of a masquerade party and music. It was voted hereafter to hold reunions annually beginning in December, 1896. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. James F. Bacon; Vice-President, Miss Flora L. Josselyn; Secretary, Miss Mary H. Winslow; Treasurer, Mr. F. E. Thayer.

Walter D. Fuller, E. H. S. '95, died of typhoid fever, last July. A sketch and cut of him will appear in a later issue.

Miss Blanche N. Cook, C. L. S. '95, entered Radcliffe this fall.

R. D. Wrenn, C. L. S. '91, is again Tennis Champion of the United States. A sketch of him, accompanied by a cut, will appear soon.

J. A. L. Oddé, '94, won the Sargent Prize at Harvard, last year, for the best metrical translation of the Fifth Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

F. B. Whittemore, '92, was Class Chorister of Harvard '96.

William E. Stark, C. L. S. '91, is surveying for the Metropolitan Water Board.

Miss Mabel E. Harris, C. L. S. '93, received Second Year Honors in Classics at Radcliffe, last year.



The loss of Saul will be greatly felt in the team this year, but as it cannot be helped, there is no use fretting. The first practice, September 30, brought out about a dozen. The only old men are Usher, Jaquith, Crowley Warnock, Currie and McFarland. The new men are Fletcher, Bartlett, Boyson, Lewis, Thomas, Hill, J. Blackburn, Campbell, Sullivan, Rideout, Donovan, Houston, Dyer, Fish, Locke, Garrett, McCarthy, W. Clarkson and A. M. Blackburn. Malcolm Miller is looked for. At the best the team will be light, but a light fast team can win games. Miller at centre, Jaquith and Boyson at guards, Fletcher and Usher at tackles, McFarland and Warnock at ends,

Bartlett at quarter, and Hill, Lewis and Thomas or Crowley behind the line seems to be the only thing from the present material. However, J. Blackburn, Rideout, Hayden and Campbell are doing good work and can reasonably expect to play in some of the games.

So far the coaching is under the direction of Burrage, Stearns and Adams. These men are doing good work and will make the most of the available material.

On Saturday, October 10, the team goes to Southboro and plays the strong St. Marks team. Last year they won from us, 24-0, four touchdowns.

A sporty boy,
A maiden coy,
Were walking down the street
He thought he would
Henceforth be good
To please this maiden sweet.

He put his heel
Upon a peel
And, — landed on his ear.
She thinks she heard
A naughty word,
So cuts him dead, poor dear.



One out of a hundred — 99.

Puffed up — Cinders.

A fur rug should be laid down-side up.

The alarm clock always has a rousing time.

Hay-fever may be likened to a "tie vote" as "the eyes and nose both appear to have it."

Apropos of the peach season, it may be noted that the down of a peach is different from that of a banana-peel.

"What is a noun?" asked the teacher.

"Name of a person, place or thing," answers pupil.

"Give an example."

"Organ-grinder."

"Why do you choose that?"

"Because its the name of a person who plays a thing."

Rep.—"Bryan is sometimes called the bargain candidate."

Dem.—"What for?"

Rep.—"Because he wants a dollar marked down to fifty-three cents."

Visitor (at school).—"Children your teacher has asked me to say a few words to you. How shall I begin?"

Pupil (in back seat).—"When I was a boy."

"If I am not more careful," said the hen, as she discovered a china egg in her nest, "I shall be laying bricks next."

Proud Father.—"Taken high degrees in your scientific course? I am proud of you my boy. By-the-way how can you prove that heat expands and cold contracts?"

Graduate.—"Certainly. Don't the days grow longer in summer and shorter in winter?"

It is presumed that a person is well roasted when hauled over the coals.

Teacher (to pupil).—"Johnnie, what is a demagogue?"

Johnnie.—"A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey or any other liquor."

Large checks are always fashionable for lawyers' suits.

Boy.—"Mister, I want to get a pint of — of — thunder I've forgot."

Druggist's clerk.—"Little man, have you forgotten what you came for?"

Boy.—"That's it."

Clerk.—"What's it?"

Boy.—"Camphor."

One of the questions at a school examination was: "What did Ceasar say when he saw Brutus among his assailants?"

To which a boy replied:

"Wait till you see the whites of my eyes and then fire."

He.—"You are so cordial that I always enjoy my calls here."

She.—"I try to make the best of things."

Willie (studying his lesson).—"I say, pa, where does the Oshkosh rise, and into what river does it empty?"

Pa.—"I don't know, my son."

Willie.—"You don't know eh? And tomorrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance."

Lena (sweetly).—"Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night; he came right over and proposed to me."

Maud (supersweetly).—"Did he? Then he must have got rid of his brains in some other way!"

"You should make home more pleasant for him," was the advice of a wise matron to the weeping wife. "That's the way to keep a man at home."

"I have done everything that I could," sobbed the young woman. Haven't I been reading one of those delightful Scotch dialect stories aloud to him every night for a week?"

His Wife's Mother.—"Two o'clock in the morning again! Didn't it strike you when rolling home in that cab that you were driving to the devil?"

Her Daughter's Husband.—"Yesh! (*hic*) every thing I told the cabby!"

Football has been played in England for more than 500 years.

Mrs. Duille.—"John, my dressmaker arrived today and I must have the materials tomorrow."

Mr. Duille.—"Eh? What? You said that you had written to her not to come until next month."

Mrs. Duille.—"Yes, I did, but she never got the letter."

Mr. Duille (clasping his hands to his breast pocket).—"Woman! This is a plot—a vile plot. If you had really wanted her to stay

you would have handed that letter to the postman yourself: you wouldn't have given it to me to mail."

If the moon shone over the waters
And you were one of Eve's daughters,
If a man were loyal and true,
And, riding along on a tandem,
He kissed you a little at random,
Pray what in the world could you do?

He.—"Jack was out last night, and this morning he was looking as disreputable as Poe's raven."

She.—"What was disreputable about Poe's raven?"

He.—"Why, wasn't he forever on a bust?"

Elsie.—"Why does your husband speak of you as his right hand?"

Mrs. Ray.—"Give it up, unless because he never lets his right hand know what his left hand doeth."

Beggar (pathetically).—"Sir, my last meal was a dry crust of bread last night."

Stout Gent.—"Lucky dog! Mine was stewed eels and lobster sauce, and now I've got indigestion all over me."



ACT I.

"A trot is good, my lesson to cook"

He mused as he went to school

"And it does no good to look and look
At the dictionary and reference book."

ACT II.

Into class he went as bold a boy

As ever had learned his lesson.

But T-d-y knew and thought with joy,

"I'll give young D—a dressin'."

ACT III.

"Construction D—," oh what a trap!

His cheeks grow white as snow!

And what he thought would be a snap

His teacher marks down zero.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Foot-ball !

Once more we are in it.

Welcome 1901 !

Have you seen them ? They are wonderful, just from the old world !

Once more the High School has Saul.

Everybody must write something for the REVIEW.

G. Bell '97 goes to Belmont to school.

George Doyle, also of '97 is attending school at Hoppy our ancient foot-ball rival.

Alas ! The P. D. Q. is no more.

Where is that other swell club the S. O. H. D. ?

Ray Estabrooke took his examinations for Harvard this fall.

Rice and Locke of '97 took their examinations also.

We meet this year with the addition of three new teachers, Miss Boll, formerly of Chauncey Hall School, who teaches French and German ; Miss Batchelder of the fourth class, and Miss Hall of the fifth. Already we approve the choice of the school committee in selecting such agreeable and able teachers.

The school months for 96-97 end on October 7, October 30, November 24, December 22, January 29, February 26, March 26, April 27, May 21, and June 18.

The second class enjoys Latin Composition with Mr. Adams, much more than the first class enjoys the Iliad.

D—— '98 rides to school every day on a span of ponies. Look out for him.

Miss Greene, '97, goes to school on Marlborough Street, Boston. We are sorry to lose her.

'99 has started to organize its foot-ball team. W. Dyer has been elected captain with F. Parker as manager.

Miss Brooks, formerly of this school and Miss Richardson, '98, attend the Chauncey Hall School.

Read, '97, took the examinations for the Lawrence Scientific School on the twenty-fourth.

North and Hall, '99, have gone to Worcester Academy.

'97 Election: President, A. D. Wyman ; Vice-President, Faith Foxcroft ; Treasurer, Norman Hall ; Secretary, Pauline Garey.

After a most exciting meeting '98 chose the following class officers: President, H. J. Winslow ; Vice-President, Miss Grace Davenport ; Secretary, Miss Mabel Abbott ; Treasurer, Robert Clark.

Mr. M. Benshimol, C. L. S. '91, substituted for Miss Spring during her absence and was very much liked. He graduated from Harvard in 1891 and was chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Miss Spring was out of school for a week, but all are glad to have her return.

Why not form a bicycle club? There was some talk of having one last year. There are plenty of first class riders in the school. Our worthy head-master has a world-wide reputation. Many of the other teachers also ride. If fifty fellows and girls would join it could be made a success.

A set of six Germans is being gotten up to be given at the Newtowne Club this winter mostly of Latin and High School scholars.

Buttons are all the rage now. Why does the REVIEW not have some?

Currie, '97, is a member of ——— College.

I have two horses and a half, the other half's a goat. Cr——y.

Miss Soule, '97, and Miss Edgerly '96, go to Smith College, Northampton.

At a meeting of the Class of '99 held in Miss Baldwin's room, Thursday, September 24,

the following officers were elected for the ensuing year; President, Stanley Parker; Vice-President, Miss H. E. Johnson; Secretary, Miss M. Davidson; Treasurer, F. Parker.

Quite a large number of the first class are taking advanced mathematics.

Be sure and pay your dues for the Athletic Association to Dow, '98, immediately. The team needs the money. (So does Dow).

Miss Chamberlin, '96, is taking a post-graduate course at school.

Miss Turner, '97, died Sunday, September 27, 1896.

The marriage of Miss Coleman, a teacher of the Latin School, and Mr. Lothrop, took place at the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, October first. The Class of '00 was invited to the service.

Election of officers in '00 resulted: President, A. S. Whittemore; Vice-President, J. Ardelle McKusick; Treasurer, W. S. Whittemore; Secretary, Lucy E. Lally.

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HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Class of '97 intended to have had a class meeting the first week of school, but owing to a mistake concerning the notices, it was postponed until next week.

Class of '98 is so large they are forced to have a colony in the fourth class room. It is also obliged to recite Latin in the Hall.

One of the members of the Senior French class translated *fiancé*, *financier*. A young lady's *fiancé* is not *always* her *financier*.

The Virgil class agrees it is pleasant to have Mr. Sargent once more.

Too bad to give Miss J—— away so! Has she a brother?

Mr. Chapman promised us a chorus this year. Hope he won't forget it!

The scholars of the High School ought to give better support to the "Review" this year. The Review box is in the lower corridor ready for all notes.

The '96 girls can't keep away. Every day some visit us.

Please allow us to have a drama this year.

Miss Crook, who took Miss Scudder's place last year, is now teaching Grecian History.

We suppose Milton's poems are beautiful and interesting but, the *references*!!

Quite a number of the Latin School scholars have changed to the High—do they think our school very easy?

Brigham '97 has gone to a military school. He always stood very soldierly.

Lambert, formerly of '97, is now a Justice of Peace. Does he expect to find a job in his class?

Some of the girls say they studied astronomy (?) in the summer vacation. Why need they take it, then?

These words may be seen on Mr. Sargent's black-board "theum" and "thea." Some of the scholars obtained a headache trying to think for what it was the Latin. Mr. Sargent informed them it was the way scholars pronounced "the" when they had nothing more to say.

It is doubtful if we have a class poet this year as Macaulay says a poet must have a certain unsoundness of mind. There are not many who care for the compliment.

The '00 class has entered our school. All give it a welcome.

The loss of Miss Bird from the High is felt greatly.

Miss H—— was very fond of "that ancient city" in the Latin class the other day.

It is rumored that a class eleven will be organized. Better form a decent team to enter the league first.

Wanted:—Somebody in the Class of '99 to organize a class society.

Many members of the Class of '99 are anxious to reorganize the Debating Society.

In a Latin class, a few days ago, a member was asked to give the nominative of Junonis. She said, "Juno." Whereupon the teacher said, "You know, too."

A few divisions of the 3rd class enjoyed Miss Cook for a few days after school opened.

Jones and Cambell, both of '99, were on the Common, Monday, September 28, trying for the eleven. "Papa" Boyson, 1900, was also fooling with the pigskin.

Don't say. "He said that."

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BACK AGAIN.

Saturday evening, September 26, the annual meeting of the Interscholastic Foot-Ball Association took place in the committee rooms of the B. A. A. President Sawin of Cambridge Manual called the meeting together.

The Executive Committee, comprising F. D. Fiske and R. Sever Hale, two of the donors of the championship cup; R. C. Procter, Newton High; H. L. Ewer, Roxbury Latin; Eliot A. Spalding, Hopkinson; I. S. Clarke, graduate, convened and acted on the petition of Cambridge High and Latin to be re-admitted to the Senior League as a single team.

Mr. Raymond of Harvard, a graduate of the Cambridge school, eloquently and forcibly presented the case of his school and also the large petition signed by the members of the Cambridge High and Latin Schools, besides the instructors and graduates. The committee then reconsidered its former vote of dismissing the schools, and voted to allow Cambridge to once more fight its battles in the senior ranks as a combined school.

The election of officers resulted in the following ticket: President, E. W. Manahan, English High; Vice-President, E. M. De Almeida, Somerville High; Eliot Spalding, Harvard graduate member, Executive Committee; E. T. Putnam, Roxbury Latin, and

R. F. Procter, Newton High, undergraduate members Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee chose Eliot Spalding, 17 Shepard's Block, Cambridge, Treasurer; and I. S. Clark, Boston Journal, Secretary. These two will also act as a sub-committee in choosing a new ball and arrange for printing a new constitution.

The new schools admitted to the Junior League were Dorchester High and Medford High. Burdett's College application was refused.

It was voted to separate the junior teams into two divisions and have the winners play off to decide the championship. Newton, Somerville, Chelsea and Medford belong to one division, and Roxbury Latin, Dedham, Hyde Park and Dorchester in the other.

Roxbury High, a member of last year, did not have any representative present. It was decided to have the junior season finish by November 20, so as to prevent any unnecessary prolonging of the schedule.

Mr. Raymond has spent much valuable time on getting Cambridge back, and it is but right that he should have the gratitude of every Cambridge student.

The Executive Committee made the condition that Arthur D. Saul should not play on any team in either Junior or Senior Leagues.

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MUSIC REVIEW.

White Smith Co.

Instrumental. "Fifty Finishing Studies" by Czerny; "First Kiss Waltz"; "Blushing Beauty Waltz" and "Evening Zephyr Schottische" by Paul Keller. There is an indfindable something about these that catches the attention of a listener and holds it until the finale. "Return of the Birds" by Gustav Lange. "H. U. March," very catchy, as is also the "McKinley March"; "Bully March." This last named march is a very catchy piece of music with the air of May Irwin's "Bully Song." Even now it is being whistled and played everywhere. Everyone should have it.

Vocal. "The First Kiss," (an Eastern Idyll). "Kentucky Babe," a plantation lul-

laby, which has taken everywhere. "I'm Not For Sale," a comic favorite by May Dorrington. "The Little Game Called Tag," by Dauphin; and "When We Sat Upon the Doorstep," by White. These last two have made great hits.

Boston Music Co.

Vocal. "Wonder Songs," by Clayton Johns.

Terse and epigrammatic as are the words of these songs (selections from "Artful Antics," by Oliver Herford), the composer has in this respect, to say the least, fairly out-rivalled the poet, of such rare charm is the musical setting. The songs are very singable, and are most available as regards compass. To hear them once incites a desire to hear them again and again.

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THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

VOL.

XI.

NO.

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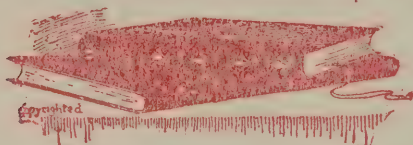
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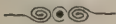


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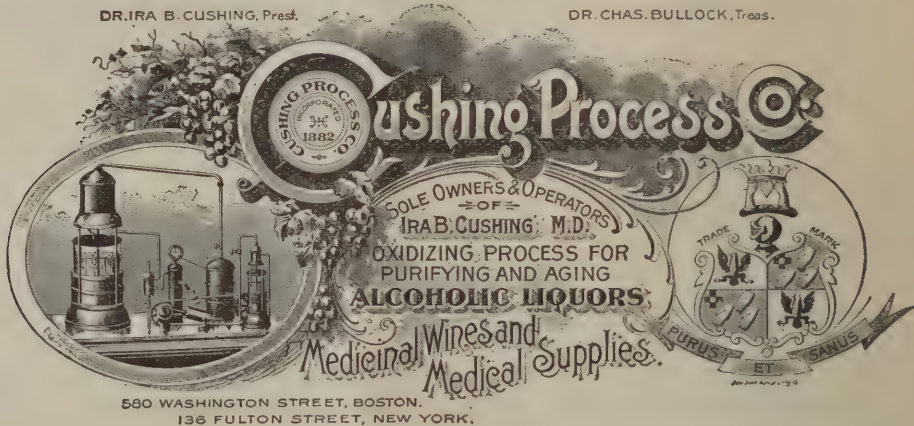
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THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. II.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1896.

THE MONTH.

It was our good fortune to attend a "public day" of the Boston Latin School not long ago, and we were forcibly struck by the fact that we lack anything of the kind. Perhaps this lack occurs because the art of declaiming is not a branch of our instruction. The lectures or talks by prominent men of the vicinity, programmed by Mr. Bradbury in former years, were certainly greatly enjoyed, and we hope that they may be resumed in the near future. It is felt by the students of both schools that the school month is a dreary routine. A public day once a month with declamations by the boys, music by the young ladies and perhaps a talk by some noted man, would liven up our dreary lives of toil and study.

The Latin School debating season opened well on a stormy night. So far as can be learned, the High School are still undecided as to reorganization. There are many discouragements to the High School Society which seem at times to be greater than the encouragements, but these are of a temporary nature and it is to be hoped that the High School will organize, if only for the sake of retrieving the defeat received in last year's joint debate. Both societies need the support of your membership. Girls are eligible. If the girls would attend the meetings, there would be no lack of boys

present, and better order would prevail. A subscription medal or cup is under way at the Latin School. Such a move is to be commended. Not all have physical powers for athletics, but all have brains and tongues.

The results of the first two games of football may seem very discouraging but remember that they were the hardest games in the series and on unfavorable grounds. Cambridge has always proved a hard nut for Boston Latin and we hope to be able to keep up the reputation. But without a crowd of supporters, no team can play an enthusiastic game. Come out and cheer. The price of tickets is extremely low, and remember that every ticket bought is a direct support to the team. Let everybody turn out and cheer. You will see good games and if the cheering is good we have a chance to win.

Cambridge has excellent chances for the polo championship. It is hoped that the class series will be played off before the first championship game, so as to remove the difficulty of last year. High School should put some class teams on the ice this year, and the winner ought to make it warm for the winner of the Latin School series.

The action of the management of Soldiers' Field is hard on the Interscholastic Foot-ball

teams, but is justified. It is not our manager's fault, nor anybody's fault, simply the inevitable that we were obliged to play three games in Boston.

The team was very nicely entertained at Groton, everything being done for their comfort and convenience. There was no crowing over our defeat, but rather cheering at the plucky game that Cambridge played. Four of the boys sat at the master's table at dinner, and others were scattered about the room. With one possible exception our team proved

that it contained young gentlemen.

A young gentleman has canvassed the two schools with the intention of forming a fraternity. The feeling about such an organization is rather lax. Advice comes from a college man that members of school fraternities are never allowed to become members of college fraternities; to form all the secret societies you wish, but do not affiliate with an organized fraternity.

Join the Athletic Association.

A WARNING TO GIRLS.

To girls I'm writing now, give heed,

'Twill help you by and by,

I want to tell you "Hurry up,"

Time is so quick to fly.

You know this is the year for you.

So hasten to be wise,

Pursue the plan I now describe,

'Twill help your enterprise.

Gaze all around, look at the men,

Select one from the throng,

And then whenever chance comes up

Assume he's never wrong.

Just send him candy every week,

And flowers, Saturday night;

Make him all sorts of fancy things.

And keep his gifts in sight.

If when it comes to music,

He thinks that he can sing,

Encourage him and play his songs,

In fact, do everything

To make him think he is the one

Whom, going by your plan,

You could obey, serve, love and trust,

And make a happy man.

The months now left are only three,

And in this state, you know

There are so many of your sex,

You must not then be slow;

There are a few lone women brave

Who have not stopped to tarry,

Still in this vast and mighty land,

There are yet men to marry.

WALTER D. FULLER.

Among the great losses which Cambridge has felt during the last year, there is one which particularly concerns the scholars of the High and Latin Schools; that is the loss of the former track team captain, Walter D. Fuller.

Of the graduates from the English High School in '95, none were more popular than he, and rightly too, for a better, more conscientious, more manly, or pleasanter dispositioned fellow

it is while there that he was taken with typhoid fever, and died Saturday, August the eighth. The genuine regret expressed at this sudden death was convincing proof of the depth of the friendships which he had formed.

Walter was born at North Salem, New York, in January of 1875, and came to Cambridge about six years ago. While in the High School he became prominent as an athlete



was never met. There was something in his manner that created a liking for him, a something which couldn't be defined, but which made everyone who met him a steadfast friend. In all my acquaintance, I never have heard one thing said that would show anything but the heartiest approval of all that he did.

At the time of his death he was taking a vacation at Contoocook, New Hampshire, and

having won some thirty prizes, establishing two Interscholastic records, one of 36 3-5 seconds in the 300 yards, and 6 seconds in 45 yard hurdles. Fuller was one of the finest hurdlers in New England and excited universal admiration on account of his graceful style. His ability as an all-round athlete is shown by his winning the trophy offered by the Y. M. C. A. last year. He was possessed of wonderful

pluck, winning many a hard race by that last effort that is inborn in the true athlete, that grit which causes one to gather his waning strength in one last grim struggle for supremacy. In running, as in his ordinary life, he was distinguished by an honesty such as did not permit him taking an unfair advantage over a rival. One can well envy the reputation which he has left.

Extremes of feeling are beyond expression, and we who delighted in his companionship can but feel a sorrow, the intensity of which cannot be imparted to you. Though he is dead, there seems to be the atmosphere like his presence about all in which he formerly took part.

W. A. APPLGATE.

October 29, 1896.

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1896-'97.

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Master.

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CHARLES F. WARNER, 46A Trowbridge St.
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CLARA A. ARMES, 467 Broadway.
MABEL L. CHAMBERLAIN, 24 Erie St.
CAROLINE CLOSE, 143 Prospect St.
BERTHA L. COGSWELL, 257 Prospect St.
GRACE L. DEERING, 15 Ware St.
MYRA I. ELLIS, 13 Greenough Ave.
MAUD A. LAWSON, 466 Putnam Ave.
HENRIETTA E. MCINTIRE, 1600 Massachusetts Ave.
MARY MOULTON, 86 Franklin St.
LOUISA P. PARKER, 41 Langdon St.
LILLIAN C. ROGERS, 23 Walden St.
CAROLINE A. SAWYER, 48 Mt. Vernon St.
EMMA A. SCUDDER, 136 Austin St.
MARTHA R. SMITH, 782 Massachusetts Ave.
MARIA E. SPARE, 108 Mt. Vern'n St., Bost'n
DELIA M. STICKNEY, 19 Trowbridge St.
GERTRUDE H. CROOK, 58 Dana St.

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MARTHA L. BABBITT, 219 Prospect St.

CLASS '97.

Applegate, William A. 34 Ellsworth Ave.
Conant, Walter G. 18 Tufts St.
Freeman, Chester L. 56 Columbia St.
Garrett, William W. 99 Inman St.
Hannon, John A. 140 Thorndike St.
Mahoney, Cornelius J. 24 Hayes St.
McCarthy, Joseph A. 59 Spring St.

Miller, Lawrence C. 69 Hasting St.
Myles, Leo T. 55 Hammond St.
Perkins, Harry F. 97 Henry St.
Robinson, J. Lee 163 Allston St.
Sexton, Frederick H. Billerica, Mass.
Taft, Theodore H. 32 Avon Hill St.
Thayer, Alfred H. 85 Washington St.

Aldrich, Bertha A. 24 Blake St.
Allen, Lucretia O. 1554 Cambridge St.
Barrett, Grace 39 Walker St.
Boyle, Ella J. 351 Norfolk St.
Brewster, Edith C. 40 Kirkland St.
Busnach, Mary 27 Lopez St.
Casey, Annie G. 150 Thorndike St.
Clark, Etta B. 48 Western Ave.
Clarke, Etta G. 232 Prospect St.
Close, Alice L. 380 Broadway.
Coker, Stella M. 74 Fourth St.
Connelly, Annie 22 Cushing St.
Cook, Bessie H. 7 Marvin Place.
Coveney, Louise 140 Otis St.
Crocker, Avice W. 32 Lee St.
Cummings, Evelyn M. 43 Fourth St.
Curtis, Frances A. 33 Fifth St.
Davey, Elsie F. 80 Fayette St.
Doe, Lena S. 463 Putnam Ave.
Duer, Alice L. 7 Clinton St.
Ellis, Ruth L. 1692 Massachusetts Ave.
Ferrara, Mary C. 10 Fourth St. Place.
Gilligan, Grace G. 246 Bridge St.
Gillis, Susie E. 261 Mt. Auburn St.
Greco, Alma M. 30 Magazine St.
Hadcock, Edith A. 54 Trowbridge St.
Hannon, Genevieve G. 142 Thorndike St.
Howes, Marion A. 579 Huron Ave.
Johnston, Lydia W. 46 Bigelow St.
Laighton, Emma M. 18 Fairmont St.

Lathrop, May E. 39 Ellery St.
 Lewis, Lillian L. 35 Highland Ave.
 Lincoln, Abby H. 41 Amory St.
 Lundin, Laura M. 613 Putnam Ave.
 MacDonald, Etta M. 147 Cushing St.
 McAleer, Katherine A. 321 Vine St.
 McCarthy, Rose M. 43 Irving St.
 McGillicuddy, Joannah 423 Huron Ave.
 McLeod, Grace 8 Eliot St.
 McMahon, Ellen J. 7 Water St.
 Mullins, Katherine A. 413 Broadway.
 Murray, Ellen V. 119 Fourth St.
 O'Donnell, Kathryn A. 17 Grant St.
 Oliver, Gertrude C. 793 Cambridge St.
 Parker, Sadie A. 147 Western Ave.
 Pike, Sarah L. 1529 Cambridge St.
 Raymond, Jennie L. 294 Prospect St.
 Russell, Hattie P. 80 Inman St.
 Ryan, Marion E. 64 Plympton St.
 Sanderson, Margaret F. 61A Gore St.
 Shea, Josephine 5 Bradbury St.
 Sherman, Annie D. 22 Ellsworth St.
 Stinson, Mabel A. 68 Wendell St.
 Tjenblom, Blenda K. 4A Clinton St.
 Wales, Edith G. 30 Hubbard Ave.
 Westcott, Hattie C. 27 Lee St.
 Wyman, Sarah S. 254 Norfolk St.



CLASS '98.

Bartlett, Daniel E. 1673 Combridge St.
 Bragg, Charles L. 239 Prospect St.
 Bramhall, Otis H. 86 Ellery St.
 Campbell, Leon 66 Tremont St.
 Carpenter, Arthur H. 210 Columbia St.
 Clapp, William F. 35 Wendell St.
 Cutler, Edmund H. 6 Cutler Ave.
 Dewing, Arthur 18 Lancaster St.
 Donovan, William F. 4 Gardner St.
 Estrada, Luis F. 400 Broadway.
 Fearn, John C. 10 Garden St.
 Gove, Harold C. 29 Maple Ave.
 Hayden, Robert 21 Mellen St.
 Houston, Gordon D. 174 Elm St.
 Hurley, Dennis F. 20 Marion St.
 Kelso, William R. 136 Washington St.
 Locke, Henry W. 7 Francis Ave.
 Nelligan, Peter J. 8 Montgomery St.
 O'Hara, Charles E. 384 Huron Ave.
 Richardson, Samuel C. 18 Plympton St.
 Saul, Arthur D. 19 Highland Ave.
 Shute, Charles B. 74 Sacramento St.

Sullivan, John J. 14 Clifton St.
 Tobin, Joseph L. 7 Union St.
 Usher, Samuel 11 Hillside Ave.
 Van Daell, Hubert E. 105 Irving St.
 Warnock, William A. 1619 Massachusetts Ave.
 Webster, Fred B. 27 Putnam Ave.
 Wellman, Walter F. 61 Dana St.

Acker, Anna G. 53 Prince St.
 Arnold, Ella T. 1683 Cambridge St.
 Baldwin, Bessie W. 10 Hilliard St.
 Barbour, Eleanor L. 12 Ellery St.
 Bartlett, Myra D. 12 Soden St.
 Benner, May 61 Holworthy St.
 Beunke, Millie E. 75 1-2 Franklin St.
 Bingham, Bertha P. 104 Pearl St.
 Bradley, Esther L. 74 Hampshire St.
 Breslin, Ellen G. 7 Willard St.
 Brigham, Mabel T. 4 Hastings Sq.
 Buck, Elva E. 10 Andrew St.
 Cabot, Della E. 259 Norfolk St.
 Close, Bertha M. 380 Broadway.
 Connell, Elizabeth M. 80 Plympton St.
 Conroy, Mary E. 536 Cambridge St.
 Cooledge, Edith F. 30 Whitney Ave.
 Cotter, Mary E. 11 Magnolia Ave.
 Cronin, Jennie W. 7 Leighton Ct.
 Dart, Jeanie S. 147 Allston St.
 Dexter, Mary S. 3 Cleveland St.
 Dickson, Carita B. 2 Hastings Sq.
 Duncan, Ethel L. 21 Irving St.
 Edwards, Alice M. 37 Rindge Ave.
 Emerson, Marion G. 5 Kinnaird St.
 Emery, Carrie W. 12 Oxford St.
 Estabrook, Ellie B. 45 Garfield St.
 Fiske, Mary E. 16 Fayette St.
 Fitzpatrick, Alice C. 398 Broadway.
 Fuller, Mabelle E. 120 Inman St.
 Garraghan, Nellie G. 9 Leonard Ave.
 Gray, Mabel E. 353 Pearl St.
 Gray, Mildred 52 Mt. Pleasant St.
 Hall, Susan B. 48 Erie St.
 Hanson, Elizabeth 19 Leonard Ave.
 Hastings, Olive A. 211 Prospect St.
 Hixon, Imogene 16 Harvard St.
 Holliday, Elise Y. 94 Oxford St.
 Holman, Mary E. 283 Windsor St.
 Houlahan, Alice G. 11 1-2 Plymouth St.
 Houlahan, Emma J. 11 1-2 Plymouth St.
 Howard, Helen W. 77 Spring St.
 Josselyn, Sadie W. 9 Chester St.
 Katon, Eva C. 9 Fairmont Ave.

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Kelley, Kittie L.	11 Auburn St.	Brown, James L.	1725 Massachusetts Ave.
Knox, Sadie M.	152 Cherry St.	Campbell, George M.	3 Summer St.
Lane, Elizabeth	19 Florence St.	Clarkson, Fred H.	31 Everett St.
Lilienthal, Alice E.	1653 Cambridge St.	Clarkson, Walter	31 Everett St.
Lochman, Anna P.	34 Wendell St.	Craig, R. Roland	1 Lexington Ave.
MacLeod, Agnes J.		Creelman, William C.	161 Chestnut St.
Majewski, Annie L.	7 Mullins Court.	Evans, James R.	31 Pleasant St.
McIntire, Blanche E.	1600 Massachusetts Ave.	Finnegan, Thomas F.	22 Lawn St.
McKusick, Sadie	1 Arnold Circle.	Fitzgerald, John M.	71 Pearl St.
McMahon, Mary E.	12A Seventh St.	Foster, Harvey W.	29 Sidney St.
McNamara, Catherine	6 Cowperthwaite St.	Fuller, Frank W.	30 Lee St.
McPeake, Agnes C.	182 Charles St.	Gullagher, Thomas G.	38 Gore St.
McWilliams, Isabelle F.	510 Putnam Ave.	Gauthier, Edgar A.	45 School St.
Messer, Ida A.	96 Thorndike St.	Halberg, Nicholas F.	28 Broadway.
Meyers, H. Elizabeth	29 Pleasant St.	Haley, Clinton B.	85 Huron Ave.
Millard, Mabel A.	17 Shepard St.	Haley, Frederick L.	344 Massachusetts Ave.
Miller, Mildred A.	148 Hancock St.	Hawkes, Nathan W.	365 Western Ave.
Millner, Etta B.	104 Inman St.	Higgins, Wilbur W.	66 Pearl St.
Moore, Helen P.	1 Rutland St.	Holman, George E.	283 Winsor St.
Morrison, Olive B.	9 Felton St.	Hughes, Walter H.	15 Jay St.
Morse, Annie M.	121 Magazine St.	Jaquith, Leon A.	14 Ellsworth Ave.
Murch, Mabel K.	231 1-2 Broadway.	Jones, Walter F.	210 Prospect St.
O'Brien, Katherine T.	2280 Massachusetts Ave.	Kerr, George F.	253 1-2 Broadway.
O'Keefe, Nellie	68 Rindge Ave.	Lovering, Joseph	1 Larch St.
Power, Nellie L.	11 School St.	Lynch, Maurice M.	6 Frank St.
Powers, Alice M.	31 Ash St.	McKusick, Charles E.	82 Franklin St.
Robinson, Margaret L.	40 Plymouth St.	McMenimen, William	35 Fourth St.
Ryan, Elizabeth M.	144 1-2 Spring St.	McSwain, James	249 Chestnut St.
Sands, Mabel A.	20 Avon St.	Mills, Benjamin F.	55 Ellery St.
Seymour, Mary G.	41 Garden St.	Murray, William H.	8 Sixth St.
Sheehan, Margaret E.	129 Western Ave.	Oakes, John H.	14 State St.
Sherwin, Grace L.	509 Putnam Ave.	Oliver, Charles R.	236 Norfolk St.
Simpson, Carrie E.	12 Arlington St.	Rideout, Earl	39 Austin St.
Tabb, Mary E.	6 Village St.	Ross, Joseph B.	183 Columbia St.
Taylor, Cordelia	Myrtle Ave.	Snow, Ernest C.	36 William St.
Toomey, Catherine M.	2 Gore Pl.	Spragg, William E.	472 Putnam Ave.
Wardwell, Nanna P.	274 Cambridge St.	Stephens, Arthur H. B.	20 Eliot St.
Watts, Nina R.	54 Cedar St.	Sullivan, Cornelius J.	15 Lambert St.
Weeks, Edith L.	"Stratford" Elm St.	Shaughnessey, Francis L.	276 Cambridge St.
Wood, Fdith M.	8 Gardner St.	Whelan, Clarence E.	59 Moore St.
Wright, Edith	148 Allston St.		
Wyzansky, Carrie I.	82 Otis St.		



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Adams, Kenneth S.	45 Oxford St.	Barrett, Mary E.	8 Parnell St.
Ahern, John J.	6 Foster St.	Beckett, E. Grace	76 Putnam Ave.
Arnold, Laurence	35 Trowbridge St.	Beckett, Florence J.	76 Putnam Ave.
Babcock, Edwin M.	31 Inman St.	Beverly, Beatrice	837 Main St.
Beane, Jr., George A.	8 Prescott St.	Bird, Amy J.	988 Massachusetts Ave.
Bowen, William P.	16 Marion St.	Bonds, Harriet E.	25 Washington St.
		Brownell, Beulah O.	45 Hubbard Ave.
		Carter, Florence A.	Elmwood Ave.
		Church, Mabel E.	3 Tenny St.

Clay, Theresa C.	13 West St.	O'Brien, Alice M.	2280 Massachusetts Ave.
Comey, Florence L.	29 Lawrence St.	Phelan, Mary J.	10 Clay St.
Cooledge, Elsie M.	24 Whitney Ave.	Phinney, Clara E.	125 Magazine St.
Cooter, Flora E.	12 Fifth St.	Plaisted, H. Florence	4 Leonard Ave.
Crothers, Ethel F.	130 Thorndike St.	Poole, Cora B.	44 1-2 Austin St.
Cunningham, Caroline A.	19 Clary St.	Poitrast, Lillian M.	64 Sacramento St.
Curtis, Alberta L.	48 Green St.	Rayne, Mary A.	12 Jay St.
Deehan, Louise A.	76 Dana St.	Rivers, Sadie L.	140 Columbia St.
Dickson, Myrtle C.	70 Plymouth St.	Rose, Jennie B.	183 Columbia St.
Donnelly, Mary F.	133 Thorndike St.	Rosenberg, Carrie J.	82 Otis St.
Dougherty, Katharyn	109 Pleasant St.	Salgado, Blanche	340 Windsor St.
Duldig, Mary E.	61 Wright St.	Severance, Pearl W.	63 Highland Ave.
Durgin, Mary E.	88 Plympton St.	Shea, Julia A. G.	3 Garden Ct.
Dyar, Amey C.	21 Summer St.	Sheehan, Katherine G.	129 Webster Ave.
Elliott, Anna F.	663 Huron Ave.	Smith, Marian L.	8 Mellen St.
Eyles, Louise H.	37 Antrim St.	Stewart, Laura M.	42 Tremont St.
Flanagan, Frances B.	22 Mt. Pleasant St.	Stiles, Kittie H.	19 1-2 Fayette St.
Fleming Katharine V.	12 Sherman St.	Sullivan, Elizabeth F.	10 Allen St.
Gage, Olive M.	146 Huron Ave.	Sweeney, Mary E.	151 Raymond St.
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Gerry, Annie J.	15 Wilbur St.	Toye, Margaret G.	19 Sherman St.
Glass, Florence J.	225 Broadway.	Tukey, Mary E.	66 Cambridge St.
Googins, Grace L.	70 Prospect St.	Tupper, Grace E.	58 Antrim St.
Guyette, Olivine	44 Mt. Auburn St.	Vittum, Albertha	120 Pine St.
Hanscom, Lena E.	34 Kinnaird St.	Wales, Stella L.	30 Hubbard Ave.
Hogan, Ellen T.	146 Spring St.	Walsen, Cora H.	94 Oxford St.
Jellison, Mary E.	8 1-2 South St.	Waugh, Floretta M.	
Kay, Beatrice J.	12 Regent St.	Welch, Annie E.	68 Bolton St.
Keenan, Agnes M.	65 Sacramento St.	Welch, Ellen E.	1 Madison Ave.
Kelley, Dora M. L.	Huron Ave.	Wellington, Carrie E.	5 White St.
Kelley, Mary F.	397 Norfolk St.	Weren, Mary D.	511 Putnam Ave.
Kenny, Margaret L.	39 Seventh St.	White, Annie F.	18 Magnolia Ave.
Lang, Elizabeth T.	269 Putnam Ave.	Wight, Jessie B.	
Leach, Ethel S.	176 Huron Ave.	Wood, Ella L.	8 Gardner St.
Luce, Sarah H.	944 Massachusetts Ave.	Worcester, Alice R.	58 Garfield St.
Lyon, Florence E.	202 Hampshire St.	Wright, Ethel L.	261 Brookline St.
Lundergun, Mary J.	42 Middlesex St.		
MacDonald, Mary F.	541 Cambridge St.		
Macey, Elsie	425 Putnam Ave.		
Mann, Irene K. L.	104 Mt. Auburn St.	Allison, Robert	1 Second St.
Marsh, Ethel F.	270 Norfolk St.	Austin, Edward C.	61 Spring St.
Martin, Anna E.	32 Linnaean St.	Austin, Herbert G.	116 Putnam Ave.
McDonald, Margaret E.	340 Concord Ave.	Bishop, George A.	58 Spring St.
McDonnell, Mary A.	5 Mill St.	Blewett, Walter S.	53 Henry St.
McFarland, Mabel E.	18 1-2 Tremont St.	Boyson, Charles F.	10 Mt. Auburn St.
McInnes, Louise E.	87 Amory St.	Butler, Frank A.	4 Salem St.
McPherson, Laura M.	68 Allston St.	Casey, William L.	23 Watson St.
Morton, Mary E.	6A Day St.	Chase, Harold R.	950 Massachusetts Ave.
Moulton, Amy L.	95 Magazine St.	Clark, Lewis C., Jr.	48 Western Ave.
Mullins, Mary E.	336 Green St.	Craven, Thomas,	206 Brookline St.
Mulrey, Alice M.	150 Holworthy St.	Croswell, Ralph H.	65 Frost St.
Nickerson, Nellie M.		Crowell, Chester F.	150 Columbia St.

CLASS '00.

Derry, Arthur T.	12 Trowbridge St.	Whelan, Walter J.	59 Moore St.
Dillingham, Charles F.	20 Hubbard Ave.	Wyeth, Henry D.	9 Rutland St.
Dow, Fred H.	5 Sacramento St.		
Doyle, Francis E.		Adams, Hattie L.	18 Hadley St.
Duhig, Walter S.	61 Wright St.	Aldridge, Charlotte	19 Brewery St.
Flint, George M.	107 Museum St.	Allyn, Jennie B.	471 Broadway
Fish, Ozro M.	75 Front St.	Anderson, Gertrude M.	92 Elm St.
Gallagher, James A.		Austin, Mary C.	61 Spring St.
Garfield, Chester A.	37 Irving St.	Balmer, Christina A.	79 Plympton St.
Gordon, Henry L.	16 Portsmouth St.	Beatleay, Elizabeth	205 Norfolk St.
Graves, Walter R.	44 Sacramento St.	Beck, Ellen F.	293 Concord Ave.
Hackett, Walter H.	9 Mt. Auburn St.	Blackwell, Roberta	71 Washington St.
Harrington, Charles D.	82 Allston St.	Boland, Margaret T.	6 Gore St.
Hartman, Joseph	187 Cambridge St.	Boyle, Alice,	123 Elm St.
Holt, John H.	17 Banks St.	Brannan, Mary T.	52 Plympton St.
Howard, James U.	37 1-2 Kinnaird St.	Breen Mary L.	88 Sixth St.
Hobbs, Forest A.	180 Pearl St.	Brown, Grace A.	19 Beech St.
Hughes, Fred	15 Jay St.	Brown, Nettie A.	206 River St.
Kane, Fred E.	75 Howard St.	Browne, Bessie B.	167 Columbia St.
Kendall, Leonard J.	24 Bowdion St.	Busiel, Winnifred M.	3 Ellsworth Park
Knowles, Charles H.		Checketts, Florence E.	20 Washington St.
Lang, Currier	24 Irving St.	Coleman, Jessie	10 Gardner St.
Langford, John E.		Collins, Catherine A. V.	45 Hayes St.
Leary, Joseph	19 Magee St.	Comerford, Grace M.	81 1-2 Concord Ave.
Long, Charles F.	26 Second St.	Connell, Helen C.	
Mahler, Giles	5 Austin St.	Corcoran, Katharine G.	13 Parker St.
Mahoney, Jeremiah F.	28 Hayes St.	Cowdrey, Amy L.	189 Hamilton St.
McCarthy, James H.	61 Gore St.	Cross, Mona B.	82 Winsor St.
McCullar, Harvey S.	17 Athens St.	Crowley, Mary F.	74 Spring St.
McInnes, F. H. L.	86 Winsor St.	Cummings, Mary A.	2 Hubbard Ave.
Medley, Edw. F.	2 Chestnut Park	Cunningham, Mary U.	47 Sacramento St.
McSweeney, Charles H.	192 Third St.	Curtin, Helen G.	71 Cushing St.
Nye, Waldo E.	125 Chestnut St.	Daly, Sarah A.	54 Banks St.
Prescott, William C.	10 William St.	Daniels, Mabel G.	
Rhodes, Howard	"Graham" Hancock St.	Danskin, Mazzie A.	55 River St.
Richardson, George	7 Frost St.	Dayfort, Fannie M.	
Rondina, John A.	25 Fourth St.	Deady, Isabella A.	7 Leonard Ave.
Roper, Henry J.	39 Hubbard Ave.	Derrick, Nellie F.	"Lee," School St.
Shannon, James E.	2 Second St.	Dolan, Emily J.	13 State St.
Shaughmessy, Joseph T.	27 Gore St.	Donovan, Mary L.	18 Leighton Court
Shaw, Guy C. B.	440 Cambridge St.	Doran, Catherine M.	39 Rindge Ave.
Soule, Gardner F.	42 Highland Ave.	Dow, Edith M.	24 Warland St.
Southward, Harvey L.	12 Rockingham St.	Doyle, Mary A.	29 Willard St.
Stinson, James U.	155 Magazine St.	Duffy, Mary C.	48 Sacramento St.
Sullivan, Charles F.	13 DeWolfe St.	Easton, Mabel H.	208 Winsor St.
Sullivan, John J.	63 North St.	Fiske, Annie F.	16 Fayette St.
Sullivan, Timothy C.	5 Bradbury St.	Flewelling, Ethel B.	2 Hancock Place.
Taylor, William B.	2366 Massachusetts Ave.	Flood, Helen F.	126 Pearl St.
Upham, Harold C.	10 Linnan St.	Foxcroft, Ruth D.	25 Hillside Ave.
Wells, Herbert	87 Pine St.	Freeman, Janette	19 Trowbridge St.
Wells, William A.	60 Dana St.	Gaffey, Margaret M.	56 Ninth St.
Whalen, Geoffrey L.	2532 Massachusetts Ave.	Galvin, Julia E.	8 Murray St.

Galvin, Mary E.	186 Brookline St.	Montgomery, Mary E.	
Gauaghan, Mary I.	9 Leonard Ave.	Moran, Mary E.	43 Clay St.
Gately, Rose A.	90 Halworthy St.	Morse, Edith M.	14 Avon St.
Ganley, Sarah	43 Parker St.	Mulrey, Anna J.	150 Holworthy St.
Gibson, Harriet E.	97 Walden St.	Muzzey, Florence G.	5 Blake St.
Gildersleeve, Thresa E.	52 Irving St.	Negus, Lucy S.	125 Magazine St.
Goggin, Ellen T.	2 George St.	Nelligan, Elizabeth J.	9 Montgomery St.
Gordon, Ethel G.	19 State St.	Nelligan, Margaret E.	157 Washington St.
Goss, Annie E.	29 Cherry St.	Nelson, Mina J.	17 Walden St.
Gray, Elizabeth M.	33 Antrim St.	Newton, Isabella M.	43 Brewery.
Gray, Hannah G.	33 Antrim St.	Nichols, Marian L.	94 Brattle St.
Greene, Katharine,	35 Sargent St.	O'Brien, Alice G.	4 Second St.
Haff, Nettie I.	6 Sycamore St.	O'Brien, Aloysia B.	36 1-2 Tremont St.
Halberg, Mary T.	28 Broadway	O'Brien, Emma M.	19 Surrey St.
Halliday, Elsie E.	15 Creighton St.	O'Hara, Theresa R.	384 Huron Ave.
Hanna, Marguerita C.	8 Allen St.	Oliver, Leslie K.	793 Cambridge St.
Harding, Annabel H.	267 Broadway	O'Neil, Ruth	8 Bay St.
Hawkins, Charlotte E.	37 Clark St.	Palmer, Helen E.	1673 Cambridge St.
Hayward, Bertha	16 Story St.	Petrie, Lillian R.	16 Quincy St.
Hennessey, Catherine F.	783 Cambridge St.	Petrie, Marguerite B.	16 Quincy St.
Horgan, Grace	112 Holworthy St.	Phelan, Elsie G.	70 Wendell St.
Horgan, Mary J.		Povall, Elizabeth G.	32 Ellsworth Ave.
Hixon, Mabel F.	15 Howard St.	Powers, Annie F.	10 Bristol St.
Jennison Ruth R.	68 Pleasant St.	Prentice, Jennie F.	99 Garden St.
Johnson, Gertrude,	10 Hollis St.	Robart, Gertrude	79 Auburn St.
Kelman, Mary J.		Roberts, Marian E.	76 Orchard St.
Landers, Annie E.	22 Magazine St.	Rogers, Margaret	14 Murdock St.
Langford, Bertha B.		Shea, Frances M.	54 Banks St.
Lenox, Mary G.	126 Harvard St.	Shedd, Naomi B.	4 White St.
Levy, Leah M.	260 Green St.	Skelley, Celia M.	19 Winter St.
Lewis, Anna D.	19 Grant St.	Smith, Edna P.	10 Saville St.
Lewis, Elizabeth E.	47 Parker St.	Smith, Georgiana L.	129 Webster Ave.
Lewis, Millicent	69 Mount Auburn St.	Sparrow, Marian H.	15 Forest St.
Lyons, Julia A.	151 Otis St.	Steffens, Georgie	14 Wright St.
Macleon, Christina,	90 Inman St.	Strath, May L.	381 Putnam Ave.
Mahady, Ellen F.	6 DeWolfe St.	Sullivan, Anna L.	38 Grant St.
Markey, Alice G.	94 1-2 Gore St.	Sullivan, Josie T.	1 Middlesex St.
Mayhew, Vesta U.	98 Raymond St.	Sullivan, Katharine V.	9 Hayes St.
McCarthy, Bridget L.	171 Thorndike St.	Trow, Gertrude A.	66 Putnam Ave.
McCarthy, Mary L.	61 Otis St.	Tufts, Etta A.	27 Sixth St.
McCorac, Bertha,	226 Chestnut St.	Tufts, Lillian G.	6 Bay St.
McElearn, Mary A.	42 Dunster St.	Wadleigh, Anna B.	1 Highland Park
McHugh, Grace H.	50 Magazine St.	Warnock, Sarah A.	1619 Massachusetts Ave.
McKee, E. Ruth,	13 Hubbard Ave.	Welch, Mary J.	82 Dudley St.
McKenzie, Gertrude T.		Wheeler, Edith E.	Lakeview Ave.



ATHLETICS AT BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.



Boston Latin School is one of the famous institutions of learning in New England, and for a great many years has been one of the leading preparatory schools for the New England colleges and universities. The school building is situated on Warren Avenue.

Boston Latin has had a large number of star base-ball, foot-ball and track athletes, some of whom have made names for themselves in colleges. Perhaps the best known of these are Scannell, Rand, Allie Gould, Beale, Bert Waters, Mackie, Tom MacGuire and Hollister.

At present Waters is coaching the Harvard eleven, and everyone is so conversant with his style of play and his remarkable record on Boston Latin, Harvard and B. A. A. teams that it would be useless and tiresome to repeat his story here.

Mackie is known to every foot-ball enthusiast as the Harvard guard, but it is well to remember that he received his elementary foot-ball tactics in interscholastic circles. His name is especially connected with the Yale games.

Tom Maguire is a later player, being captain of last year's foot-ball team which made such

a good record. He is well known to all who are on this year's elevens and well liked by all. An all-round athlete, he is especially noted as a foot-ball player. The results of his coaching made an excellent team of last year's poor material, so that Boston Latin landed almost as high as they did in '89. Their crack game of last season was the Thanksgiving day game at South End with the championship English High team. This game is an annual fixture in the Boston athletic season and always draws a large crowd. Last year over three thousand people saw English High win by making a single touchdown and thereby win the Senior championship. The plucky playing of the line and the brilliant work of the Latin School backs almost caused the Latin to score. Latin School supporters are firm believers in luck, for their team has won from the High on alternate years for a number of times. Whether they will repeat the victory of '94 this year remains to be seen.

Although the Latin School has put several good teams into the field, they have never won a championship. There are good reasons for this. As a celebrated graduate of the school

once said, the Latin School fellows never play hard until they run against English High. Until this spirit gets into all the games, it cannot be expected that the teams will ever win a championship. The Latin wins from High and is content with that. All other games are only secondary. Bad feeling is also rife among the players, and it comes to the surface sometimes in the midst of a game, and this of course is far from encouraging to a captain.

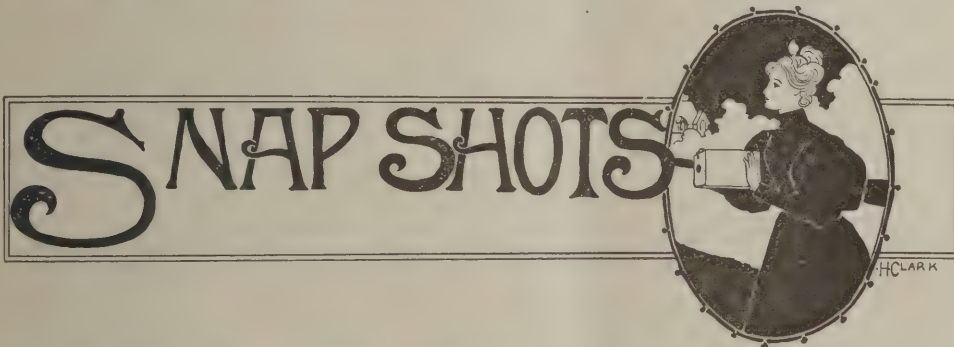
The fellows at the Latin School have the advantage of being in a school which admits no girls, that is, it is an advantage from the athletic standpoint. Also they have a fine gymnasium where track men have a good chance to train. But these two advantages are handicapped by the facts that the majority of the boys are very small and that the pupils live

so far from the school.

The chances of winning a good place in the Senior foot-ball league were considered very fair until the Brookline team defeated it. Had Latin School played together in that game, they would have won. Captain Lowe at guard is playing the game in good style, and if he can succeed in infusing the proper spirit into his men, he may lead them up towards the top. Talbot, formerly C. L. S. '97, is playing tackle and will run up against Fletcher on the 13th of the present month.

The athletics of the school are under the direction of an Advisory Committee consisting of three teachers, three graduates and four undergraduates. This committee meets bi-weekly and controls all the minutae of all teams.

B. L. S.



One of the things the Republicans accomplished in this election was the breaking up of the solid South.

The condition of Armenia remains unchanged, horrible massacres taking place there all the time. Despite public opinion and justice the attitude of the powers remains the same.

An important article of notice is that Cuban bonds have gone up in price during the last three months.

"The late elections have been the most exciting since the war," says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Johns-Hopkins University of Baltimore has closed its doors against women, it having been a co-educational institution for many years.

Princeton has just celebrated her one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, having started in 1746 with eleven students; it has now about eleven hundred.

The Passion Play which every ten years has made Oberammergau famous has been played with success by the villagers of Selzach a small community of Switzerland.

Formosa is so completely in the hands of native brigands that the rich families of the

principal cities have for many years paid a blackmail tax regularly to the chiefs of the former. Their retreats are in the heart of the mountains, where it is as difficult to pursue them as it formerly was to follow the Apaches in the wilds of New Mexico.

A LACK OF LIONS.

British hunters of large game are bitterly lamenting the gradual extinction of lions in India.

To prevent the total extinction of these animals the Durbar of Kathiawar has pro-

hibited the hunting of them for six years.

NATURAL TOOTHPICKS.

Toothpicks prepared by nature are a product of Spain and Mexico. *Ammivisnaga*, an umbelliferous plant, is called the "toothpick bishop weed" on account of the use made in Spain of the rays or stocks of the main umbel.

These, after flowering, shrink, and become so hard that they form convenient toothpicks. After they have fulfilled this purpose they are chewed, and are supposed to be of service in strengthening the gums.

HOODWINKING THE SCHOOLMASTER.

I take pleasure in looking back to my school days with their numberless amusing incidents, petty rivalries, triumphs, and catastrophies, and they furnish me with abundant food for anecdote. Many times they are pointless, but always pleasant and quaint.

In my class at the High School was a singular boy who passed among his fellows by the name of "Tripe", but why this singular cognomen was ever applied to him is past the power of man or boy to determine. He was the most peculiar boy I ever knew. Spiritless and indolent in study, he seemed determined to remain forever in the third year class; and indeed it was rumored some years after I graduated that Tripe was eight years going through. In sport he was a leading spirit, but always the one upon whom the tricks and practical jokes were played.

Tripe arose one morning with the determination not to go to school that day if he could possibly avoid it; but as the hands of the clock approached the figure eight his courage perceptibly waned, and he became perfectly miserable. He had planned to go fishing up at Spy pond with a boy who "knew too much for schoolmarms," and now his plans seemed likely to be frustrated. It was impossible for him to plead illness and be excused on that score, for

he was not the least little particle sick, and on no other condition would his parents allow him to stay out or the schoolmaster excuse him from duty.

On his tramp to school however, he elaborated a process by which he hoped to escape the thralldom which he so abhorred.

"Why may I not *make* myself sick," thought he, "I'll eat half a dozen green apples,—no, not that, that's too hard to get over; wonder if there's anything that'll act and be all over in a few minutes." He thought and thought until at last Ha! Eureka! He had remembered that he had heard of *ipecac* producing a brief nausea and illness,—why could he not try that. "I will try it!" he exclaimed aloud.

Accordingly, with feverish haste, he hurried out of his way to a drug store and purchased five cents worth of the article.

Physics was the work for the first recitation period, and Tripe disliked this study above all earthly things. He sat at the foot of the class, and while the teacher's eyes were turned, he coolly produced an apple, peeled and sliced it, and spread, sandwich like, the *ipecac* on the fruit. With the same deliberation he eat, and from the degree of satisfaction he expressed, it was evident that he enjoyed his lunch.

True to prediction he became sensitive of an

uneasiness in the region of his stomach, and with an unusual degree of activity, his hand went into the air accompanied by an exclamation, "Oh! teacher, Oh! I'm so sick!" and without waiting for the usual permission he bolted out of the room.

It is past the power of all the languages which I can hope to command to describe what occurred during the next two hours. Evidently he had not taken enough of the drug to ensure the speedy action he had anticipated, or from some other cause, which he could not imagine, he was compelled to endure the most unpleasant feelings. No thought of fishing now entered his head, and his vows not to try such an experiment again were many. And he thought, if the drug clerk in his inexperience

had given him a deadly poison by mistake,— he had heard of such cases, or was ipecac itself a poison. About noon the dose had completed its work, and he was so exhausted in body and so depressed in spirit that he could hardly walk. Finally, however, he dragged himself home and the good minister, his father, in alarm, sent for the family physician who prescribed a gentle stimulant and recommended that the boy be put to bed, but he could not tell what the matter was, and Tripe would not, so all waited for developments.

Tripe was all right next day but he looked sheepish when the other boys jollied him on his fishing excursion; and he never repeated his experiment, nor again endeavored to hoodwink the schoolmaster.

THE "REVIEW" MOCK ELECTION.

Every one appreciated greatly the REVIEW's idea of having the students vote on election day. Although this vote was not taken by the Australian system, yet the election was perfectly fair and as was expected resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republican standard-bearers. There were quite a number of ballots which would have been thrown out in a regular election but as the intent of the voter was perfectly clear in all but two, it was decided to count all of them with the exception of the two imperfect ones.

FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

	High	Latin	Total
McKinley and Hobart	497	296	793
Bryan and { Sewall	120	46	166
Watson	—	2	2
Palmer and Buckner	26	21	47
Levering and Johnson	4	4	8
Matchett and Maguire	3	2	5

Total number of votes cast 1021

FOR GOVERNOR.

	High	Latin	Total
Wolcott	512	311	823
Williams	109	40	149
Prince	13	15	28
Coffin	10	4	14
Brophy	2	1	3

Total number of votes cast 1017

(4 voted for President but not for Governor).

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Carl J. Horner, 11 Winter Street, has been elected Class Photographer, High School '97.

The December REVIEW will be especially attractive, and will contain a cut of the eleven.

The Foot-ball team plays Lowell A. A. at Lowell, November 14. Any who would like to accompany the team can secure low rates by applying to Capt. Warnock or Mgr. Blackburn.

The story and cheer competitions close November 24. Leave them in the REVIEW boxes.

The next REVIEW will be out December 10th.

'97, C. L. S., announces the following Drama Committee: Miss Phillips, Miss Foxcroft, Miss Peters, Emerson, Estabrook, Hyde.

One of the best yells yet handed in goes,

Wha't'ell Wha't'ell
C. H. and L.
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Cambridge.

The December number of the REVIEW will contain Christmas stories, a cut of the '96 foot-ball team, and other interesting articles. It will appear December 10.

A QUEER KIND OF COMEDY.

I.

"By Jove! talk about your foreign missionaries. Trot out a few and let 'im go it here I say. What's that about charity beginning at home! First look at that now!"

"That" to which the miser directed his own attention was an alley way where filth and wretchedness evidently held undisputed sway. Young, middle-aged and old seemed to have succumbed physically and morally. All were unresisting victims, body and soul, and to all appearances took their condition as a matter of course. To live was to be miserable. To die was to be still more so, perhaps, and—but why should I attempt to describe all this. Surely any one of you may see just such a hopeless world for yourself when you please, and need go but a short distance from homes of culture and lavish wealth too.

It had grown colder after the fall of snow, with which impartial Nature had been trying to conceal some of the squalidness on all sides. The first rays of the moon already softened the ugliness of the great tenements. She found very little artificial light to contend with, since the neighborhood boasted of but scanty illumination in any sense.

There was one beacon on the corner however, which shone bravely from its station manifestly insecure upon the top of a heavily leaning post. Everett had nearly reached this when he stopped quickly.

"Helloa, who's this?" said he to himself.

It was a young man of perhaps his own age who suddenly appeared beneath the light, and was thus plainly visible. He stood there a moment, fumbled hurriedly in his pocket and finally produced a crumpled envelope from which he drew evidently a letter. This he read slowly and then re-read it. Then with a

strange laugh, which seemed after all more like a groan, and a gesture of utter despair, he buried his face in his arms against the cold post. The loose sheets fluttered to the ground.

"There is a fellow that wants looking after," muttered Everett, "I know his style well."

He approached the young man, and stood by him for a moment, but was unnoticed. The other seemed overwhelmed with an all-absorbing emotion which racked his body as physical pain. Everett waited an instant, then touched the ragged sleeve lightly.

"You have dropped these, haven't you?" said he in his frank, irresistible way.

The fellow started as if he had been struck. His dark eyes flashed fiercely as they rested on the jaunty, well-dressed figure before them.

"What do I want with them?" he cried with an oath. "What can I do with them? I wish every one of the folks had died before they wrote all in that letter. Yes, died"—here he paused a moment, and the dull, despairing look returned to his face. Then he said in a passionless tone, "Yes, I did drop those papers. I'm much obliged;" and taking the letter from the rich looking stranger, he tore it into bits. The north wind scattered them in every direction.

"Look here," said Everett, in a business-like way, "I know what it is to be in trouble, and what is more I like your looks. Now if I can help you in any way I'd like to."

The other thus addressed looked keenly at the speaker and the bitterness in his face slowly faded. He was ever proof against the honest kindness in the blue eyes he saw, or the straightforward sympathetic smile.

"I hate to meet every man that's dressed decently," he said vehemently, "because I was able to be so myself once. But I'm glad I met

you, and I'm glad you spoke to me the way you did. I hope you'll help some other poor cuss sometime that's past the need of money. Good-bye."

He turned to go but Everett stopped him. "You're not going yet," said he, cheerily. "You haven't told me your story."

The young fellow hesitated evidently considering something carefully.

"You might help me in one way," he said, finally speaking more to himself than to Everett.

"Come, fire away," said the latter, "it's thundering cold standing here. Let's move along while you're telling me about it."

It was not an uncommon story the young man told, but it contained a few novel points. His name was John Knapp and his home had been in New Hampshire. As a boy he had always been ambitious, and longed to go to some great city where he might make a fortune. When he grew older and fell in love with a pretty young girl whom he could not possibly afford to marry, he carried out the first part of this desire and left home. The fortune, however, was not to be made as easily as his inexperience and enthusiastic hopes had led him to suppose. Matters went from bad to worse. Nevertheless the letters which he sent home were bright and hopeful. He concealed all his disappointments and discomforts which were quickly followed by absolute beggary. In a word he misrepresented the true state of affairs with the intended result, that his parents were supremely happy, his sister proud of him, and the girl he loved awaiting his triumphant return. In justice to him let me say that their interest in him, and their imaginations, somewhat unruly for want of exercise, exaggerated his prosperity considerably. Distance, necessarily a long one, had lent enchantment, and saved a world of worry and sadness. But now pride and love had cowered him.

"Now," he cried bitterly, "I give up. I

had gone on and on hoping to be somebody, and to make everything like what they think it is. But now it's too late. They'll all see it just as it is and me—it will kill the old folks. O why must they suffer too?"

Everett gave a long, sympathetic whistle. "You have made a botch of it," he admitted gravely, "but you mustn't give up."

Knapp broke out into an odd laugh.

"They've decided to come and make a visit," said he, "so what can I do? Father wrote in that letter you saw they were tired of waiting for me to come and they decided as long as I said I couldn't spare time for any vacation, they'd have to go to see me. He and mother were getting old and wouldn't have many more years to live. Emily, my sister, was very eager to see the city especially her brother's apartments, and they thought it a fine opportunity for her to see something of the world. Besides all this, Christmas was coming which wasn't Christmas in the least without their son, and they felt the need of a family reunion. And the upshot of it is" said the poor fellow in conclusion, "that I'm to meet them at the station to-morrow afternoon, and take them to a 'nice but inexpensive boarding house' near my rooms if possible. They supposed a cheap one couldn't be very near," he added with a grim smile.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish indeed. For a moment Everett's usual cheeriness left him and he grew thoughtful. It was clear something ought to be done at once.

"They won't be put off any longer," continued Knapp drearily, "but I can't and I won't let them see me this way. I thought perhaps you'd meet them for me and tell them I'd left the city, anything to save them such a sight. Besides that will be true at any rate."

Everett seemed not to have heard. His eyes looked out upon the hurrying crowds of people without seeing anything. Suddenly he was all animation. He had hit upon a jolly plan.

"I'll do it," he cried jubilantly, "why not? first the ticket." Then turning to his companion, he said, "You're just the man to get me out of a fearful scrape, did you know it?"

Knapp didn't know it and he thought the tables were queerly turned. "You musn't leave your folks in the lurch. That won't do at all. Its just this way," Everett ran on, "Now I was worried to death about my Christmas dinner because not a soul had I got to eat it with, and what fun is there in that? Now you have your folks and no dinner, I have the dinner and no folks. What's the matter with joining forces? Is it a bargain?"

"But—" began John Knapp, whose thoughts now became overwhelming.

"Never mind about that," cried Everett. "Here we are at my den. We'll talk it all over where it isn't so beastly cold. Come in."

"I an utter stranger—" began the poor fellow incredulously overcome with gratitude.

"Say no more," commanded Everett gaily, "but come in."

"But I didn't mention my brother's three children that are coming too. They couldn't be left at home, and I'm afraid," finished Knapp sadly, "there'll be too many."

"Not a bit of it. The more the merrier," replied Everet rubbing his hands gleefully. "Three children and a young lady" he muttered with a chuckle. "If the precious old couple could only know about this!"

The "precious old couple" meant his father

and mother who considered their son a being past all hope. It was beyond their comprehension how a child of theirs should be so utterly unlike other mortals, and so fond of doing strange things as he. They had threatened to disinherit him for not wishing to marry a rich young lady of their choice. They bitterly reproached him for his unaccountable indifference to position and society, and they upbraided him for the odd things he delighted in doing. They loved him however, and finally after giving him plenty of money, they left him alone in his glory and went to Europe. Very well satisfied with these arrangements, he kept bachelor's apartments in the very best part of the town, and did as he pleased since money and leisure enabled him to do so. He had lately come to this city where he was a perfect stranger, and his hosts of friends were far away. He intended to start into business here should everything be arranged satisfactorily.

It is difficult to say whom this plan for Christmas pleased more John Knapp or Everett himself. At any rate, when their consultation ended, both seemed very well pleased with the bargain.

"It's a hard case though," reflected Everett when he was alone, "but I don't see any other way now whatever happens."

"If fifty of his relatives should come," said he aloud, "you'd still be in for it," and he burst into a merry laugh.

(To be Continued.)

NOTA DE ALUMNIS.

Ernest G. Adams, formerly C. L. S. '95, entered Harvard this fall, after two years in business.

Miss L. G. Perrigo, '92, is teaching at the Walpole High School, Walpole, Mass.

E. M. Bragg, E. H. S., '92, graduated from the Institute of Technology last June.

R. S. Davis, '93, won the prize for "passing," in the annual spring contests of the Harvard Foot-ball squad.

Miss Caroline A. Humphrey, '94, is Tennis Champion of Radcliffe College.

F. E. Thayer, '95, is Secretary of the Harvard Chess Club.

C. P. Adams, '95, rowed at number three on the four-oared crew which won the Weld Boat Club Regatta, last June.

Five men who graduated from the Latin School in '92 received Honorable Mention, with their degrees, from Harvard last Commencement.

Honorable Mention:—In Physics, Earnest R. Cram; in Engineering, Edward B. Day and John F. Osborn; in Chemistry, Willis B. Holmes; in Music, Frank B. Whittemore. The latter obtained also Highest Final Honors in Music.

A study of the Harvard Rank List for the year 1895-96 shows that, of the Latin School Graduates who obtained grade A or B during the last college year, three graduates of the Class of '91 are mentioned nine times; six graduates of '92, twenty times; ten of the Class of '93, thirty-eight times; fourteen of '94, forty-times; and sixteen members of '95, forty-seven times.

C. M. Woods, '94, is Captain of the Harvard Lacrosse Team.

H. H. Fox, '96, has been taken on to the Pierian Sodality.

Miss E. S. Dodge, '92, has been elected Editor-in-chief of the "Boston University Beacon."

C. A. McGrew, '93, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican Club at Harvard.

W. L. Beardsell, '96, was one of the two captains in charge of the squads of candidates for the Harvard Freshman Foot-ball Team.

J. B. Hawes, C. L. S., '96, has been taken on to the Harvard 'Varsity Glee Club for further trial.

H. R. Hubbard, '97, has entered Harvard '00.

W. B. Holmes, '92, is one of the assistants in Chemistry III., at Harvard.

Cressup, '93, has returned to Harvard after having spent one year in Chicago University, and one year in Europe.

Miss H. W. Munroe, '92, graduated from Radcliffe this year, receiving "magna cum laude."

Osborne, '92, has been appointed assistant instructor in drawing at Harvard.

C. L. Stebbins and C. K. Moore, both C. L. S., '94, will graduate with Harvard '97, next June, completing the course in three years.

Married.—Mr. George Sherman, '93, to Miss Jeannie Campbell, November 11, at the Wood Memorial Church.

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

"Any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered."

Anxious One.—By no means is it advisable to propose in a dark room, as you are very apt to "develope a negative."

Stranger.—The mother of your betrothed should certainly call upon you.

A Constant Reader.—For a reply to your question, "Is single happiness a blessing?" consult Bachelor, '97.

In Doubt.—If you are desirous of pursuing a musical course, see Mendelsohn, '97, for information.

C. L. S. '99.—Great care and practise will alone improve your penmanship.

Inquirer.—You say your affections are fickle. Strive to be ever true. It is the only way out of your difficulty.

Puzzled.—If the soft bang suits your face better than the Madonna part, by all means retain it.

R. E. J.—It was Mr. Adams who said, "When thou cometh to the Harvard examinations thou shalt fail."

Ignorance.—The law permits any one to change his name but this privilege is especially given to women.

D.—'98.—You will find for sale in the office, a "pony," "trot," or "horse," either one of which would assist in your case of emergency.

A Friend.—I thank you for your kind words. It is certainly *your* place to ask the young lady for her photograph.

Question.—It was Cardinal Satolli who remarked while watching a base-ball game in America, "Pars essentialis est in dux teritate

illius qui pilam projicit," which in English means, "It is all in the pitcher."

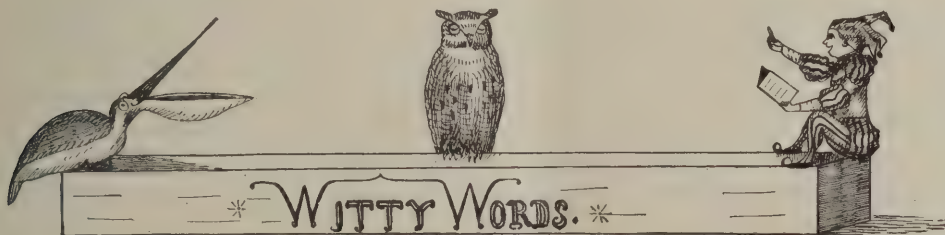
Musician.—If you find you cannot sing in the hall, and have a permit excusing you, on no account attempt it.

Reader.—Doubtless it is the few drops of benzoin thrown into the water that gives your face that appearance of freshness.

In Search.—A Locke may be found in the Latin School Class of '97, but no *keys* are to be found in either the English or Latin Schools.

Seeker.—Mr. Bradbury, the present principal of this school resides on Harvard Street. Yes, he rides a wheel.

"Girl's Column, October 'Review'."—I should like to reply in this column to the following question asked in the October REVIEW: "Owing to the change in the style of sleeves, what shall we do for protectors?" It seems to me the only answer to this question is,—Wear sleeve protectors, as usual.



Don't be a clam. If you must be anything of the kind, be a turtle; then you will have some snap about you.

Kitty.—"Grace has a violent temper hasn't she?"

Witty.—"Yes, even her hair snarls."

Cholly.—"How would you—aw—like to own a little—aw—puppy, Miss Fourleaf?"

Miss Fourleaf.—"This is so sudden.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself (?) hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

"——! ——! ——! ——! ——! ——!"

A country boarding-house advertises that it is so quiet in the neighborhood you can hear the dew drop.

How to find a girl out. Call when she isn't in.

Teacher.—“How would you punctuate this sentence? ‘I saw Eva, a charming girl, walking down the street.’”

Pupil.—I should make a dash after Eva.

Harry.—“That young lady would be a perfect poem but for one thing.”

Ned.—“What is that?”

Harry.—“She has irregular feet.”

“Decline a man,” the teacher cried;

The maiden colored red;

“Decline a man,” the pupil sighed,

“I can’t—I won’t,” she said.

A green Irish girl, being asked if she had ever seen pine-apples, replied “Shure and I have. It’s many a foine one have oi picked from the poine-trees forninst me fayther’s dure in the ould counthry.”

An Irish doctor sent in his bill as follows: “To curing your husband till he died.”

“Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?”

“No, sah, but I’s seen them kill mice.”

Unusual Husband to his wife:—“Mary, here is five dollars, so you may have something to show on a rainy day.”

Mary took the money and bought a pair of red silk stockings, so she could have something to show on a rainy day.

It is a strange custom for one of the bride’s family to give her away to the bridegroom. Why don’t they let him find her out for himself?

Never boast of your genealogy. Even if you succeed in tracing it back to Adam and Eve, you can’t find any record of their marriage.

“Capital punishment,” said the boy when the teacher seated him beside a girl.

“Shall I brain him?” said the hazer,
And the victim’s courage fled.

“You can’t, he is a freshman;
Just hit him on the head.”

Employer.—“You put that note where it will attract Mr. Smith’s attention when he comes into the office, didn’t you?”

Office Boy.—“Yes sir, I stuck a pin through it and put it in his chair.”

“Is Walker your last name, Sammy?”

“Naw, Walker was me name when I was borned, an’ they didn’t call me Sammy till four days afterwards. Sammy’s me last name, mum.”

DEAR FATHER:—We are well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain, your loving daughter,
MARY.

A man slipped on a banana peel;

The fall it made him wince;

He was laid up in bed, with a very sore head,

And he hasn’t banana where since.

“Papa,” said a small boy, “are sailors little people?” “Not that I know of. What made you ask?”

“‘Cause Uncle George told me about one that slept on his watch.”

Little Willie was a Freshman,

Green as grass and greener too;

Not a thing in all creation,

Ever had so green a hue.

One day while out exercising,

Through a field he chanced to pass;

And a brindle cow devoured him,

Thinking he was only grass.

Little Willie is in Heaven.

Vacant are two places now:

In the class there is no Willie;

In the field there is no cow.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

At the first meeting of the Class of '97 held October 1, 1896, the following officers were elected: President, J. Lee Robinson; Vice-President, E. O. Garrett; Secretary, Olmer Francis; Treasurer, Henry F. Perkins.

Officers of the Class of '97 are all boys this year. Now, we will see what the boys can do.

It was observed in the last issue of the REVIEW that the '96 girls could not keep away; but the Editor neglected to say how glad the '97 girls are to see them.

'98 has elected for officers this year: President, Samuel Usher; Vice-President, Helen Moore; Secretary, Fred Webster; Treasurer, Robert Hayden.

Officers of the Class of '99 are as follows: President, Walter F. Jones; Vice-President, Grace E. Becketu; Secretary, Ethel S. Leach; Treasurer, William E. Spragge.

The Class of '97 gave a progressive whist party October 22, at the residence of Miss Greco. In spite of the storm a large number was present. While the card enthusiasts were enjoying themselves, a few others were playing parlor croquet. After refreshments, the elder Miss Greco favored the class with singing. Miss Deering and Mr. Sargent honored the class by making special efforts to be present. The class appreciate it.

The entertainment committee should be complimented on the success of the social.

By the adolescent down that is gently growing on the physiognomy of a certain member of the Class of '98, we should judge that a class barber was needed.

We learn that in the Class of '98 they are adopting some of the customs of the old court days; for instance, paying homage by kissing the hand.

The old days of serenading have gone by. Why did we have so much music (?) the other day?

"The pupils in the Boston Grammar Schools study French. They always know their lessons. Surely scholars who have reached the second class in High School ought to!"

Again Estrada refuses to be President of '98.

The Senior Class had a very interesting and novel astronomy recitation the other day.

Different views of eclipses and of the moon were thrown upon a sheet by one of the boys, and as each picture appeared some scholar recited upon it.

In the Senior English class "It" is the favorite reference book. "It" said this and "It" said that.

Several have made the remark that they didn't think the "Review Box" was ever opened. The Editors wish to assure the scholars that it is opened every few days.

At last a holiday! Only one but there are more coming.

How many in building a fire "administer flames" to it?

The Photograph Committee is hard at work although they have not as yet chosen a photographer. The Chairman, E. O. Garrett, informs us that in about a week they will have decided.

"Who did the whistling in the hall!"

All one needs to do to tell who plays foot-ball is to watch them file into the hall every morning.

For some reasons the girls wish they lived in old Grecian times. For example, these fine brisk mornings it would be pleasant to run a race.

A ROMANCE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Why should she fuss and fume,
Any trouble with her costume?
Ah me! look, but do not holler,
He has lent her a button for her collar.

All the second division of the Junior French Class are very anxious, as well as their teacher, to know what will become of "La Petite Pâquerette."

Soon our report cards! How anxious we are for them yet how we dread the moment!

Why don't we have a drill? Something ought to be done to strengthen the girls' lungs. Evidently the singing doesn't do it.

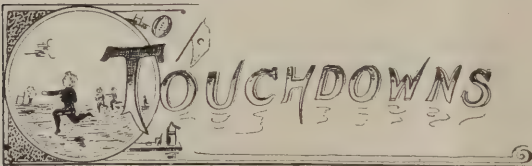
It is very amusing to hear the exclamations uttered when pupils are called upon. Such remarks as these have been heard, "Great Scott," "Great Caesar," "I don't know this," etc.

Miss Edith Emerson, '96, is attending Smith College.

Miss Ruth Arnold, '96, now attending Mount Holyoke College, met with losses at the time of the fire.

J. F. D'arcy, '97, has left school to go to Phillip's Exeter Academy.

Several of the girls of '96 say they are learning how to "keep house." It is a very good college and one every girl should attend sometime during her life.



Arthur Saul is playing great foot-ball on Newton A. A. Undoubtedly he is one of the best quarter-backs ever produced by the Interscholastic.

Murphy of C. M. T. S. is playing end on the same team.

Hoppy did not play half the game with Boston Latin she did against Cambridge.

The Carlisle Indians have been beaten 12-6 by Yale, 20-6 by Princeton, 4-0 by Harvard.

Somerville is the leader in her division of the Junior League.

The Brookline backs are heavy and good at bucking the line. They also play left guard back for good gains.

Boston Latin and C. M. T. S. will play on November 17, on Soldiers open field, enclosed by sheets.

Brookline won from Thayer Academy, 20-10. Morse and Parker played a star game throughout.

Cambridge is out to win from C. M. T. S. on Thanksgiving day, and if the weather is fair a good crowd will be present. Reserved seat tickets will soon be out.

Groton beat St. Mark's 46-0. Hawkins made seven touchdowns. Already he has been picked for half-back on Yale's '97 team.

Andover and Exeter have come to terms and will play November 14.

GIRLS' CORNER.

Since this month we are to have a rival "Corner" for the boys, it is to be hoped that the girls will uphold their own, and not have it come to pass, as it is likely to, that the girls read the boys' "Corner," and the boys read the girls'.

The visiting card which is universally in use now is hardly a hundred years old. As recently as during the last century the backs of playing cards were used for sending messages or invitations, and from this it was an easy transition to their use for visiting purposes. The backs of these cards were often elaborately decorated with classical ruins and designs of a like nature. These designs were sometimes made with reference to the owner's name or characteristics, as for instance, a young lady whose name was Agnes and who must have been acquainted with the Latin tongue, had upon her card, nymphs leading a lamb by a ribbon!

There has been much talk of changing the monotonous fashion of the calling cards of this day to elaborately engraved cards such as were formerly in use. An interesting collection could be made of these cards if the style should come in.

Speaking of collections, I wonder what the next fad in that line will be. Those who have spent much time and trouble in collecting monograms will be grieved to know that that mania has had its day. Poster collections, while not so popular, are, I think more interesting, but the day for these is fast passing.

It is insisted by some that novel-reading prevents marriage; statistics have been given to show that the habitual readers of novels either never marry, or marry very late in life. The explanation given is that the pleasant situations and happy meetings of the modern

novel are scarce in our everyday life. One young man writes, "novels make real life appear tame; after reading of the turquoise-back hair-brushes which society (?) girls send to their admirers, the modest Christmas card seems poor indeed."

The Lee Street School seems to be an object of great interest to some of the girls. Can any one offer an explanation?

The girls are not as willing as they should be to attend the foot-ball games. Our team is not as strong as might be desired, and its first defeat has not tended to strengthen it, so it needs all the encouragement possible. Ask any foot-ball man you know if the presence of the fair sex does not spur him on to do his best.

What would we girls do if we had not Miss Ashmore to guide us in doing the proper and refraining from the improper. We are directed in everything, from how to make our eyebrows darker to how many minutes after meeting a man it is proper to kiss him good-night. Here are a few of her hints to girls and their careful parents.

"Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly."

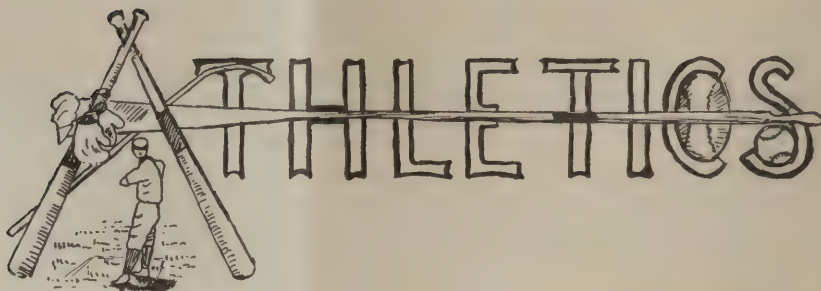
"It would certainly be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street."

"Well bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside their rooms in loose wrappers."

"I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory."

"It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral."

By watching her column the most ignorant may be instructed in the ways of etiquette and morality.



Saturday, October 10, the team went to Southboro and played the strong St. Marks team. St. Marks scored twice in the first half. Cambridge went in and played a great game in the second, Hill scoring on a forty yard run and a plunge through right tackle on the next play. He failed to kick a difficult goal. This is the best showing Cambridge has ever made against St. Marks, being the first time they ever scored.

ST. MARKS.	CAMBRIDGE.
Watson, l. e.	r. e. Campbell
Winslow, l. t.	r. t. Fletcher
Hare, l. g.	r. g. Jaquith
Wall, c.	c. Houston
Brice, r. g.	l. g. { Boyson Dow
Lewis, r. t.	l. t. { Blackburn Locke
Potts, r. e.	l. e. Rideout
Whittemore, q. b.	q. b. Capt. Warnock
Adams, l. h. b.	r. h. b. { Locke Simmons
Capt. Nash, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Lewis
Noyes, f. b.	f. b. Hill

Score: St. Marks, 18; Cambridge, 4. Touchdowns: Nash, 3; Hill.

On the 24th the team went to Groton. The Cambridge men played pluckily against heavy odds. Hill was disabled and forced to retire. Jaquith kept in the game, although he was quite badly hurt.

Groton's work was much better than that shown against the other Interscholastic teams, the ends being worked for long gains. The much-talked-of trick play used in scoring on

Hoppy, Brookline and Boston Latin did not gain a yard. Most of the scoring was done in the second half. The features of the game were the work of Hawkins and Brown for Groton, and of Lewis, Usher, Jaquith, Warnock and Hill for C. H. L. The summary:

GROTON SCHOOL.

CAMBRIDGE H. AND L.

Hoppin, l. e.	l. e. { Simmons Campbell
Griswold, l. t.	r. t. Garrett
Lawrence, l. g.	r. g. Miller
Waterbury, c.	c. Estabrook
Brown, r. g.	l. g. Jaquith
J. R. Swan, r. t.	l. t. Fletcher
E. Motley, r. e.	l. e. { Dow Blackburn
Devens, q. b.	q. b. Warnock
L. Motley, l. h. b.	r. h. b. { Usher Simmons
Hawkins, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Lewis
Auchincloss, f. b.	f. b. { Hill Usher

Score: Groton School, 28. Touchdowns: Hawkins, 3, Griswold, Swan. Goals from touchdowns: Auchincloss, 4. Umpire: Dr. Peabody. Referee: F. T. Curry. Linesman: G. Clark. Time: 20m; 15m halves.

The first league game was played Saturday, October 31, on the South End grounds. Our team was very light compared with Hoppy. Hill was badly shaken up and forced to retire. Miller had to be sent to the doctor's to have a few stitches taken in his forehead.

Crowley, Jaquith, Lewis and Hill played a good game. It is very hard luck that we were forced to play the two strongest teams in the league the first thing.

HOPPY.

Jenkins, l. e.

Jaynes, l. t.

Nickerson, l. g.

Sargent, c.

Shea, r. g.

Hawes, r. t.

, r. e.

Cole, q. b.

Bartlett, r. h. b.

Brooks, l. h. b.

Stillman, f. b.

Score: Hoppy 34; Cambridge, 0. Umpire, I. S. Clarke; Referee, James Dean, Harvard, '97. Time: two 25m halves.

CAMBRIDGE.

r. e. Crowley

r. t. Fletcher

r. g. Jaquith

c. Estabrook

 l. t. { Miller
Garrett

 l. t. { Garrett
Houston

 l. e. { Donovan
Clarkson

q. b. Warnock

l. h. b. Lewis

r. h. b. Simmons

 f. b. { Hill
Dow

game with English High at South End. Captain Manahan came to the school Friday morning and requested that the game be played Saturday morning. He met Captain Warnock at the Boston Latin-Hoppy game that afternoon, and Warnock refused to play on Saturday, whereupon Manahan threatened to claim the game if Cambridge should fail to appear the next morning. Cambridge did go over to Boston Saturday, reaching the grounds at 10.25, but English High was not on hand; after waiting thirty-five minutes our team returned home.

The notices which appeared in the *Herald* and *Post* were put there by irresponsible parties and contain only fragments of truth. The game will be played sometime between the 13th and 18th, probably on Soldiers Field.

The rain of last Thursday prevented the



THE OLD STORY.

Dick's friends declare that he is a good student and does not go into Athletics yet somehow he got on probation.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Three cheers for Major McKinley !

Did you win anything on the election ?

One of the most enjoyable events of last month was the teachers' convention.

The fifth class, 1901, are called, "The Naughty Ones." Not very complimentary.

Some of us are wondering whether H—d—'97 has recovered his wind yet.

Miss Alice Russell, formerly of '97, is now a member of Radcliffe.

The S. O. H. D. is again flourishing and taking in new members.

The fellows think it would be a good plan to have a looking glass in the boys' dressing-room. Some are so used to having one they can hardly get along without.

Who stole the picture from the first class Picture Committee ?

The rooms on the first floor have ink which is most convenient in writing themes.

Wert Denison is attending school in Boston.

Hubbard, '97, entered Harvard this fall.

Seized and sieged are here spelled correctly. No bluff.

Cr—y go over in the dark corner.

Be sure not to whisper behind a scholar who is reciting. You may sometimes get caught.

Saul is playing quarter-back on Newton Athletic Association. October 10, he played a very creditable game against Harvard.

1901 has held a class meeting and elected the following class officers: President, Allan Fulton, Jr.; Vice-President, Mary E. Pope; Secretary, Louise T. Severance; Treasurer, F. S. Auerbach.

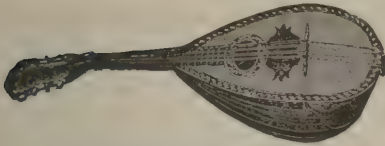
We think it will be a long time before Warnock tries to get any more apples.

There is a good deal being said about making up a bowling team, for this winter, to play teams from other schools. Last year there was quite a little interest shown in this sport and teams were formed. There are a number of first class bowlers in the school and a good team could be easily gotten up.

The first class has chosen its Picture Committee and they have done considerable work already. Purdy seems to be the favorite just now for Class Photographer. The Committee consists of H. H. Murdock, chairman, Norman Hall, Miss McWhinnie and Miss Cogan.

'98 was the first class to have a social this term. On October 9th, it met at the home of Miss Appleton, 361 Harvard Street, and, after a brilliant report of the Secretary's had been read, it enjoyed a progressive letter party. Miss Brooks and Max Blackburn winning the *first* prizes and Miss Goodridge and Weymouth the "other" prizes, which were a monkey and a chicken. All had a most enjoyable evening, and broke up with many thanks to their hostess. Miss Spring, Miss Albee, Miss Boll, Miss Warren and Miss Hardwick were the guests of the evening.

We should consider ourselves most fortunate this year in having such accomplished musicians to play our morning exercises.



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A few upper-class fellows have met and formed a secret society.

"One of our best tenors" sings at St. Peter's. We will want to hear from him on some Friday soon.

There was really one story dropped into the REVIEW box this month. This is a great improvement and shows that the scholars are acquiring a taste for literature.

A large grey squirrel lives in a yard near the school, and a few days ago he was observed on the sidewalk on Broadway about 1.30. The boys are requested not to pursue or molest the handsome little animal.

Warland, '99, has left school and is going to Hoppy.

We all regret the accident in foot-ball to Locke, '97, and hope he may be with us again shortly. The foot-ball team seems to have many misfortunes in the way of accidents to its members.

Dr. Currie and several Latin School fellows marched in the Republican parade of last week.

Saturday, October 24, the Class of '97 held its first social at the residence of Miss Peters, Fayette Street. The entertainment of the

evening was a crazy spell. Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Chase were present and assisted greatly in the spells. The prizes, boxes of candy, were won by Miss McWhinnie and Ryan and all appreciated their generosity in offering samples.

Will we ever get our new school? Again it has been put off.

McKinley was elected by a large majority at the REVIEW mock election.

"Eth" Parker was down to school a few days ago.

We have had hard luck in foot-ball, which is all the more reason why the fellows should come to the games and give support to the teams.

Why would it not be a good plan for some fellow to send an account of the foot-ball games that we play, into the papers? They might get the reports somewhat near right in that case.

'98 will please be careful not to whisper in the corner of the hall, when they come up in the morning.

Miss S——. "What did the Carthaginians do when they saw that the Romans had determined on war?"

D——. "The women cut off their hair to make strings for their beaus."

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The classes have elected captains for their foot-ball teams, but the rest of the eleven are for some reason lacking.

'00 held a very enjoyable sociable at the house of Miss Brewster, Kirkland Street, last evening, November 11.

That wrestling match in the yard the other day between Mason and his friend! Such

trick catches and falls would have done up an Orlando easy!

The Debating Society was entertained by an argumentative debate, Friday, October 23. Flanagan and Witte spoke forcibly for free silver, J. Blackburn and Estabrook for gold. Witte and Blackburn spoke in rebuttal. The Jury decided for the gold speakers, 27 points to 25.

MUSIC REVIEW.

White Smith Co.

Vocal. A Christmas anthem, "Hark! What Celestial Sounds." A Christmas song, "Hark! What Celestial Notes We Hear." "Sweet Summertime," a duett for alto and soprano. "The Lark's Song," a very pretty piece by Reginald deKoven. "Isola Bella," a song idyll by Eben Bailey. "You are Mine," a ballad by Frederick Söhr. Three songs the text of which is taken from Moore's poems, for soprano, mezzo-soprano and baritone respectively. They are from the pen of D. S. Babcock and are bright and catchy for that type of music, and are: "Sing, Oh, Sing," "Sing Sweet Harp," and "The Eve of Battle."

The Kronberg prize songs, eight in number, have some very pretty music among them and come from the pens of well known composers: "My Lady Waits," by Carlo Minetti; "Wake Thou My Darling," a serenade by Walter Goold; "The Mermaid," by Knight; "Cavalier's Love Song," by Metcalf; "Laugh and Be Merry," by Gottschalk; "My Own Sweetheart," by the same author; "Never To Part," by Kate Vannah, and "Love's Own True Light," also by Minetti.

An overture by H. W. Walton entitled "Joys of Minstrelsy," a negro medley well set and extremely musical and catchy. "Have You Seen the Old Home Since You Left It?" a hit made by Agnes Castor, the California Nightingale. "De Frogtown Terror," sung by Madge Lessing in Barnet's "Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk," which was made such a wonderful success by the Boston Cadets. It is undoubtedly the "coon" song of the day. "Back 'Mid the Clover and the Corn," which was sung by Jose, the contratenor with such wonderful success in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead."

Instrumental. "Echo of the Woods," a beautiful thing by Paul Keller. "La Cinquantaine," a dance air, which savors of court times of Louis. "The Tech," two-step, very lively. Two pipe-organ pieces by Hamer, one a scherzo in A minor, the other an allegro in C.

Six pieces for guitar, designed for beginners, with part for second guitar and mandolin obligato. There are the "Marie Waltz," the "Kittie Polka," the "Frances Gavotte," the "May Mazurka," the "Alma March" and the "Maud Schottische."

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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DECEMBER, 1896.

VOL.

XI.

NO.

3.

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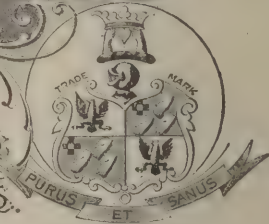
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1896.

## THE MONTH.

Again the time has come for the editors and management of the REVIEW to wish its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It is a time when we ought to have only kindly feelings towards those about us and should do our best to make the season a joyous one for all. In late years great stress has been put on exchanging gifts as a part of festal cheer, but after all, it is not so much the gift as it is the spirit of kindness and love that makes Christmas so enjoyable. We wish you all a very Merry Christmas.

We print elsewhere this month several clippings from our exchanges concerning the REVIEW. We gratefully wish to extend thanks to the editors of the exchanges who have seen fit to praise our publication.

We noticed in some school papers comments on the lack of an exchange column. Some editors say that a school paper which does not contain an exchange column is decidedly behind the times.

Our idea of an exchange column is that it is one of those old standbys on which one can always fall back when matter is needed to fill up a column or more.

This may not be the case with all papers. In fact we notice a marked difference between the various exchange columns. Some merely mention the names of the publications received, while others comment upon their style and reading matter.

Space in any school paper devoted to such a purpose is of no interest to the subscribers except that they may have a certain amount of good will toward all such enterprises.

We certainly wish all amateur journalism success; but we think that very few papers receive any benefit from the unfavorable comments made concerning them when very often the defects are known by the managers themselves but are beyond their control. Of course favorable comments are encouraging.

Although the REVIEW is larger than any other school paper in the country and contains more reading matter than any other, yet there are always more things for publication than there is space for, and the management feels that since such is the case the matter which is of most interest to our readers must have the preference.

At the recent meeting of the Harvard-Latin School Club the state of athletics at the school was the main topic for discussion.

The graduates came to the conclusion that athletics are at a very low ebb and that something must be done immediately, and so decided to hold a mass meeting in order to have the subject discussed and to decide how the state of affairs could be remedied.

The trouble is not that there is no material at the schools, but that the teams are not run on business principles.

The object of the Athletic Association which was to bring all the teams under one head and to have a common treasury, has entirely failed. Although the idea was good enough and perhaps practical under good management, yet it has been impossible for the officers to assume power enough to enforce the rules of the association.

What is needed, we believe, is an Executive Committee consisting of, we should suggest three graduates to be appointed each year by the Alumni, two members of the faculty, one from each school and one of these, the Treasurer of the Association, as at present, and the President and Secretary of the Athletic Association *ex officio*. We think that this committee should have full power over all matters, to ratify the appointment of captains and managers, to select coaches, appropriate the funds of the Association, etc.

We believe that the appointment of such a committee would place the management of the team on a systematic and business basis and at the same time save the Athletic Association. Such a committee controls the athletics of the Boston Latin School and is a grand success. There is no reason why the same plan won't work here.

There is considerable disappointment felt by some at the poor showing of the foot-ball team, and the disappointed ones have seen fit to criticise. Such persons do not understand the case. After the team had been twice beaten by heavy scores, outsiders were agreeably sur-

prised at the pluck of the team in continuing in practise. Indeed, many have felt satisfied that although this was a decidedly off year, such as comes to every school, the students should rejoice in the fact that we are in the league with good prospects for next year, instead of railing at captain and manager without cause. With four rainy days and poor treatment by the Harvard captain on another day, it is not surprising that the financial end is somewhat behind. Yet those who attended the games and cheered are not the ones who are dissatisfied. But those who refuse to join the Athletic Association, who stayed away from the games, who criticised the practise without coming out themselves, have no right to kick, and their arguments cannot carry much weight. Instead of acting so childishly, let them reform and come over and join the Association, and then their arguments may have some force.

Mr. Chapman deserves the hearty support of the students in his cantata. He has always stood by us, and we will find it to our benefit to stand by him.

Those who believe that athletics are unnecessary and that they interfere with a student's standing in his class, should read the motto on our English High School. If the motto is unsuitable for the school, it ought not to be there.

We were rather severely criticised by a former editor not long ago. We thank him for the interest he takes in our paper. The REVIEW claims to be of the best and it will endeavor to make good its claim.

The story which won the prize was written by a Senior. Several of the stories handed in were very good, but the majority showed inexperience, as was expected, by the terms of the competition. Many make a mistake by never sending anything in for the REVIEW until a prize is offered. Practise makes perfect.

## A QUEER KIND OF COMEDY.

*(Continued from November).*

## II.

Relief and a new suit of Everett's clothes had so transformed John Knapp that you would scarcely have known him now if you had seen him a few days before. From a ragged despondent wretch he had suddenly been changed to a stylishly dressed handsome young man. Instead of avoiding the sight of every respectable person, he now looked all men in the face. Instead of skulking along hopeless and desparate he now walked briskly along with a light heart and a smiling face toward the railway station. It seemed as if he could not get there quickly enough to see again the beloved familiar faces. His mind was filled with all sorts of pleasant thoughts and anticipations of the brief happiness before him. He would not allow himself to look ahead beyond that.

The station, always a place of noise and confusion, was particularly confounding to the rural mind on this afternoon before Christmas. It seemed to the Knapp family when one and all they alighted from the train as if they had entered bedlam. It seemed as if everybody and everything were making as much disorder as they possibly could and that this could be done only by jostling the Knapp family in every direction. Everyone appeared to be in a frantic hurry, and to wholly overlook that law which is called, if my memory serves me, impenetrability.

Thus John recognized the little home colony standing bewildered and dismayed in the rushing crowd, like a small island around which the surging waves fret and foam. And, to continue the figure, like a sailor very nearly shipwrecked by those floods he strained every nerve to reach the safe substantial land.

"There he is! There's Uncle John!" cried the children in great excitement. They had

uttered this triumphant shout at the appearance of every other young man in the station and as many times had been disappointed on perceiving at second sight a perfect stranger.

But they were right this time and you should have seen what followed. Mr. Knapp, a bluff hearty old gentleman whose face shone nearly as brightly as his threadbare overcoat, dropped all his bundles and nearly devoured his son. Mrs. Knapp, a silvery haired, sweet faced old lady, embraced what was left, while Emily and the children, Tom, Dick and Harriet, made the final charge upon him. Some of the passers-by regarded this scene with a sympathetic smile, while others frowned with open disapproval upon such an obstacle in their path.

The party now started with John as leader for a suitable boarding house and they found it very difficult to do at the same time the two things they wished to do, namely, to say all there was to say and see all there was to be seen.

"To-morrow,"—began John, as he was about to leave them well accomodated for the night.

"To-morrow's Christmas!" interrupted the children noisily.

"To-morrow remember," said he, "I shall call for you all at ten o'clock sharp, and you'll have plenty of time to look around and get up an appetite for the best Christmas dinner you've had for a long time.

"Best because we have our son to eat it with," cried Mr. Knapp, and his remark was echoed on all sides.

Then John left them as happy as possible and eager for the morrow when they should see all he had told them about. How jolly it all was, they thought.

The agreement had been made between Everett and Knapp that the latter should bring his party to the scene of action on Christmas



morning as soon as convenient. Accordingly early in that most joyful day of all the year, he left his wretched little room with a light heart. Everywhere the sun shone and the frost sparkled. The very atmosphere seemed changed with Christmas, and with every breath he inhaled, he received more of the spirit belonging to that day. The very shadows and suffering which he saw seemed now but to emphasize the light and cheer which he could see at the same time.

When he reached the modest little boarding house he found his family awaiting his arrival most impatiently. No sooner had they caught sight of him than shouts of "Merry Christmas" were lustily exchanged.

"And now," said Mrs. Knapp after the uproar had in a measure ceased, "we're ready to go back with you to see your new lodgings."

"And the young man, too," thought Emily without however expressing herself.

The children talked very rapidly and at the same time, so that it was impossible to distinguish what they said. It was therefore a very noisy and excited party, which now proceeded through these wonderful city streets. Exclamations of astonishment and appreciation greeted every novel sight and had not the prospect of soon seeing John's lodgings been so attractive their progress would have been even slower.

And now there was a most horrible ordeal in store for their guide and leader. He had been passing through the streets which he thought Everett had chosen when he led the way to his apartments two days previous. But now he suddenly became conscious that he had gone astray! It was sometime before he could realize this fact for he had felt perfectly sure of his course and such a predicament as this had never occurred to him. When at last, however, the truth of the situation forced itself upon him he was completely overwhelmed. Involuntarily he stopped, pale with dismay.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Knapp seeing this, "Are you sick?"

The others immediately became anxious and repeated the question as they clustered about him.

"Sick!" cried John with a forced laugh, "I sick! What an idea!"

Under the circumstances however the idea was not so extraordinary. To be unable to find one's own lodgings particularly when one was supposed to have just come from them was enough to make anybody sick. John felt very ill at any rate. The worst was yet to come. For when he now felt in his pocket for Everett's card upon which was the latter's address, it was gone! Again and again he examined every pocket but to no purpose! It was not to be found! He had lost it! He had paid no particular attention to it thinking it wholly unnecessary. But now the climax was capped, for rack his brains as he would he could not remember the name of that street. His mind had been occupied with so many new thoughts, and he had been living in such a strange, happy dream, that he had looked at the address without really seeing it. He remembered the number was ninety-eight and the street began with S but he could get no further. O, if Everett had only had time to meet them as he wished he could have done. But he, John, had said that would be useless trouble. And now — now he did not even know the address of his new lodgings, since Everett's name would not yet be in the directory. He inwardly cursed his absent mindedness, soundly, and felt he richly deserved this miserable collapse of all his hopes and plans. He acknowledged himself beaten in his own game. Yet he would not give up at once. The name of the street was at his tongue's end and if he could hear it spoken he would immediately recognize it. It might come to him any minute or he might get his right bearings again.

Affairs must soon reach a crisis however, for Mr. and Mrs. Knapp were growing tired and the children manifestly impatient judging from

their remarks concerning the Christmas dinner which were becoming more emphatic every moment. They continually asked if they must go much further. Sick at heart and disgusted John finally admitted to himself that he must give up. Turning desperately he faced his little band of followers and cleared his throat. The sooner they knew of the whole wretched business now the better. Then, after he had told them—but first he must tell them.

Before he could speak, however, the attention of all was attracted elsewhere. Amid a chorus of shouts and a clanging of gongs a fire engine came charging towards them, while in a neighboring tower bells were sounding discordantly. The approach of this gleaming, smoking object excited the children particularly, and their souls were filled with a longing which rivaled that for their Christmas dinner.

"Where's the fire?" they shouted when the crowd following the engine reached them.

"S—— street," answered a small boy with a passing grin at the strange looking group.

"S—— street!" repeated John Knapp with sudden animation. "S—— street, why that's where we're bound. Come on."

Here was unstinted bliss indeed for the youngsters, what could they want more when a fire and a Christmas dinner were furnished at one and the same time? Mr. and Mrs. Knapp were not quite so enthusiastic, but for some reason or other John was bound to go, and they were hurried along at a tremendous rate.

"He's probably afraid its near his lodgings," gasped Mr. Knapp to his wife since John was too far ahead to consult.

Wearily they stumbled on with the crowd and soon reached the scene of action. What a sight met John's eyes when he saw the building in which were "his" apartments surrounded by a mob of spectators! What was the dismay of his family when they were told the state of affairs! But John possessed

a thankful heart and would not have complained on his own account had he found but a heap of ashes there. As it was he saw neither fire nor smoke and had there not been heaps of furniture thrown from the windows of the lower apartment no one would have supposed there even had been cause for alarm. In fact the whole thing proved to be a complete frizzle and the crowd dispersed shortly, disgusted that the burning of a little Christmas tree should have attained such proportions of promise.

Lack of space forbids me to describe the festivities which followed, but I can assure you they far exceeded anything you could possibly imagine. The tardiness of his guests, combined with the fire which had threatened destruction to his party, had kept Everett in a stew during the morning, but now he was in the highest spirits and thoroughly pleased with his company. He was particularly struck with Emily (who really would have been handsome had she been tastefully dressed) and her innocent, unaffected ways and womanly dignity so grew upon him that just a year from that day—but there, I'm anticipating and besides the "precious couple," wish it talked of as little as possible. They are not yet reconciled.

Mr. and Mrs. Knapp were filled with pride by the beauty of John's apartments and the latter noticed with mingled emotions that they appeared afraid of not behaving properly amid surroundings so luxurious. It was the hardest thing he ever did in his life to show them one wonder after another which he was supposed to share with Everett.

The time came however when he was enabled to do this without deceiving, for Everett took him into his business and eventually made him a partner.

The time came too, when John relieved his mind by telling to the family assembled one Christmas at the house of Everett and Emily, this story.

# LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

## IN OUR CHEMICAL.

### ORIGINAL.

Have you heard them tell of the happenings that befell  
 A boy and girl?  
 It may seem very funny,—by no means is he a dummy  
 Though sometimes they call him sonny —  
 If you wish to hear, you shall;  
 How he and the girl were chinning in a way of his so winning,  
 The lesson only skimming  
 In our chemical.

As he with her was talking while the teacher was walking  
 Into another room.  
 He forgot his mixture distilling, poured in acid without spilling.  
 The result was highly thrilling,  
 He heard from it quite soon!  
 The fumes commenced their raising, so quickly 'twas amazing.  
 While he stood longingly gazing —  
 At the girl, I presume.

'Twas a combination not pleasing. The gases set him sneezing  
 As he'd never done before.  
 His head commenced swelling from the fumes he was inhaling.  
 Where t'would stop there was no telling.  
 He could not stand it more.  
 So they put a mixture freezing on his head to stop the wheezing  
 And to make his feelings pleasing  
 As they used to be before.

The girl stood looking, thinking,—it seemed his breath was sinking,—  
 Some water might restore!  
 Then seized a handy beaker, seeing he was growing weaker.  
 Oh sympathy! what is sweeter?  
 And down his throat did pour.  
 Then glancing at the label, screamed as loud as she was able,  
 Fainted dead upon the table,  
 Then rolled upon the floor!

Well it bored a hole clear through him, nearly caused his ruin!  
 'Twas sulphuric acid! burnt him nearly into —,  
 A very bad condition, needing aid of a physician  
 Or better a magician  
 To expect to pull him through.  
 They plugged the hole with gymnastic, held in place by band elastic.  
 This may seem to some fantastic,  
 For they lined the hole with glue.

He made an exclamation,—which expressed his indignation,  
 Said his throat was awful sore.  
 Marble dust was then injected, (when soda was intended)  
 This with the acid blended,  
 Charged like a soda fountain, sure!  
 He appears quite elongated whene'er he's agitated,  
 So highly carbonated!  
 And says bad words galore.

With all the class gazing at such a hair's breadth grazing  
 As happened to these two,  
 It may be thought cratic, perhaps to some romantic.  
 The girl who fainted in manner so dramatic  
 Can tell it straight to you.  
 Sure he is not grieving, but the better for receiving  
 In soda-water such a dealing  
 And is just as good as new.

To bring the girl to, if living, ammonia they were giving.  
 And ice water to her back,  
 Doubtful how the case would go, it hopeless seemed. Although  
 When wired to the dynamo  
 She kicked — to be exact.—  
 Death baffled hid away. Again she is here to stay,  
 They will marry, such whispers to me stray.  
 All founded upon fact.



## LEGEND OF THE HOLLY.

It was the night of the twenty-fourth of December, and it was very, very cold. The world lay still and white in winter's embrace, and there was no warmth in the pale moonlight, which glistened on the snow-crowned hills, or fell in soft, shining folds through the shadowed valleys.

The world waited—as it had waited before, during long years of pain and sorrow and sin—waited for the coming of the new day, for the glorious birth of the Christ.

It was close upon the stroke of midnight, and in the gray cathedral tower the bell ringers waited silently, with the bell ropes tight in their hands. Below in the white street a little group of carol singers wrapped in their long gray cloaks waited in the stillness, their glad shouts of "Nöel" ready to burst forth with the first silvery peal of the bells.

At an upper window, in one of the great dark mansions, frowning down upon the calm street, knelt a young girl, her chin resting on her clasped hands, her eyes on the peaceful scene without. The moonlight that flooded the room, brought her figure into full relief; she was tall and very slender, so that the heavy folds of velvet sweeping about her seemed to weigh her down; the light glanced from the silver clasps of her bodice, and there were gleams of rubies and emeralds, and of other precious stones. Her dark hair lay in masses upon her shoulders, and a white rose was fastened among the curls, a cluster of the same flowers rose and fell with her quick breath, upon her bosom.

Her face would have been very beautiful if it had not been so hopeless, so sad; there were deep lines of sorrow about the curved lips, and the soft eyes were full of tears, the cheeks were colorless, as though the girl had wept long hours. It was not a face to be gladdened with Christmas joy: and indeed the girl seemed out of

keeping with her holiday surroundings; the room in the shadows behind her was ready in anticipation of the coming day, great wreaths of evergreen hung about the pictures, and the fragrant odor of pine branches trembled through the warm air.

Only a few hours since, when the sun had drawn his glory from the western sky, she had been the centre of a throng of admirers, fêted and courted by all. The girl was a great heiress, she, herself, hardly knew the whole of her possessions; fatherless and motherless, she still had many attendants who did all in their power to contribute to her comfort and happiness. She had a gallant and handsome lover, to whom the expression of her slightest wish was law—all this she had, and more. The world and her companions envied her these riches, but the girl despised them, knowing in her heart they were hollowness and mockery. Among her devoted friends, there was not one to whom she could take her secret joys and sorrows; not one whose sincerity of heart she could safely trust; not one who loved her for herself alone. When she took her girl friends by the hand, and looked long into their faces, seeking the truth she desired, she saw there only ambition, pride or envy poorly masked under the guise of affection.

Her lover, she had long known, cared only for her vast wealth; his heart was given to another, a poor but beautiful girl, with great wondering blue eyes, and soft locks of uncurled golden hair hanging about her fair face. The heiress never saw this face without feeling a pang of jealous pain shoot through her heart, yet she showed her rival greater favor than to any of the other maidens; in return, and perhaps because she understood, in part, the other's needs, the golden haired girl never caressed her friend, but treated her with a dignified courtesy and respect—so there was, in spite of the dan-

ger threatening them, a certain kindly feeling between these two, born of their common pain and desire.

That day, the day before Christmas, as they sat at work upon the wreaths, in the girl's chamber, one of the company fastened together two of the green twigs, cross-wise, and handed it to her friend, with a smile, saying, "Take my little gift, Eloise, it is all I have to offer, but to you who have so much, not the worth of the token, but the love of the giver should be of value!"

It was the sharp thorns of this little cross, still hanging from her girdle, that roused the kneeling girl from her sad musing. She took the twigs, and laid them on her velvet sleeve—"Love"—she thought, bitterly, "What did Clare mean by her 'love,' when she gave me this toy? I could well spare such as hers, or indeed that of any of those who are with me always—but the love I long for, that, God withholds from me still."

She pressed her cheek against the frosted window, and looked down the white street. "How still and reverent those men seem, and it must be very cold out in the snow. Yet their hearts are warm with gladness, I know, at the thought of our Savior's coming. And when the people hear them sing, they will be glad also. How beautiful it must be to bring such happiness to the world—to leave self out of account, and think only of those who have so much less in their lives. I am like a beggar, standing with outstretched hands, crying—"Give, give"—yet I would try to do my part if I only knew the way."

The world, beneath, lay still, cold and silent, the singers were motionless, and the bell ropes lay loose in the ringers' hands. The girl lowered her head, pressing the little cross with its sharp thorns to her lips, while her wavering thoughts became an earnest prayer—"Grant me, dear Lord, a sign if there is one in the wide world, to whom I may bear a message

from Thee; if there is a soul like mine, that I may comfort; some good I may do to the needy before it is too late."

There was a stir outside—a sudden thrill that ran from heaven to earth; the clock on the gray cathedral gave out its strokes in joyous triumph; the ringers, springing up in glad haste, rushed out the peal of their bells to join the sound; up from the street, now stirring with life, came the song of rejoicing—"Christ is born! All ye nations rise to welcome him! Peace has come upon earth, and good will to all the people."

The girl at the window raised her head; a great light shone upon her from the radiant sky, and a sudden, strange sense of peace filled her troubled heart. She felt that her prayer was answered, and she fell asleep with the little cross still pressed to her lips.

Early in the morning, when the house was astir with gay greetings and merriment, Eloise came to her companions and showed them a wonderful thing; the little cross of twigs had become a beautiful spray—where the thorns pierced her tender flesh, the blood drops had become glowing red berries clustering on the branch, while the dull green leaves had taken on a marvellous lustre. Every one wondered at and admired the new plant, but its owner never explained the miracle; the more subtle among her companions guessed at the truth, and all in her world felt the difference in the life that now sought outside itself for pleasure and comfort.

Eloise laid the cross tenderly away, and when spring came, she planted it in her garden with reverent care; here it grew and spread, till it was known all over the land, and in a few years became the favorite Christmas green.

She had called it the "Holy" bush because of its origin, but the foreigners, who carried it abroad, miscalled the name, altering it a little, and the branches of green, glossy leaves loaded with scarlet berries are known as "Holly" to this day.

# GIRLS' CORNER.



The fifty-five members of a Dress Reform Club in New York have pledged themselves to wear their dresses, in fair weather, three inches above the ground, and in rainy weather, six inches above, and also to do away with superfluous finery in their street clothes, having them as plain and quiet as possible. But even these independent-minded women make concessions to men, for out of consideration to their husbands, on Sundays and holidays they may wear long walking skirts.

It is asserted by physicians that women do not eat enough, or the proper articles. Marie Antoinette said, when told that the people were so poor they had no bread to eat, "Then why don't they eat cake?" This seems to be what a modern woman does, as a rule. If she has but a few moments for luncheon, instead of taking a bit of bread she takes a piece of cake with her tea. This is the way with most of us girls at recess time. Instead of buying what is offered us in the way of bread we take some sweet cake or cookies. Many a girl has ruined her digestion in this way.

Much has been said about women's hats at the theatre. A woman who wears a large hat to the theatre is sure to be unpleasantly reminded of it. In one of our large cities, an enterprising business firm has printed upon the back of its business card, "Your high hat obstructs my views of the stage. Kindly remove it." These cards are placed about in the lobby and a good many are given to women

wearing the objectionable article. Sometimes one woman will receive as many as five of these cards before she gives in. This surely is a novel method for removing an old difficulty.

A pretty novelty has come into style for girls, that is the silver match-box. But how shall she use it, you ask. The bicycle has brought with it many pretty things, and among them this. For must not the bicycle maid have matches with which to light her lantern? Many varied and pretty styles, sizes, and shapes are being made for the use of the American girl.

There is an old lady lying in a Pennsylvania hospital with a broken limb, who once sat for the figure of a life size painting of Queen Victoria. She is the daughter of Thomas Sully, a famous portrait painter, and accompanied her father when he went to paint the Queen's portrait. As she had much the same figure as Victoria, she saved the Queen the weariness of long sittings.

It is rumored, to the delight of many, that Parisian dressmakers will adopt as woman's correct figure, the waist of the Venus of Milo. That, when large sleeves are going out of style a large waist should come in, seems a little hard. Are women to be made to look like square blocks of wood? Why did not these dressmakers, who make our figures to suit themselves, suggest this style while the large sleeves were being worn?



## NOTA DE ALUMNIS.

R. B. Earle, formerly C. L. S. '97, entered Harvard 1900 this Fall from Cutler's School.

G. B. Read, '97, has entered the Class of 1900, at the Lawrence Scientific School.

F. W. Dallinger, '89, was re-elected to the State Senate, by an increased plurality, November 3.

W. L. Raymond, '95, played substitute half-back on the Harvard '99 eleven.

John Corbett, '90, coached the Bates College Foot-ball Team, last Fall.

Miss Mabel E. Priest, '95, entered Radcliffe last October, after one year at Vassar College.

J. B. Hawes and N. W. Tilton, '96, are candidates for the Harvard 1900 Crew.

Conrad Bell, formerly '96, entered Harvard from the Belmont School last October.

R. P. Utter, '94, is Secretary of the *Harvard Advocate*.

H. H. Fox had the best record of entrance examinations from '96; he obtained nine honors, covering thirteen hours.

At the recent meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club, a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to Mr. R. L. Raymond, '91, for his successful efforts to reinstate the schools, united, in the Senior League.

Several Latin School graduates hold scholarships at Harvard this year. F. T. Lewis, '93, holds a scholarship in the first or honorary class, the Price Greenleaf; E. B. Cresap, '93, holds the Bright Scholarship; J. A. L. Oddé, '94, the W. S. Eliot; J. H. Shannon, '93, the

Pennoyer, and C. K. Moore, '94, R. A. Trapp, '94, and A. J. Marshall, '95, hold Bowditch Scholarships. At the Lawrence Scientific School, J. F. Sanborn, '94, and E. W. Stevens, '95, hold Eveleth Scholarships.

Miss Eleanor P. Fiske, E. H. S. '92, is making a specialty of English at Radcliffe.

Of the eighteen girls of C. L. S., '96, who received diplomas, nine are this year in Radcliffe, one is at Mt. Holyoke, one at Wellesley and one in Boston University. Six are not attending college, but two of these intend to enter Radcliffe next year. Eight girls who did not take the full course, did not receive diplomas. Of these, four are in Radcliffe, one is in Wellesley, one is at Smith, and two are in Boston University.

W. L. Beardsell, C. L. S. '96, played right end on, and captained the Harvard 1900 foot-ball eleven, until he was badly injured in the game with Exeter.

H. N. Stearns, '95, played first base on the Harvard 'Varsity base-ball squad during the Fall practice.

Randall Capen, C. L. S. '91, is attending the Newton Theological Seminary.

W. S. Kendall, '95, is acting as organist at St. John's Episcopal Church.

Walter B. Odiorne, C. L. S. '91, is now a promising student at the Harvard Medical School. His early training in this school had much to do with his present prosperous outlook.

Hopkinson showed a very sportsmanlike spirit in refusing the championship of the Senior League.

## BOOK REVIEW.

**Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston.**

"The Rulers of the Sea," by Edmond Neukomm, with twenty-six illustrations by G. Roux and L. Benett, is a very interesting story of the Norsemen in America from the tenth to the fifteenth century, and will interest any intelligent reader, while the thrilling narrative is exciting enough to make it appreciated by boys and girls. The author's style is very entertaining. The book is full of legendary facts which makes it valuable for the library. Americans are the first to accept the long ignored truth that Europeans visited this continent nine centuries ago. Europe will accept the fact later on. It is only a matter of time. Mr. Neukomm has treated the story of Leif Ericson and his followers in a manner at once entertaining and instructive. A better book for a gift is seldom found.

"Under the Liberty Tree" by James Otis, is a story of the Boston Massacre, illustrated with sixteen drawings. Mr. Otis has gained great popularity by his previous works, and he adds to his reputation by his treatment of an occurrence which had much to do with the struggle for Independence. The 'Liberty Tree' was an old Elm on High Street, used by the colonists to hang their effigies on, and as a starting place of their parades. LaFayette said, "The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree." The story of those exciting days cannot fail to interest an American school boy. Price 75 cents.

**Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.**

"The Merry Five," by Penn Shirley, Uniform with "Young Master Kirke." Illustrated.

In this second volume of "The Silver Gate Series" the Rowe family continue their sojourn on the Pacific coast, and "The Merry Five" continue their excursions and adventures amid the novel scenes and strange surroundings of their new home. They go to the beaches, learn to swim, camp out, visit the bee ranch and the mines, everywhere getting new experiences. As in all Penn Shirley's stories, there is the element of funny incidents, and the children will be delighted with all the characters in this wholesome story. Price 75 cents.

"Tecumseh's Young Braves," By Everett T. Tomlinson, author of the War of 1812 series. Illustrated.

Mr. Tomlinson shifts the scene of action, in this new volume in the "War of 1812 Series," taking up the story of the Creek war, bringing his readers into a closer knowledge of one of the bravest of the historical Indian characters. Stories of the Indians, especially that of Tecumseh, have always been of interest, and become doubly so when presented in this author's attractive style. His treatment of the Indian story is such that the book can be placed in the hands of our young people without a fear that they will be induced to start for the West to emulate the heroic deeds of Old Tippecanoe and Kit Carson. Not but that the book contains enough exciting incident and adventure to satisfy any one, but it is also true to the history of those stirring times, which has been much neglected hitherto by our story-writers. The lesson conveyed by the story is one which should be impressed upon every young American. Price \$1.50.

"Columbian Prize Charades," by Herbert Inghalls, author of "The Boston Charades." Price \$1.00.

The charade is having its day as never before since the art of printing was known, and this new volume by the author of "The Boston Charades" will certainly give pleasure to the many who are fond of this kind of entertainment. In the new volume there are one hundred and sixty numbers of this sort of puzzle. Prizes, in a series of ten, are offered to persons more or less successful in recording the solutions. The particulars regarding the competition are given in the book itself. The newer volume gives, in an appendix, the solutions of "The Boston Charades."

"On the Staff," by Oliver Optic. Illustrated.

This volume is the fourth in the series of "The Blue and the Gray—on Land," and carries the hero of the preceding volumes, Dick Lyon, in his new position as a staff officer, into new and fresh fields, and amid scenes of a more stirring nature. The long and rapid march of the army under Buell to the assistance of Grant at Shiloh, the desperate conflict and final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and the march to and siege of Corinth, are fully described.

In this volume Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of that memorable



national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully set forth. Sturdy patriotism is the key-note of the motive of these tales, and the author inculcates in a convincing yet alluring manner the great lessons of honor, duty, and love of country.

They will help to fire the young of the present day with something of the patriotic enthusiasm that thrilled their fathers' hearts during that dark period in the history of their country. Price \$1.50.

"The Rosebud Club," by Grace Le Barron. Cloth. Illustrated.

The Rosebud Club is the conclusion of Mrs. Upham's Hazelwood Stories, and it is a fit companion for the preceding volumes. The *Boston Herald* says: "Mrs. Upham knows how to use simple language and to think as children think, and to live in the situations which are interesting to them. Her books are free from the objectionable features which such writing usually has, and are sure to obtain favor wherever they are read or known." These stories will be read with pleasure by all boys and girls, and older people will enjoy the pathetic and beautiful situations which are presented. Price 75 cents.

"Four Young Explorers, or Sight Seeing in the Tropics," by Oliver Optic. Cloth. Illustrated.

The preceding volume of the series left the hero and his friends in the island of Borneo. The four young men here spent three weeks in hunting, fishing, and adventure, visiting the Dyak villages and learning of the manners and customs of this

interesting people, while the rest of the party proceeded to Siam. On leaving Borneo the explorers decided to make the trip to Bangkok in the steam launch. From there the reunited party went on to Saigon in French Cochin China, across the China sea to Manilla in the Philippine Islands, and thence to Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Peking in China. They inspected all the points of interest in the places visited. Amid such new and varied surroundings it would be surprising indeed if the author, with his faculty of making even the commonplace attractive, did not tell an intensely interesting story of adventure as well as give much information in regard to these distant countries. This book, is admirably adapted to reading aloud in the family circle, each volume containing matters which will interest all the members of the family. Price \$1.25

#### A GENUINE WORK OF ART.

The *Youth's Companion* Calendar for 1897 is a gem. Four beautiful girls represent the four seasons. The figures are lithographed in twelve colors from original paintings. The whole Calendar consists of four folding pages, and is 10 1-2 by 24 inches. It is by far the best piece of color work the *Companion* has ever offered, and one of the best ever produced in this country. It is given free to all new subscribers who send \$1.75 to the *Companion* for the year 1897. An Illustrated Prospectus will also be sent free to those who address

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## EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Mr. Bradbury has kindly furnished us the following statistics of the examination record of '96.

The Latin School sent to Harvard and Radcliffe, last July, thirty-three applicants. The result follows. In this list there are included three who did not receive diplomas through incompleteness of their course at the school. In addition to those on the list, one boy entered Yale, clear, and four girls entered colleges other than Radcliffe.

The record given below is not as high as that of '95, but is perhaps as good in comparison with that of other preparatory schools as '95's.

|                            |                 |                 | FAILURES. |                 | HONORS.         |       |                 |       |
|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------|-----------------|-----------------|-------|-----------------|-------|
| Candidates-Subject, Hours. | Subject, Hours. | Subject, Hours. | Clear     | Subject, Hours. | Subject, Hours. | Clear | Subject, Hours. | Clear |
| Boys, 16                   | 204             | 291             | 9         | 9               | 52              | 76    | 10              |       |
| Girls, 17                  | 202             | 268             | 7         | 11              | 29              | 46    | 12              |       |
| Totals, 33                 | 406             | 559             | 16        | 20              | 81              | 122   | 22              |       |



## ALUMNI MEETING.

A meeting of the Harvard-Cambridge Latin School Club was held in the room of Mr. P. V. Bacon, '93, on Tuesday evening, November 24. The officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Mr. C. A. McGrew, '93; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Max Benshimol, '91; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. H. N. Stearns, '95; Secretary, Hugh Bancroft, '94; Treasurer, P. V. Bacon, '93; Auditor, C. K. Moore, '94.

The chief topic for discussion was "The Condition of Athletics at the School." Mr. Benshimol spoke earnestly and at length of the wretched condition of affairs, contrasted with the state of things in the early '90's, when our teams used to win the championship, and the men played foot-ball, for love of foot-ball.

Mr. Stearns spoke scathingly of the enthusiasm which is manifested now by a struggle to see who can get the greatest number of shoes and sweaters. Mr. Beardsell, '96, and Mr. Stearns spoke of the insubordination of candidates for the '96 Foot-ball Team.

Mr. Adams, '95, Mr. Bancroft, '94, Mr. Brown, '95, Mr. McGrew, '93, and Mr. Raymond, '95, made remarks on the subject; all deplored the lack of discipline and order, and remedies were suggested. After much discussion of plans, on motion of Mr. Benshimol, a committee of three was chosen to call a mass meeting at the school, to procure able speakers to address this meeting, and to enforce on the members of the schools the gravity of the situation, and to obtain from the schools sanction for the appointment of a "Committee on the Regulation of Athletics," similar to that at Harvard, to oversee all athletics at the schools, and to place them on a firm and honest basis, and ensure their maintenance thereon. According to the motion, this committee is to consist of graduates, faculty members, and undergraduates.

The committee of three chosen to arrange for the mass meeting consists of Max Beushimol, '91, H. N. Stearns, '95, and K. L. Mark, '94.

## C. L. S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

November 20, a very small number was present to debate on the following subject: *Resolved*,—That the Brookline Street bridge should be repaired and re-opened for traffic.

Only one speaker was present, so Messrs. Clark, Wyman and Bennett were appointed to speak extemporaneously. Mr. Clark spoke strongly for the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. Wyman for the negative. Mr. Chipman gave some strong arguments for the affirmative and Mr. Bennett for the negative. After a few short speeches from the floor, Mr. Wyman summed up for the negative and Mr. Chipman for the affirmative.

The jury, consisting of three young ladies, decided in favor of the affirmative.

It was voted to present a turkey to Mr. Cahir, the janitor, to express the society's appreciation of his services.

The last meeting of the Debating Society was held December 4, and a larger number was present than at the previous one. It was voted to postpone the next meeting until the Wednesday before Christmas, owing to the Mass Meeting to be held on the regular date. The subject was, *Resolved*,—That a Protective Tariff is more advantageous to the United States than one for Revenue only, and an interesting debate followed. Mr. Estabrook, '97, opened for the affirmative in his usual eloquent style. He was followed by Mr. Blackburn, '97, who presented a strong argument for the negative. Mr. Wyman and Mr. Hanus, who took the place of absent speakers, then spoke for the affirmative and negative respectively.

As there were no speakers from the floor, Mr. Blackburn summed up for the negative, and Mr. Estabrook for the affirmative. The jury, which again consisted of the young ladies present, decided in favor of the affirmative.

Seven young ladies are now members of the society.

The next meeting will be a mock trial. All are invited to attend.

## THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni and may be left in the Review Boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full, though not necessarily for publication.

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## A MASS MEETING

A Mass Meeting will be held at the English High School Hall, Tuesday evening, December 22, in the interest of athletics. The meeting will be addressed by several graduates and undergraduates. Opportunity will be given to all who desire to speak. A full attendance is desired.

On Friday evening, January 8, the management will give a subscription dance at the Colonial Club, Quincy Street.

The subscription will be seventy-five cents, and the number of tickets sold will be limited to sixty and can only be had from the business manager of the REVIEW.

The matrons will be Mrs. D. W. Hyde, Mrs. B. F. Davenport and Mrs. W. H. Murdock.

Astell Brothers' Italian Orchestra will furnish music.

C. L. S., '97, announces that Purdy has been chosen Class Photographer. Tickets entitling any one to class rates can be had from the committee.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The management of the REVIEW offers subscription for the remainder of the year (six issues) for *fifty cents*. If you have not already subscribed, subscribe at once with the class editors.

The January number of the REVIEW will appear on the 14th of the month, and all copy must be handed in by the 6th.

NOTICE.—By virtue of the power invested in me, I hereby appoint Elliott S. Emerson manager of the Polo Team.

ARTHUR D. SAUL.  
*Captain.*

C. L. S., '97, will hold their drama and dance at the Newtowne Club House, Friday evening, February 5, 1897.

## "The Empty Saddle."

As the frontispiece of our Christmas number, we present to our readers a half-tone reproduction of "The Empty Saddle," by Waller. This painting was among the World's Fair collection and was much admired.

Samuel Edmund Waller was born at Gloucester, England, and resides at 12 Girdler's Road, West Kensington, London. He was a pupil of the Gloucester School of Art and of the Royal Academy.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The prizes offered in the October REVIEW have been awarded as follows: for the best story, three dollars, to Benjamin S. Welsch, '97, C. L. S.; for the best cheer, a year's subscription to the REVIEW, to one F. H. The cheer was printed in the November REVIEW. If F. H. will make himself known, he will receive his reward.

# CLIPPINGS.

One of the handsomest papers that has come to us is the *Latin and High School Review* of Cambridge, Mass. Of all the exchanges we would give it the preference by long odds in point of beauty and makeup, especially in its cover, which is the essence of neatness though it is simplicity itself. In its reading matter, too, it is much above the standard, the various departments being well cared for in every way. — *Goddard Record*, Barre, Vermont.

The humorous department of the *Latin and High School Review* is of the first order. — *Roxbury Latin School Tripod*.

The Cambridge *High and Latin School Review* has an extremely interesting column called "Side Talks with boys," conducted by "Boaz Askmore," and to judge by some of the answers, many timid questioners have profited by its advice. For example: "It is not best to propose in a dark room; there is danger of developing a negative." — *Chauncey Hall Abstract*.

The *Latin and High School Review* contains some very well-written stories. It has a very attractive cover. — *Panorama*, Providence, R. I.

The *Latin and High School Review* comes out in its October number with a directory of its scholars in it. It also contains a biographical sketch of the late William E. Russell, who graduated from Cambridge High School, and who was the most promising and the most famous of America's rising generation. His sudden death in the Main woods after his excellent speech at Chicago in favor of gold and democracy, cast a gloom over old New England, and caused many great men to feel sad over the loss of a man of such worth and ability. Accompanying this well-written article is an excellent picture of the deceased statesman. — *High School Student*, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The following papers are among the best of our exchanges: *Epsilon*, *The Distaff*, *Latin and High School Review*, *The High School Student*, and the *Hackettstonian*. — *Chronicle*, Hartford, Conn.



## MR. PERKINS OF PERKINSVILLE.

It was a hot sultry day in July. The mercury and the humidity seemed to be striving with each other as regards the amount of torture they could inflict upon wrathful perspiring mankind. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of wind was stirring, and the sun's hot beams beat down fiercely upon the earth.

I was sitting alone at my desk, endeavoring to concentrate my attention upon my work. But I felt listless and lazy; I would sometimes gaze at the wall, day dreaming, thinking of nothing in particular, and then, suddenly becoming aware of myself and of the importance of what I had to do, I would turn to my desk and write hurriedly for a short time; then again I would gaze at the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, before me, or I would look out of the window at the crowd and wonder how they could hurry and hustle about so on such a hot day. Thus passed about half of that afternoon; a little work and a great deal of dreaming.

Suddenly, as if by instinct, I became aware of somebody standing near me. I had not heard him come in, nor even had I heard the office door open. Looking up, I saw a queer looking old man. He was about sixty years of age, tall and lank. His old-fashioned clothes, once black, probably, but now a dingy green, hung upon his spare figure like a blanket on a pole. His hat was one of those old-fashioned stovepipes of the style of fifty years ago, and his feet were encased in a large pair of boots; much too large in fact, so that they rattled on the floor when he walked. In one hand he carried a large green umbrella and in the other a large carpet bag. In short, he looked like an old weather-beaten scarecrow.

I could hardly keep from laughing outright as I asked him what I could do for him.

When I spoke, he put his bag and umbrella upon the floor, and standing up straight like a soldier, gave me a military salute. Then he sat down in the chair I offered him, and held his umbrella open over his head. He sat there silently for about five minutes. Truly, he was a comical-looking object, with his old-fashioned clothes and with the open umbrella over his head.

Rather out of patience at his queer actions and at his continued silence, I asked again what I might do for him, and what he wanted.

"Mr. Minton," said he, "my name is Joshua X. Perkins of Perkinsville. Perhaps you have heard of me."

No, I hadn't heard of him, nor had I the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"No matter," he continued, "but let us come right down to business immediately. I want to ask you first, whether you would know a good thing if you should see it."

"Yes," I answered, "I think I would." "I wish you would tell me your business with me quickly, for my time is precious," I continued, "and I have much to do."

"For the last twenty years," said Mr. Perkins, "I have been working on an invention that will revolutionize the whole world's mechanical knowledge." He began to open his bag.

"Hold on, sir, hold on," I interrupted, and he stopped and looked up. "I have no time today to listen to you about your invention, I am very busy."

Mr. Perkins stood up and looked fixedly at me. "Mr. Minton," said he, "I thought you were a man of some sense, and now you refuse to see my wonderful invention. Perhaps you think I am a crank or that I am not in my right mind."

I made no reply. There was something in his look that seemed to force me to comply with his wishes, whether I wished to listen to him or not.

He took from his bag a large brass machine; it was about ten inches high and fifteen inches square and looked like the works of a clock. Surveying it with a look of pride, he said, partly to me, partly to himself,

"There's the machine I've been working on all these years. This will change the whole world's opinions and theories of the laws of motion and energy."

"Mr. Minton," he said, abruptly, "did you ever study natural philosophy?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering what connection there could be between natural philosophy and his machine. "Yes, I studied it some, but I don't remember much about it."

"Well, you surely know that no body can move of itself and that there is no such thing as a machine which will go forever after being started. In other words you think there is no such thing as perpetual motion."

"Why yes, I always knew that," said I.

"Well, you are entirely mistaken; there is perpetual motion, and I can prove that it exists."

He stopped talking abruptly, and seemed to forget his surroundings. I was beginning to think him insane; his actions were so strange and unaccountable. All this time he was holding his umbrella over his head. I had asked him why he did this and I was informed that the particles of dust in the air beating down upon a person's head would eventually drive him insane, just as mediæval prisoners were tormented in those old German castles by being bound fast, and subjected to the water torture—having a drop of water fall upon the forehead at stated intervals. He quoted this fact as conclusive proof of his theory, and seemed

surprised that I did not immediately run after an umbrella.

A queer theory. I thought it a pity that Mr. Perkins had not conceived it before he became crazy. As I was about to call the janitor to put him out, he broke the embarrassing silence;

"It has remained for me to succeed where all others, even after centuries of experiments, have failed."

"What do you call your machine and what is it for," I asked.

"This is Perkins' 'Motionalium.' I'll start it and you shall see what it will do."

He placed the machine on my table and touched a white knob set in the top. Instantly there was a remarkable change. The machine became larger and larger until it covered the whole table—the table was five feet square—and the wheels began to revolve very rapidly and long pieces of metal like feelers sprang in and out of the top. The machine verily seemed alive!

Mr. Perkins himself seemed to change as he watched his machine. He stood up straighter, his hat fell off and his clothes seemed to fit him better. All unmindful of his theory, he dropped his umbrella and his bare head was exposed to those deadly particles of dust.

He soon touched another knob and immediately the wheels stopped and the machine resumed its former proportions. There was also a corresponding change in his own appearance, and he became aware that he was not protecting his head from those baneful particles of dust, and hurriedly raised his umbrella.

"That is a very remarkable machine," said I. "May I ask what makes it go?"

"The force of gravity alone," he answered. "It would run forever if it were not stopped. Accordingly I have solved the greatest problem of all the centuries; I have produced

perpetual motion. Men say there is no such thing, but I say there is, and I have proved it. Let me show you how the machine is run."

He opened a small door on the side and touched another white knob. I saw a complicated set of weights going up and down and some cog wheels revolving. All these he fully explained. This time, however, the queer machine did not increase in size, nor did the long arms appear. By moving an index he could regulate the speed of the largest wheel from one revolution per minute to two thousand per second.

"How do you apply the machine so that it will be of any use," I asked after he had stopped it.

"I will show you," he answered: and opening his carpet bag he took out a long silk bag and a curiously constructed lamp. Hanging the bag out of the window he connected it by a long rubber tube to the lamp which he lit.

"This silk bag and a folding basket I have here is a patent flying machine of my own invention. The lamp gives off hydrogen, the lightest gas, and the motive power is supplied by the Motionalium. The whole thing can be guided easily, and I can go in it wherever I please much faster than by steam. The best of it all is that it can all be packed into this bag. Quite ingenious, Heh?"

Meanwhile the bag was steadily increasing in size until it became, when fully inflated, some twenty feet long and shaped like a big cigar. Then he fastened the machine to it and to the machine an ingeniously constructed bas-

ket. When everything was completed he turned to me and said, quietly but firmly,

"Mr. Minton, you must accompany me in a flying trip over the city."

I had not bargained for this and answered that I did not care to. There was a strange, wild look in his eyes as he came toward me.

"You must, Mr. Minton," he replied, and drew a revolver. I started for the door, but before I could reach it, he caught me by the neck and threw me down. He was very strong, stronger than one would suppose from his appearance. While I was getting up he had locked the door, and, coming over to me, ordered me to climb into the basket. I refused, whereupon he seized me and lifting me as if I were an infant, placed me in the car, but not before I managed to touch the electric button summoning the janitor who came to the door just as Perkins climbed into the car.

We mounted higher and higher above the buildings and houses of the city and sailed around for about an hour, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes' which looked at us with astonishment. The motive power was supplied by large fans moved by the Motionalium.

Suddenly, as we neared an open spot, Mr. Perkins gave a shriek and fainted. The bag had burst, and immediately we began to descend rapidly from an altitude of about two thousand feet. The car turned over and I felt myself falling, down, down, through space—an indescribable, sickening, feeling. I struck on my side and then—I awoke and found myself on the floor beside my desk, my hair wet with ice water, and the janitor bending over me about to empty another tumbler full upon my feverish brow.

#### College Life.

Deep wisdom — swelled head —  
Brain fever — he's dead  
A Senior.

False fair one — hope fled —  
Heart broken — he's dead  
A Junior.

Went skating — 'tis said,  
Ice hit him — he's dead  
A Sophomore.

Milk famine — not fed  
Starvation — he's dead  
A Freshman.

(Ex).



SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

"Any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered."

*A Dear Friend.*—(1). In reply to your questions concerning sleigh-riders, I would say that it is well for every young man to remember, that on such occasions a young lady is usually well supplied with *mittens*.

(2). I do not feel competent to reply to your other questions having had no experience in such matters.

*Biblical Student.*—Question: "Who came after Solomon?" Answer: The Queen of Sheba.

*C. L. S. '99.*—Yes, you may very profitably spend a few hours at the "Zoo." The lion is generally regarded as the king of beasts, but the Romans called the ox the "bos."

*Freckles.*—You ask whether Leif Ericson discovered America, or America discovered Leif Ericson. I'll leave you to decide.

(2). How often one may take candy to a young lady, depends upon one's pocket-book, and the result of the election.

*Savage Indian.*—Just the color of eyes you have, girls usually prefer.

*Cyclist.*—It is very discomfiting when upon a wheel-ride to puncture a tire. Follow the example of the following man in such an emergency:

There was a man in our town,  
As wise as were our sires;  
He ran across a piece of glass,  
And punctured both his tires.  
And when he saw the air was out,  
With all his might and main,  
He took his little nickel pump,  
And pushed it in again.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Reader.*—I cannot furnish a photograph of myself not having had one taken for a long time.

*Scholar.*—I have no doubt the languages with their various idioms are difficult for you. Be careful in looking up words, and do not fall into the error of translating "instruxit triplitem aciem" by the significant phrase "he drew three aces."

*Foot-ball.*—I answer your question as to my enjoyment of foot-ball by referring you to Shakespeare, who says, "'Tis the first time I ever heard breaking of men's ribs was sport for ladies."

*Friend.*—They are all pretty girls at the English High School.

*Inquirer.*—The correct translation of the words, "Ceteri vero, di immortales!" as found in the fourth book of Caxaline, the fifteenth chapter is,—"There are others—immortal gods!"

*Not the "only man."*—When girls get mad (as you express it) to relieve their minds they usually

ex }  
sup } press — themselves;  
re }

but

op }  
de } press — their neighbors.  
im }

*Inquirer.*—"Nit" is bad form. Use crochet, it is more tidy.

*Athlete.*—Brush your hair at least twice a day, and have it cut as soon as possible after the foot-ball season.

*Boy's Corner.*—Sweets of any kind are very detrimental to the vocal chords, so only those who cannot sing are permitted to eat candy during the singing hour.



"'Tis love that makes the arm go round."

"If Sir Walter Scott's dog was worth twelve guineas, what was Kenilworth?"

Smith.—"Did the conductor make you get off and walk?"

Jones.—"No, I could have sat down in the street if I had wanted to."

"I saw a strange thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A dog's tail. It was never seen before."

Freshman.—"If Adam should return to earth and see the new woman, what would he do?"

Senior.—"I've no idea."

Freshman.—"He'd take his rib back."

Stephanus.—"What is the matter with the silver orator? I hear he is laid up."

Demarchus.—"Gas on the stomach, I believe. Some one has been making him eat his words, probably."

They started out on horse-back,

Their Latin for to get,

Their teacher caught them at it, and

They've not their "horse" back yet.

English Teacher.—"Tom, compare the adjective cold."

Tom.—"Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin."

Un homo dans le freshman class,

Ses lecons ne preparait;

Et quand son father saw his card,

Il gave le Old Harry.

A Shakesperian programme.

Freshman Year.—"A Comedy of errors."

Sophomore Year.—"Much ado about nothing."

Junior Year.—"As you like it."

Senior Year.—"All's well that ends well."

Miss '98.—"When I marry I hope my husband will die young; I want to be a widow."

Reginald.—"How cruel! How barbarous!"

Miss '98.—"Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral."

Rooters.—Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah, St. Paul!

St. Paul! St Paul!

Voice from above.—"Well, what's wanted?"

Extract from a New York photographic periodical. "He took a photograph of a horse and mounted it."

A bull charged over the brow of the hill,

The maid little dreamed of impending distress;  
But the bull must have fancied she'd done him some ill,

And fiercely revengeful, he sought a "redress."

Just after election, Mr. Bryan ceased to say  
"the masses"; he said "them asses."

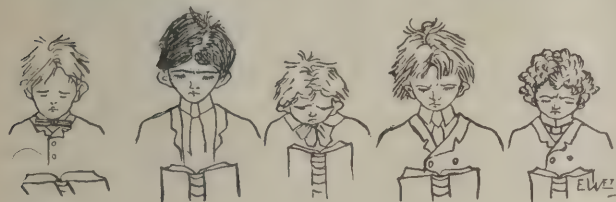
A green little boy, in a green little way,  
A green little apple devoured one day,  
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

Freshman.—"Who are the gods below?"

Instructor.—"You'll find out one of these days."

Student translating Latin.—“Three times I strove to cast my arms about her,—that is as far as I got, professor.

Professor. “That is quite far enough.”



This class is like the verb *aisthanomai*, because it means to learn, and has no active voice and the principal parts are very irregular.

A Pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
And when they had tried it  
They landed like this.

“By chiminey” the smoke did say,  
As the draft flew up the flue,  
“I’ll get a new soot every day,  
A mixture of black and blew.”

“As a maid so nice,  
With steps precise,  
Tripped o’er the ice,  
She fell: her care in vain.  
And at the fall,  
With usual gall,  
The school boys call,  
‘Third down, two feet to gain.’”

While Moses was no college man,  
And never played foot-ball,  
In rushes he was said to be  
The first one of them all.

What kind of fruit was kept in the Ark?—  
Preserved pairs.





# HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Some of the watches of '98 are very "picturesque." Pictures may be seen at the five minutes recess after much coaxing.

It would be interesting to hear Houston, '98, tell of his love for the air-pump.

What attraction is there in Newton for the girls of '97?

The editor has asked for the above information and learned that there is a club called F. H. G., consisting of some Cambridge girls and some Newton girls, and that that is what takes some of the '97 girls to Newton so often.

Some of the girls made quite a stir among several of the boys of '98, when they said that they should wave for C. M. T. S. at the last game.

One can hardly blame the High School girls for going over to the winning side. It is too bad our boys don't do better in athletics but the girls should remain loyal to their school.

The class social of '98 held at Miss Miller's was a success. One may be sure of a pleasant time when it is held there.

Class pins soon, '99. Warning from friend: Think well before choosing.

'99's social was a very pleasant one. It was held at Miss Leach's home Huron Avenue.

The barber has caught Jaquith at last.

It is evident the foot-ball season is over by the different appearance of the boys' heads.

Only three socials a year for '99.

Mr. Coolidge would make a star full-back. His drop-kicks are wonderful(?).

Craigg is the class florist of '99.

The class social of '97 has been postponed, but quite a programme is in progress and it is thought the class will enjoy enough to make up for waiting.

It is rumored that measles and chicken-pox are in the class of '97. One would think they had outgrown such childish things.

The sopranos think that Mr. Chapman should give them encouragement instead of scoldings. They do drag frightfully but perhaps don't realize it.

Christmas vacations will soon be here and then no more for a long while.

Campbell, '99, has left school and gone to Burdett's Business College.

Houston has quite a reputation as a foot-ball player. Whenever he enters the celebrated "Somerville Cycle Club House" he is cheered for fully five minutes.

The class meetings of '99 are a success.

William Clapp, formerly of the Latin School, has joined the class of '99.

The efforts of '99 to put a foot-ball team on to the field failed because of lack of interest.

Why don't the High and Latin School girls form a Basket-ball team? The Newton High has one and is soon to play Radcliffe.



Boston Latin 28. Cambridge 0.

On November 13, in snow and rain, on a muddy and very slippery field, our team played its second game of the league series at the South End Grounds. About twenty boys and four young ladies made up the Cambridge audience, but the fellows used their lungs to good advantage. Owing to the clouds of smoke from the railroad yards, the field was very dark in the second half. The gains by Boston Latin were due largely to the slippery condition of the field.

For Cambridge, Lewis and Warnock behind the line, and Jaquith in the line played a good game. Warnock made some excellent dive tackles. Lewis punted well considering the weather, and made a pretty run of forty yards in the second half.

For Boston Latin Kelley and Teevens were sent against our line repeatedly for large gains. On more than one instance the ball was passed forward by the Boston Latin men, but owing to the darkness the officials failed to detect this play.

#### BOSTON LATIN.

Robinson, l. e.  
Talbot, l. t.  
Lowe, l. g.  
Carey, c.  
Ratcheskey, r. g.  
Fotch, r. t.  
Durham, r. e.  
C. Dailey, q. b.  
D. Dailey, h. b.  
Kelley, h. b.  
Teevens, f. b.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

r. e. Simmons  
r. t. Fletcher  
r. g. Jaquith  
c. Estabrook  
l. g. Miller  
l. t. Garrett  
l. e. Donovan  
q. b. Warnock  
h. b. Lewis  
h. b. Crowley  
f. b. Hill

Score: Boston Latin, 28. Cambridge High and

Latin, 0. Touchdowns: Kelley, 2; Teevens, 2; D. Dailey. Goals from touchdowns: C. Dailey, 4. Umpire: Jewell. Referee: Norton. Linesmen: Davis and Clarkson. Time: two 25m halves.

Brookline, 12. Cambridge, 0.

One of the surprises of the season was the good game played November 19, on Soldiers Field against Brookline High School. Brookline had not lost a game, and expected to pile up a big score, but it was with great difficulty that they scored twice, once in each half. Cambridge came very near scoring. Our line work was praised by every Boston paper the next day. The game showed what we can do on a dry field.

Boyce played the game for Brookline, bucking the line for repeated gains. Stillman at half was an important factor in the score-making.

For Cambridge, Lewis and Hill did good work on the offensive. Warnock used excellent judgment in running the team and tackled well.

#### BROOKLINE HIGH.

Smith, l. e.  
Kernan, l. t.  
Parker, l. g.  
Hutchins, c.  
Talbot, r. g.  
Gillespie, r. t.

Hall, r. e.  
Wilbur, q. b.  
Morse, l. h. b.  
Stillman, r. h. b.  
Boyce, f. b.

#### CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.

r. e. Donovan  
r. t. Fletcher  
r. g. Jaquith  
c. Estabrook  
l. g. Miller  
l. t. Houston  
l. t. Garrett  
l. e. Simmons  
q. b. Warnock  
r. h. b. Crowley  
l. h. b. Lewis  
f. b. Hill

Score: Brookline High, 12. Cambridge High

and Latin, 0. Touchdowns: Boyce, Stillman. Goals from touchdowns: Stillman, 2. Umpire: I. S. Clark, Boston Journal. Referee: Carriek, Newtowne A. C. Time: 20 and 15m halves.

C. M. T. S. 34. Cambridge 0.

Despite the threatening weather, about eight hundred people came out and saw the game on Soldiers Field, Thanksgiving day morning. Although the score was large, the game was interesting because of the brilliant playing of every individual. Our men played their hardest, but could do no better than to hold their opponents for downs five times in the slippery mud.

Warnock played the game of his life. He was everywhere, never missing a possible tackle. Lewis punted remarkably well considering the heavy ball, getting it off his foot very quickly. The line played desperately, and, with the exception of the tackles, held well.

C. M. T. S.

Francis, l. e.

Leahy, l. t.

Wood, l. g.

Fiske, c.

Hayden, r. g.

Marshall, r. t.

Merrill, r. e.

Sawin, q. b.

White, h. b.

Thompson, h. b.

Webb, f. b.

CAMBRIDGE.

r. e. Crowley

r. t. Fletcher

r. g. Jaquith

c. Estabrook

l. g. Miller

l. t. { Houston  
Garrett

l. e. { Donovan  
Kelly

q. b. Warnock

h. b. Lewis

h. b. Simmons

f. b. Hill

Score: C. M. T. S., 34; C. H. and L., 0. Touchdowns: Thompson, 4; White, 2. Goals from touchdowns: Sawin, 5. Umpire, Sawyer. Referee: Jewell. Linesmen: Yeager and Kelly. Time: 20m halves.

English High 20. Cambridge 0.

Saturday, November 28th, the last game of the season was played on the most slippery field imaginable. English High scored but once in the second half. Our team really made a touchdown in the first period, but the referee refused to allow it. Our team held for downs several times, once on the nine yard line, and another time on the fifteen.

For Cambridge, Warnock and Lewis played excellent foot-ball. Walsh and Manahan excelled for the opposing team.

ENGLISH HIGH.

Murphy, l. e.

Reilly, l. t.

Carroll, l. g.

Seavey, c.

O'Brien, r. g.

Manahan, r. t.

Mann, r. e.

Sherlock, q. b.

Woodbury, h. b.

Sullivan, h. b.

Walsh, f. b.

CAMBRIDGE.

r. e. Crowley

r. t. Fletcher

r. g. Jaquith

c. Houston

l. g. Miller

l. t. Garrett

l. e. Donovan

q. b. Warnock

h. b. Simmons

h. b. Lewis

f. b. Hill

Score: English High, 20; C. H. and L., 0. Touchdowns: Manahan, 2; Sullivan, Woodbury. Goals from touchdowns: Sherlock, 2. Umpire, Donohue. Referee: Boyson. Linesman: Ellsworth. Time: 20m halves.





## Music Review.

White Smith Co.

*Instrumental.* "Silvery Waves," a beautiful piano solo with five variations and a final march. "Kentucky Babe," the plantation lullaby, sung with so much success by Isadore Rush, is now presented as a schottische by Adam Giebel. Also as a schottische, José's "Back 'mid the Clover and the Corn," of "Old Homestead" fame. Paul Keller contributes another addition to his numerous compositions in the form of a barcarolle entitled "Mother Goose Melodies." They are, "Little Bo-peep," a waltz; "Little Miss Muffet" and "Ba-Ba Black Sheep," both polka rondos, and "Little Boy Blue," a pastoral composition. "The Bully Waltzes," by Florence Fare, have been played with great success in London by English players and are taken from May Irwin's catchy "New Bully."

*Vocal.* A Spanish romance, "Maid of Cas-

tile," a song, "Sweet Dreams," "To You and but to You," and "To the Nightingale," by W. H. Gardner and Robert Coverly. "Love's Pleading," by Grace Thorne and Robert Coverly. Two duetts for soprano and tenor, with violin obligato, entitled, Love's Confession," and "Love Knows Best." These are by Rupert Hughes. A song, "Tell Me, Fair Moon."

Modern Song Publishing Co.

Seven songs by Bertram Harriott. "Tick Tock," "What Lovers Say," "My Wheel for a Comrade," a bicycler's song, "If I should Lose You Sweetheart," "Do I Love You," "When Jamie Comes Home," and "Love A-Maying."

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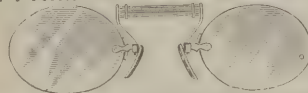
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# LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

We wish you a Merry Xmas.

Look out for the Mistletoe!

Now is the season for sleigh-rides, skating and coasting parties.

Class polo teams have been out already for practice, and it is to be hoped that the weather will be propitious again soon.

Who is the person in the Geometry class, described as wearing plain clothes and having very long hair?

Anderson has again begun to write about the girls.

For what Latin School teacher shall we vote, in the *Boston Globe* contest?

"John whipped Moses!" (Too bad he can't whip B——).

Who are to receive those dolls which Miss D—— has promised?

The solos on Fridays are greatly enjoyed by all of us. Could we not have sometime, "The Old Oaken Bucket," by the talented member of the class of '95?

We owe an apology to Miss Butcher and Miss McLeod, the President and Vice-President respectively of the class of 1901, for the mistakes we made last month in giving the officers of the fifth class.

Who has that S. O. H. D. pin? Surely no girl (?)!

Chase is greatly missed by the fourth class

'99 has done well in getting so many subscriptions for the REVIEW, but there is still room for improvement.

Miss Edith D. Brooks and Miss Bessie P. Dudley, formerly of this school are studying to enter Radcliffe next fall. We wish them success.

The fourth class French lessons are about a mile long and the class is glad when the day for "Sir Roger de Coverley" comes round.

The new society formed is called the Delta Omega Chi, and is very exclusive.

Purdy, whom '97 has chosen as Class Photographer, seems to be doing very satisfactory work according to those who have already had their pictures taken.

From the class-room:

A point is that which will not appear any larger even if you put it under a magnifying glass.

Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.

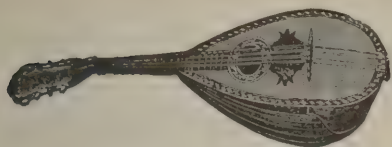
Many articles of food have to be adulterated to keep them pure.

Teacher.—"Conjugate the perfect indicative active of gero."

Scholar.—"Gessui, gessuisti."

Teacher.—"That is sufficient. Your first two guesses are wrong."

'98 has a Social Committee comprised of the four Executive officers and four others who were chosen by the class. They meet at different houses and while discussing the next social they play whist.



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The Class of '98 held their second social of the season at the home of Mr. S. L. Barbour, 8 Bigelow Street. Despite the fact that the first snow storm of the season occurred on that night many of the class were present. "A Floral Anagram," which was the entertainment provided by the committee, was very enjoyable. Miss Chase and Mr. Kelsey won the appropriate prizes of bouquets of pinks. After refreshments were served, dancing was enjoyed the rest of the evening. It was a very pleasant time for all.

The '97 Drama Committee is progressing well with its work. The play has been chosen, the parts assigned, and rehearsals begun. The drama will probably be given in the Newtowne Club about the first week in February.

Saul has been elected captain of the Polo Team.

The Third Class has taken up Virgil.

H—n—s, 1900, is quite a fast man at racing.

Did you see the 5 yard dash of Miss C——, '00.

Who has caught D—v—np—rt? Do you know anything about it Miss Cr—ck—r?

How about that "Amen Corner" at the Debating Society? (Ask Prexy).

Would it not be a good plan to have some exercises in the hall on Wednesday, the last day of school and have the orchestra play for us. We look back with pleasure to the times when they used to play for us, but we never hear them nowadays.

The entertainment at the Social of 1900 was a Cobweb Party, and many were the exclama-

tions of surprise from those who were diligent enough to work out the end of the string, to find only some toy horn, picture.book or rattle. After that refreshments were served, and the Virginia reel and other dances concluded the evening's entertainment.

Echoes from first class Greek Composition, à la B——:

"No use talking, what I say is right."

"I sent Mr. Jones word several years ago to have that changed."

"Here's H—d—'s paper. Stand up and let's hear what you have to say for yourself."

"You're wrong, utterly wrong. Consult Mr. Jones."

"You've heaped up your blunders. You pile Ossa on Pelion."

"Perfectly evident you haven't studied any."

"Pretty discouraging."

Fletcher has been elected captain of next year's Foot-ball Eleven.

We understand Miss J——n, '99, waited in Huyler's a l—o—n—g time.

The editor wishes to thank all those who have been so kind as to drop notes into the REVIEW box.

*To the Editor of the REVIEW:*

Will you kindly permit me to thank the officers and members of the Debating Society for their kind remembrance of me on Thanksgiving day.

The spirit that prompted this thoughtful and generous act, is greatly appreciated by me.

THOMAS F. CAHIR.

*Janitor Cambridge Latin School.*

The "Webster Debating Society" meets this year as a social club.

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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JANUARY, 1897.

VOL.

XI.

NO.

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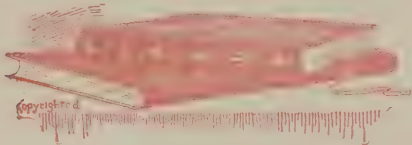
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. IV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

The next three months should be the most active of the school year. Athletics are over, with the exception of skating now and then. Two fifths of the year is past, undoubtedly bringing to the minds of many the idea that, as they have succeeded in sliding through so much, they can slide through the rest. But the mid-year examinations are close upon us, and count thirty-three per cent. on the average for the half-year. We trust that those who need to cram will get up enough energy to do so and pass the examinations with credit. We congratulate those who do not need to cram.

The mass meeting was a success in that it accomplished what was intended. But there remains the same old trouble, lack of enthusiasm. The hall should have been filled, especially when a subject of such vital bearing on our athletics was to be acted upon. This fault has been criticised so much that it does no good to waste breath. We sincerely hope that the time will come when there will be a revival of the old spirit of the early nineties.

One of the Boston dailies, in a sketch of the ice polo season, used this term in speaking of

our schools, "incubator of polo players." That the term can be better applied to us than to other schools there can be no doubt. Aside from the numerous star-players, the class teams have been of such good material that they have beaten many of the league teams in practice games, and gained repeated victories over minor school teams. There seems to be no good reason why the polo cup should not come to Cambridge this season.

We notice that the number of secret societies in the schools is increasing. It is to be hoped that these clubs have been founded for the purpose of aiding school organizations. No harm is done if they make a little politics in the election of school officers; on the contrary it would do the Athletic Association and other school organizations a great deal of good if a little spirit could be put into their elections. For a long time all that has been necessary to election as an officer has been nomination. If these secret societies can do away with such absurd politics, they will do the schools a great deal of good.

A graduate of the Latin School, in conversation with an undergraduate the other day, spoke

at considerable length upon the social side of our school life, complaining that we have too much of society-life, and that this detracts from enthusiasm for school athletics. The same thing was said at the mass meeting the other night by a prominent alumnus. It is a simple fact that the debating and athletic societies are not supported by the older boys as they ought to be, and the reason for this is undoubtedly that the boys have too many outside obligations. Put the school first in all things and we shall find the desired change in every branch of school life.

Why not reorganize, or form a new chess club? For four years chess has been an inter-collegiate sport, and if a person intends to make a college chess player he must prepare himself.

The club that once existed in the school was a decided success, and was only discontinued because all the best players graduated. We have reason to believe that the game is quite popular. The only way to become proficient in it is by meeting a variety of players, and that is best accomplished by forming a club.

The bowling match on New Year's Eve showed that there are several good bowlers in the schools. A joint team could undoubtedly make a good record against any Interscholastic teams that might be found.

One of the Cambridge papers in a recent issue called the "C. B. M. C." the "C. G. M. C.," and nick-named it the "Cambridge Girls Marrying Club." The society is a secret one, with several members from the High and Latin schools. The girls have just as much right to have a club as the boys, and we have no doubt but that they have just as good times.

Don't be afraid to try your hand at writing a story. Your manuscript will receive good

attention if placed in a Review box. Articles written by students are always preferred to those written by outsiders, but we are sorry to say that we do not always have a supply of the former on hand.

A comic opera has been written by a graduate of the Latin School and is under way for production by graduates and undergraduates in behalf of the Athletic Association. The merited success of the "Prince of Cairo" will no doubt be equalled by that of "Arabella." The opera will be given sometime in March or April. It deserves the support of every student.

DEATH OF ANTONIO MACEO.—The Cuban cause has suffered a heavy loss through the death of Gen. Antonio Maceo, commander of the insurgent forces in the province of Pinar del Rio. Maceo was a mulatto, about fifty years old, and possessed great courage and military ability. He served through the rebellion of 1868-78, and was one of the first to take the field when the present insurrection broke out. He carried the marks of more than twenty wounds received in fighting for Cuban independence. There are conflicting reports concerning the circumstances of his death, which appears to have taken place in a skirmish east of the "trocha." He had crossed to the Spanish side of that line. Maceo was next in rank to Gen. Maximo Gomez, the Cuban commander-in-chief.

A NEEDED REFORM.—With only seven dissenting votes, the House of Representatives has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the National Capitol. The Senate has not acted on the bill.

Cambridge won the Somerville polo game on Mystic Pond after an exciting contest. The chances are good that the cup, a cut of which appears on page 30, will come to Cambridge once more.



## A CANOE STORY.

On the second Saturday of October, 189—, a small fleet of four canoes left the V— Boat Club float and started up the Merrimac. The weather was mild for October, and canoeists were taking advantage of it, as the large number of boats on the river showed. The Indian Summer was at its best; the paddlers were in outing flannels, bareheaded as on the warmest day in June. On a pile of logs a few hundred yards up the peaceful stream, a crowd of boys were making the most of the warm weather and numerous splashes indicated that the water was not too cold for swimming.

On the boulevard bordering the left bank of the river were many equipages, but the horses foamed as in the middle of summer and their drivers found gloves rather annoying.

In the park on the right bank the nurses were wheeling the baby carriages, the older children played noisily, and the policeman had the top buttons of their blouses undone. On the state highway just beyond the park the electric cars were whizzing along, and the passengers were glad that the open cars were in use that second Saturday in October.

The four canoes leaving the float were not of a party. The first one contained a girl and a lady, presumably her mother. Of course the source of motive power was supremely happy at the prospect of paddling three people. At any rate, he did not ply his paddle very briskly, for he evidently desired to prolong the journey. The fellow who takes his girl's mother out canoeing is either deeply in the mire, or desirous of making a convert to the pleasures of the risky canoe.

The second canoe contained only two people, as is usual with canoes,—a high school fellow and his cousin. The fellow was very plainly a novice at the trick. He had been very careful about placing the young lady in proper

position, and then had nearly tipped the frail craft over in getting himself in.

The attendant at the float gave him a good shove off, but the poor fellow was undecided as to which side he wanted to paddle on and after changing the dripping paddle from side to side, not to mention ducking the girl, he ran against the float so hard that the girl gave a faint scream. A second shove off proved a little more successful and the canoe proceeded slowly up the river in a course almost as winding as the Merrimac itself.

The third canoe was a racing model and contained two club men in racing costume. They took their positions gracefully and started up the stream at a good clip, passing the first canoes at the very float. The high school fellow looked enviously at their graceful strokes, and the fellow with the overburdened canoe compared their speed with his own and laughed good naturedly to himself as he steered to one side to permit the famous Butler in his sailing canoe to pass. The two men in their speedy boat soon passed out of sight around a bend far up the river.

At the same time as the third was launched, a handsome ivory white canoe with mahogany decks and trimmings was put into the water by two attendants. Close at their heels followed a tall young man, burdened with lunch basket, paddle and shawl, and a young lady of graceful carriage and good features. They speedily settled themselves into their accustomed positions, the lady bolstered up by back-board and cushions in the middle of the canoe, the gentleman on a small stationary cane seat in the stern. The celerity with which they did all this showed that canoeing was an accustomed pastime with them. The gentleman paddled very swiftly, seemingly with a fixed destination in mind. His style was that of



one accustomed to the paddle, his strokes long and clean with a quick recovery. The lady looked about with serenity upon the beautiful coloring of the foliage, and seemed to have none of the usual fear of being tipped over.

As they passed the first canoe, the occupants exchanged salutations, but the propeller of the former seemed unwilling to waste any time in making calls in canoes, and hastened his canoe up the river at increased speed. So far he had made very few remarks, so intent was he on his paddle, but after he had pushed by everybody near him, he slackened his pace a little and began conversation with the lady.

They did not start in by talking of the weather or by making any of the regular openings in the game of conversation, but they commenced on a common battle ground,— the subject of religion. They had argued many times before on the same subject, and this time they did not intend anything beyond the usual sharpening of intellect on intellect, the matching of a woman's natural vehemence in defending a loved subject against a lawyer's wit in arguing for a cherished opinion. After perhaps twenty minutes of this, the lady suggested, that, as they never had agreed upon this subject, it was not likely that they would agree this time, and that they should change the subject. The gentleman acquiesced saying,

"Very well, as you wish, Miss Puffer, but if you deprive me of the fun of argument, I trust you will consent to my smoking," and at the nod of the lady, he lit a gold mounted pipe and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

"Mr. Saunders," said the lady after a rather long pause, during which she had scanned the horizon, "Do you think we had better try to reach the island this afternoon? It seems to be clouding up over in the north."

The gentleman looked in the direction mentioned, looked at his watch and then at the sky again before answering.

"It is three-thirty now," he said. "We

can reach the island by five, have lunch and get back to the float by eight. It won't rain before that. Let's keep on, if you don't object."

"Very well," said the lady. "I'll trust to your judgment. You know more about it than I. By-the-way, have you heard that Miss Fuller has decided to go to China as a missionary?"

Saunders rather frowned as the question was put to him. "Yes," he replied, "Ed told me last night up in his room. He feels pretty blue over it, for you must know that he thought considerable of Miss Fuller, although he has never had the spunk to tell her so. Of course, as he has only known her a few months, he has considerable excuse for not speaking, but on the whole, I think she ought to give more consideration to the thought of how miserable she will make him before deciding on such a step as she has taken. I can imagine myself in his position, and I know the imagining does not make me like your religion any better."

The lady looked keenly at her companion as he uttered these last words, but he was looking into the water and did not notice the gentle rebuke in her eyes. No word passed between them for several minutes. He picked up his neglected pipe, but flung it down again on finding it had gone out.

The conversation being brought to a close, the lady picked up a magazine and read aloud for about half an hour, both making comments upon a story of city life with a society plot. They seem to have come to a mutual understanding, and neither broached any remarks bordering on religion.

A little after five they reached the island, had lunch at the pavilion, and strolled about a little, to get rid of the stiffness produced by continuing so long in one position in the canoe. They met the two paddlers who had gone up the river ahead of them and the gentlemen

exchanged salutations. Soon after the gentleman and lady set out for their return trip, leaving the other two gentlemen at the entrance to the bowling alley.

The gentleman this time set out at a good rate but after proceeding down stream about a mile, he left his seat, and got into the middle of the canoe opposite the lady, keeping his paddle in hand for steering. The twilight came on, with clouds in the immediate background, but this did not trouble the occupants of the canoe, for they did not notice it. They were conversing in low tones, the gentleman puffing a wreath of smoke from his mouth now and then to keep his pipe from dying out. The lady had drawn a light scarf about her neck and taken off her hat. The light breeze played with her waving hair. The whole was a picture common anywhere in the canoeing season, but the calmness of everything, coupled with the whiteness of the canoe, caused a late driver on the boulevard to look with envy upon the peaceful and enchanting scene. Let anyone who despises the sport of boating try the calmness of an evening under the same conditions and canoeing will have destroyed an opponent and gained an advocate by the same stroke.

Under the influences of such peaceful surroundings it would not have been strange if these two had talked of love, but there was an obstacle between them. In many ways they were alike. Both were literary in their tastes, having had a good education. Both were of philanthropic temperament. But he was decidedly agnostic while she was a decided Christian. Yet in spite of their difference, the young man had determined to speak and when once he was determined on a thing, he usually carried out his intention.

After rehearsing the usual arguments in such a case, the young man concluded; "I know what you will say. You respect me but cannot love me because I do not accept your

religion. Am I not as good in my daily life as many who profess Christianity? Do I not equal in philanthropies any man of my income? Yet I will not argue upon my good points or hide behind the failings of others. The time may come when I shall agree with you upon this subject. For the present all I can say is that I have made you everything to me, religion and all that goes with it. Are you willing to accept me on such terms?"

The young lady had been very demure during his long recital, and paused before answering his final question. "You must give me time to answer, George. I had come prepared to say no to such a question, yet I will have to consider it more carefully. And now we had better hasten, or we shall be caught in a shower."

At these words, the gentleman looked up in dismay. Dark clouds were hurrying across the sky pursued by still darker ones. A light wind was blowing across the river, freshening every instant. Altogether the prospects were rather slim for a quiet journey homeward.

George quickly changed his position and bent over his paddle. The wind helped on considerably and soon the canoe was flying over the water. The eyes of the young lady kindled with admiration as she watched his magnificent strokes but he did not see it. A landmark told him he had a good three miles ahead, and he redoubled his strokes. A gust of wind blew a few drops of rain into his face, causing him to swear softly to himself. The canoe was now going over the water at a furious rate, the water lapping the bow with a fiendish spirit and dashing spray into the face of the lady.

After about fifteen minutes of this, it commenced to rain, but the drops were only scattering, though large. George was doing his best and he was keeping it up well. The wind was getting heavier, with varying gusts which made steering hard even for a trained



hand, especially so as the canoe had very high ends.

"George," said Miss Puffer, do not work so hard. I'm not afraid of a little rain."

At the use of his given name, he smiled through his perspiration, but said nothing, keeping up the same swift stroke and driving

the canoe ahead furiously. They rounded a curve in the river, and far down the stream could be seen the lights of the club-house. The sight caused a sigh of relief to escape from his lips, but at the same instant a gust of wind brought down the driving rain.

*(To be continued).*



### The Legend of the Pine-Tree.

Deep in a thick fir forest, in the heart of a desolate wood,  
And throwing its shade in the starlight, a sentinel pine-tree stood;  
The wind as it moaned in the branches, and uttered its piercing cry  
Seemed to mourn the fate of the pine-tree which at early dawn must die;  
Far down in the valley below them where shone one glimmering light,  
Was the hut of the honest woodsman, whose sleep was sweet that night.  
No thought of the work on the morrow, his task for that day was done,  
No toil for his weary hands to do, till rose the morrow's sun.  
But the tree in the grand, old forest, passed a night of sorrow and pain,  
There were letters graved in its sunken heart, the work of a lover's hands,  
And the one who had formed these letters, was far in distant lands,  
Perhaps he would come in the spring-time to win his maiden-bride;  
They had said they would meet in a long year's time, by this very fir-tree's side.  
The morning dawned with her rosy light, and the woodsman, armed for his toil,  
Started early for the forest, to gather his woodland spoil;  
As he stepped to the giant pine-tree, he started back with fear,

For a murmur sad and plaintive, in the tree-tops high, was clear.  
But then with a smile at his weakness, heavy strokes with his steady arm,  
And the pine-tree lay before him, in its heart, the lover's charm.  
A year passed by, and the lover returned for his waiting bride,  
And hand in hand they wandered thro' the forest, far and wide;  
No trace of the lover's handiwork, no letters anywhere,  
But the spot where they plighted their early faith, was easily found by them, there,  
With thankful hearts to the Father, who had watched thro' the long, long year,  
They left the dim old forest for the valley bright with cheer.  
No thought for their true protector who had guarded their early faith,  
The thought of the fine old pine-tree had vanished like a wraith.  
And thus, in the midst of life's swift whirl, we die like the old pine-tree,  
Perhaps for an instant remembered, but never for long to be,  
Other cares absorb, other cares creep in, and we, who have toiled our best,  
Simply have at our graven head-stones, these words, "He is at Rest."  
The pine-tree thought it had value, but when that year was past,  
Did the lovers remember the pine-tree who had held their secret fast?



## Brief History of Athletics at C. M. T. S.

The C. M. T. S. has been in existence eight years, and never has had over two hundred pupils from which to pick her athletic teams.

Athletics began in '89, our only attempt being the organizing of a base-ball team which defeated everything that came its way.

The season of '90 began with the election of George Whittemore as Captain of the Foot-ball Team. We were admitted to the Junior League and did great work, defeating every team and running up such scores as Roxbury Latin 108—0, and Nobles and Greenough 115—0. After winning the junior series we were admitted to the Senior League the same season and finished in fourth place.

Our Base-ball team this year did great work ending the season with a clean score. This team defeated the strong Boston College Team 3 to 1, Dowd and Stack were in the box for B. C. and Moore and Whittemore for C. M. T. S.

Whittemore was re-elected Captain of the Foot Ball Team in '91, and after a hard season, in which teams of more experience and heavier in weight had to be met, we finished well up in the list. This winter we formed a polo team and finished in second place. C. H. and L. finished first the deciding game with C. M. T. S. which lasted all day long and was finally won by C. H. and L. on fouls. This year we had our usual strong Base-Ball Team, and also formed a Tennis Association, George D. Lyford, William L. Littlefield and Emery S. Ensign doing good work with the racquet.

The foot-ball season of '92 began with great promise, George Moore being elected Captain. The year saw only one defeat and that by the invincible Hopkinson boys. Our polo and base-ball teams also did good work under George Moore's leadership.

When the foot-ball season of '93 opened

George Morse was intrusted with the destinies of the future of the Training School, there were bright prospects of a successful campaign, every team was laid low, and the championship was lost only because of a technical difficulty in the Boston E. H. S. game. The good work done by this team is simply wonderful when one takes into consideration their average weight which was only 133 pounds. Our base-ball team this year disbanded because we lacked encouragement, having applied for admission to the Senior League and being refused point blank.

The fates of the '94 foot-ball team were intrusted to Jerry Murphy, who assumed all the responsibility on his shoulders, and fortunately succeeded in landing his eleven at the top of the heap. There is no doubt that this eleven was one of the finest and fittest that ever stepped upon the scholastic gridiron. The school has always been well represented in the league, but it had been left for this season to record the first championship. The team received the best of support throughout the season from the school, and was fortunate in having at hand graduate coaches, who did much for success by instilling the finer points of the game into the players. Surrounded by every benefitting influence, there could be no question of an eventful future.

The season of '95 saw much trouble in foot-ball. It began with the election of a captain, who let personal feelings interfere with his work, and ended with his removal by the Superintendent of Schools.

Ninety-four's center-rush was persuaded into taking the captaincy, and after a short time he left school for reasons unknown. Ninety-four's captain returned to school about this time and was appointed captain for the remainder of the

season. It was then too late, however, to finish better than a poor fifth.

In '95 we entered a team in the Indoor Interscholastic Meet, and defeated Malden High School in a Team Race. May 8th of this same year we won second place in the Interscholastic Mile Relay Race for the championship of the United States.

The season of '96 opened with George Sawin

at the head of our foot-ball team. Every team in the league was defeated, but Brookline H. S. and the championship was lost on a technicality.

The prospects for the future are bright as C. M. T. S. will be well represented in all branches of sport. We have brought forth the best kickers the league ever had, George Moore, who kicked two goals from the field,

*Concluded on page 32.*



CAPTAIN SAWIN.

## MASS MEETING.

A mass meeting, in the interest of athletics, was held in the High School hall, on Tuesday evening, December 22. Mr. C. A. McGrew, '93, President of the Harvard C. L. S. Club, called the meeting to order shortly after 8 o'clock. After stating the purpose of the meeting, he introduced Mr. Benshimol, '91, as Chairman of the meeting. Mr. Benshimol first read the recommendations of the Harvard C. L. S. Club, adopted at its last meeting, and then called upon Mr. Murdock, President of C. H. and L. S. A. A., to state briefly the condition of affairs, as they appeared to an undergraduate. Mr. Murdock said that he believed in having an Athletic Association, that he approved of the purpose for which it was formed and would be sorry to see it abandoned, but the Association, as it now exists, is useless; it is now absolutely impossible for one undergraduate to say that another shall do thus and so. He was heartily in favor of the appointment of such an Advisory Committee as was proposed.

Mr. W. A. Parker, '96, manager of the '95 Foot-ball team, also approved of such a committee; he deplored the lack of interest in, and encouragement for, a defeated team.

Mr. Estabrook, '97, said that he believed that the '96 team worked as hard as any team in previous years. He complimented next year's captain; he believed that the team, next Fall, would be a success. He was in favor of an Advisory Committee.

Mr. Blackburn, '97, manager of the '96 Foot-ball team, said he thought the present trouble arose from lack of harmony among the coaches; he believed there should be one head coach.

Mr. Stearns, '95, gave his experience, as coach, last Fall, and spoke of the cold reception he received from the candidates for the team.

Mr. Miller, '98, asked what the result of

such a committee, as was proposed, had been at Harvard, B. L. S., and elsewhere. In answer, Mr. McGrew, '93, told of the practical working of the committee at Harvard, and its resulting in pure athletics. Mr. Benshimol compared the state of athletics at Harvard with that at Princeton and U. of P.

Mr. H. J. Chase spoke for the teachers. He approved of healthy athletics; but was disappointed at the state of affairs, as now existing. He had hoped for better results of the Mass Meeting in September. He thought that executive matters in the Athletic Association, as in the Debating Society, were left too much to the younger members. He believed that captains were now chosen for physical qualities only. In his opinion a captain should be: First, a man of sterling character; Second, a good scholar; Third, a man with a thorough knowledge of the game; Fourth, a man of good physique. In fact, these conditions are reversed. Mr. Chase's remarks brought forth great applause.

Mr. Addison Burnham, '86, an experienced foot-ball man, who coached several teams to victory, spoke of the perseverance and spirit of determination which inspired the teams in the latter '80's and early '90's. In the Fall of '89, the average weight of the foot-ball team was only 138 pounds,—one man weighed only 108. This team was beaten in the first game, and the prospects seemed poor. Yet, by hard and persistent practice, and magnificent team work, that team won a glorious championship. Mr. Burnham's remarks were well received.

The next speaker, Senator F. W. Dallinger, '89, contrasted the high standard of scholarship, which has been maintained for years, and the ever increasing excellence of the REVIEW, with the retrograde movement in athletics. He said that something must be done immediately, to stop this backsliding; the appointment of an Advisory Committee would be a good move.



Mr. P. V. Bacon, '93, and Mr. Bancroft, '94, showed that the alumni did not come down from a desire to "boss" the undergraduates, as some seemed to feel, but through a love for Alma Mater, and a desire to benefit the schools, and to restore them to their former position; that there were many other duties to engross their time, but they took valuable time to come and give advice and the benefit of their experience, to try to help the schools, and change the existing state of affairs for the better.

Mr. Bancroft, '94, moved to amend the article in regard to the ratification of choice of captains, that the Advisory Committee shall have power only to ratify the election of a captain, and not to elect a captain, if the man chosen by the team proves unsatisfactory. Carried.

Mr. Blackburn, '98, Mr. Lewis, '97, and Mr. Goodridge, '96, also spoke. A motion was made and carried that the Chairman appoint a committee of three, to decide on the method of choosing the three alumni members of the proposed committee. After some discussion, Mr. Parker, '96, moved that the choice of the two faculty members be left to the headmasters of the two schools. Carried.

The Chairman then stated that, as due notice had been given of the meeting, it was a representative gathering present, and its actions would be final. He then put the question on the adoption of the recommendations, as amended. They were carried, without a dissenting voice. Mr. Benshimol declared that thenceforth "A Committee for the Supervision of Athletics in the Cambridge High and Latin Schools" existed.

The meeting adjourned at ten o'clock.

. . . . .

The committee to decide on the method of choosing the three alumni members of the Advisory Committee has since met, and determined on the following plan: The Harvard C. L. S. Club will elect one member; the

graduates of the High School, during the last five years, another; and representatives of these two bodies, jointly, a third. Mr. Murdock and Mr. Dow, '98, President and Secretary of the Athletic Association, will represent the schools on the committee, and the Faculty members appointed by Messrs. Bradbury and Huling, are Mr. H. J. Chase for the Latin School, and Mr. J. A. Coolidge, for the High School.

The recommendations:

*Voted:* That in the opinion of this club, the athletics in the Cambridge schools are not what they ought to be, and that something must be done immediately (1) *to preserve purity of athletics* in the schools, thereby preventing the recurrence of the move which caused their expulsion from the league, and (2) *to create order*, thereby, if possible, stimulating enthusiasm.

*Voted:* That at a stated meeting the schools be advised to confer with the graduates, and if possible, concur with them in creating an *Executive Athletic Committee*.

*Voted:* That in the opinion of this club, this committee, if favorable to graduates and undergraduates, should consist of *three graduates* (to be chosen by the alumni of the two schools in a manner to be determined), *a teacher from each school* (to be appointed by the principals of the two schools), and *two undergraduates* (the President and Secretary of the Athletic Association).

*Voted:* That this committee should have general supervision of athletics in the schools; that it should have the power to ratify the appointment of all captains and managers; that it should have the sole power of appointing coaches; that it should receive a detailed account of the finances of the teams (through the Treasurer of the Athletic Association) at the beginning of each school term, and at the end of each school year; and that it appropriate such funds as may remain at the end of each school year, and hold them in trust until the beginning of the next school year.

## NOTA DE ALUMNIS.

C. L. S., '96.

The first reunion of the Class of '96 was held Monday evening, December 21, at the home of Miss Florence W. Smith, 8 Mellen Street. The entertainment consisted of a Sheet and Pillow-case party and the game of Advertisements. In the latter game, Miss Mabel F. Moore received first lady's prize and Mr. H. E. Marean, first gentleman's. The booby prize was won by Miss Margaret L. Bradbury. Refreshments were served. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mr. H. H. Fox; Vice-President, Miss Alice D. Chamberlain; Secretary, Miss Mabel V. Arnold; Treasurer, Mr. N. W. Tilton. Thirty members of the class were present.



Max Benshimol, C. L. S., '91, is Secretary of the Harvard Classical Club. He received his degree of A. M. last Commencement.



Miss Mabel E. Harris, '93, is President of the Radcliffe Classical Club. She is also Treasurer of the Class of '97, and Vice President of the Emmanuel Club.



Arthur Lovering, '93, in a strength test recently made at the Hemenway Gymnasium, obtained a total of 1,526 points. This is only three points below the highest record, held by E. Klein, Harvard '95.



The second reunion of the alumni of the Cambridge High and Latin Schools will be held Saturday evening, February 13, at the Brunswick Hotel, Boston. All arrangements

are not yet complete, but are in the hands of a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. C. A. McGrew, '93, J. F. Osborn, '92, and H. N. Stearns, '95. It will be remembered that the reunion and dinner last year, was a great success, and it is hoped that this will be a still more brilliant affair.



R. L. Raymond, '91, is a member of the Editorial Board of the *Harvard Law Review*.



Miss Kate C. Berry, '94, is Treasurer of the Radcliffe Glee Club.



Miss Mabel V. Arnold, '96, is Treasurer of Radcliffe 1900.



Mr. F. S. Cutter, E. H. S. '70, is Principal of the Peabody Grammar School.



C. L. S., '95.

The second annual reunion of '95, Cambridge Latin School, was held on the evening of December 28, at the residence of Miss Mabel E. Priest, 9 Riverside Street, Watertown. The class went in a body from Harvard Square. The following officers were re-elected: President Mr. James F. Bacon; Vice President, Miss Flora L. Josselyn; Secretary, Miss Mary H. Winslow; Treasurer, Mr. F. E. Thayer. The entertainment consisted of a Silhouette Party. Miss Bowles, Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Stearns favored the company with songs, and Mr. Goodridge read an original poem appropriate to the occasion. After singing "Fair Harvard," the company broke up about eleven o'clock. There were nineteen members of the class present.

## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

"Any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered."

*In Despair.*—Do not be discouraged if a young lady says she can be yours on one condition, for many men have entered Harvard with six.

*C. L. S., '98.*—Considering that the young lady is unknown to your parents, I think it better for you not to exchange notes with her in school.

*Debater.*—The origin of the expression "second the motion," doubtless originated with one who rode on the rear of a tandem.

*Ignoramus.*—How can a Bostonian be ignorant of the expression N. B., No beans, of course.

*Student.*—I do not know who it was that said, "When you have a secret to communicate to a pair of twins, be sure you get them together, for you will find it difficult to tell them apart."

*Inventor.*—Flying-ships have not yet met with success. Someone suggests that it is owing to a defective flue.

*Inquirer.*—Puck thus answers your question—An institution for the blind—marriage.

*Senior Classes.*—Those of you who are about to graduate and have not decided upon your life work, I ask you to beware of situations advertised. In one Irish daily this advertisement recently appeared: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—

*Bashful Boy.*—It is true that the girls are feeling rather sad because they haven't a chance for another eight years, but then you remember that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was three hundred and eighty years old when she was married.

*Innocence.*—Although it broke up a pleasant friendship, you were quite right in no longer lending your German sentences to your girl-friend.

*Musician.*—"The Maiden's Prayer" is not a recent composition. It is said that the newest selection, called "The Police Patrol," is very taking. In fact, everyone is carried away by it.

*Bashful Swain.*—Remember that you must write thirteen letters before you get e-n-c-o-u-r-a-g-e-m-e-n-t.

*A Friend.*—The order in the senior classes of the English High and Cambridge Latin Schools is above reproach. No chats, notes or private conversations are ever admissible.

*Physics Scholar.*—Physics is an interesting and absorbing subject, teaching us to observe the phenomena of nature. It is very curious to notice that turning down the gas often increases the pressure and lessens the waist. (Ex.)

*Reader.*—Some women are frightened in the dark. Naturally, boys, you must feel for them.

This is the latest method for a proposal:

He.—"Dearest girl, the tire of my heart has been punctured by the tacks of your charms. Be mine, and let us ride tandem through life."

She.—"How sweet and strange! You have scorched your way to my affections, and I cannot back pedal against your attractions. I surrender the handle bar of my life to your hands, and am sure you will steer our united lives wisely."—Ex.



## GIRLS' COLUMN.

It is deeply desired that all the girls should sing as loudly as they can during our music hour. The singing this year is decidedly poor, and the fault lies largely with the soprano. If that is strong the other parts will follow.

Unbreakable mirrors are now being made which are pleasing to the careless and superstitious maid. They are made of celluloid, covered with quicksilver on the back and then another plate of celluloid is fastened upon the back. This makes a double mirror.

So many of the girls ride back and forth from school that it seems time for some suggestions on this subject. Girls in the high schools get little out-door exercise. From school, after eating a hurried dinner, they sit down to an afternoon's study which lasts till after sunset. The air then, though better than none, is not as good as when the sun is shining. One is not as ready to begin a day's work, either, who, almost upon arising, boards a car, and from the car, enters a close building and begins a round of study and recitation. A brisk walk in the morning will clear your brain wonderfully.

It might form an interesting study of human nature to watch the different expressions on the faces of pupils as they pass into the hall mornings. Some pupils look weary, others amused, others gay; some even look discouraged, though that expression is very rare. There seems to be the most variety among the girls.

A woman of fashion in one of our large cities recently startled the world by appearing at a dinner party with one large and one small sleeve. This of course is an extreme of style,

but the fact remains that variety in style and trimming of each sleeve is in vogue. Lace draped over one sleeve is a common sight. What would our great grandmothers say if they could see us!

It is said that Washington is a great place for rich widows and their daughters. After an extended European tour, these homesick creatures seek some home spot where they need not sigh for gaiety, but yet be upon the soil of their fatherland. And the Capital is a convenient spot, for here the daughters may perchance marry a title, which has heretofore been unattainable.

Though, as has been mentioned, fresh air is good for one, it is not good when one is not dressed to meet it. It is a constant wonder that more girls do not bring upon themselves severe illness by their carelessness at recess. On some of the coldest days girls can be seen running hither and thither outside, with neither hat or coat to protect them from the cold. It seems a bother to put on a coat nowadays just to go a few steps, but it pays in the end.

The sable fur, of which we see so much imitation and so little reality, is undoubtedly the most beautiful of all winter furs. It is indeed worth its weight in gold and marks the wearer as a person of wealth. In Russia and many northern countries it is worn as a mark of distinction, and in European courts is worn most commonly. And while the fashion in most furs changes from winter to winter, the Russian sable is always in style, and carries with it the "air" that is desired by all members of the fair sex.

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### *Alumni Editor.*

GEORGE ALFRED GOODRIDGE, '95.

### *Class Editors.*

|                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| ARTHUR D. WYMAN, '97   | LAWRENCE ARNOLD, '99   |
| FRED B. WEBSTER, '98   | NATHAN W. HAWKES, '99. |
| CARITA B. DICKSON, '98 | GRACE NORRIS, '00      |
| LUIS F. ESTRADA, '98   | CHARLES A. HANUS, '00  |
| ROBERT B. CLARK, '98   | WILLIAM J. REGAN, '00  |
| HORACE P. STEVENS, '99 | IRVING HALL, '01.      |
| ETHEL G. HYDE, '99     | HARRY L. FOSTER, '01.  |

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

On Friday evening, Feb. 5, a drama and dance will be given at the Newtowne Club Hall by the members of Latin School, '97.

The name of the play is not announced.

Tickets are fifty cents and may be had from the members of the class.

William V. MacGill will direct the play.

E. H. S. will give a dance at the Newtowne Club on Wednesday evening, January 27.

C. L. S. Debating Society meets Friday evening, January 22.

Notice—If there are any who have paid their subscription to the REVIEW and who have not received a receipt signed by the Business Manager, they will confer a great favor upon the management by reporting at once.

In the cheer contest the prize—a year's subscription to the REVIEW—was won by Frederick H. Sexton, E. H. S., '97.

The cheer appeared among the announcements of the November number of the REVIEW.

The February REVIEW will appear on Thursday, the eleventh. All matter must be in by Wednesday, February 3. Class editors will be responsible for class notes, which are to be handed to associate editors or put in the REVIEW boxes by Tuesday, the 2nd. Manuscripts are to bear the name of the author.

## DELTA OMEGA CHI.



Although there has not been much snow this year, the Greek letter club found enough for a sleigh-ride on December twenty-sixth.

An early start was made from the Durrell residence on Dana Street, and then the North Cambridge people were met at the Denison residence on Arlington Street.

The party made a very quick trip to Woodlawn Park Hotel in Auburndale. The weather was not cold enough to freeze any ears or make anybody's feet uncomfortable, yet sharp enough to give everybody a good appetite. The hotel was reached at six thirty.

In the half hour before dinner was announced, the sleighers played games in the parlors, everybody entering into them with genial cordiality. Some of the fellows made a search for the bowling alleys at this time, but it was discovered that the pin boys were in Boston, and the game of bowling had to be postponed.

At seven o'clock, the President and lady led the way to the private dining hall. A course dinner was served to the hungry Greeks, and the game of eating the Trojans found ready participants. The conversation was very lively, the wit of one young lady causing quite a delay in the regular order of things. School affairs were very freely discussed, and various unkind things about the various Athletic Association officers, team captains, REVIEW editors, dramatists, etc., who were present. At the head of the table, numerous things were said about initiations and club affairs, causing the members to wink over the table and kick under. After about an hour at the table, the President called for toasts to the club, to the ladies and the return ride. Responses were made by different members; to the club, "that it may continue its great success"; to the

ladies, "may they come again"; to the return ride, "may it be a long one."

The dance hall now received the company's attention. The Virginia reel was the first on the card, and afterwards waltzes and two-steps claimed the attention of those who cared to indulge. Different members went to the piano, and it was evident that the club has some good musicians as well as good dancers. The ladies also very kindly played some numbers.

The party left the hotel at half past nine. Mr. Lee asked if the party was a representative one, adding that, if it was, he would like all Cambridge to visit him.

The return ride was a very pleasant one. Everybody was in the best of spirits. College songs, snatches of operas, popular negro ballads, vied with each other in "making night hideous."

The story of the fire at Mt. Holyoke was told, and immediately matched by a graphic description of what a fire at the Latin School would do, the High School being considered safe. The club yell was given at various times, invariably causing the girls to put their hands to their ears.

The party reached Cambridge by eleven o'clock. The different couples were left at different corners, the final one being at the corner of Dana and Harvard Streets. Everybody had a first class time. In the words of the chaperone, "An excellent time. You needed an example rather than a restraint in your fun."

Besides the club members, the following guests were present: Miss Ethel G. Hyde, Miss Bertha N. Whitmore, Miss Alice B. Phillips, Miss Myra A. Southworth, Miss Ruth Arnold, Miss Bessie Johnson, Miss Jeannie Jouett, Miss Hattie Dustin, Miss Durrell, Mr. Grover and Mr. Bunton.



## HARRY RUSSELL'S DOG.

Russell was sure that he ought to have a dog. His friends declared that he was out of style not to have one and his lady friend had often said that she considered it his duty to own a dear little canine whom he could caress and scold. What she meant by these last remarks Russell had often wondered, but now, on this particular afternoon he had fully determined to get such a beast as would satisfy all.

Russell knew nothing about dogs and he was, at first, much perplexed as to where to go in search of one. He remembered that he had seen a card "DOG FOR SALE" in the window of a bird store on Broadway, so he decided that that was the place to which he must go.

As he ambled along towards his destination, he was hailed many times by his club friends as to where he was going, but wishing that nothing should be known about his proposed purchase, he merely looked solemn and said nothing.

He thought to himself that when he reached the store he would assume an air of wisdom and that when he talked with the man about the dog, he would beat him down as much as possible. But alas, when he reached the place for his purchase, all his courage left him and he entered the store with anything but a stern manner.

About ten minutes later he reappeared leading a meek looking fox terrier for which he had paid only forty-three dollars and fifty cents, having beaten the man down six dollars and a half.

As he walked home with his newly found treasure he gazed about with a self-satisfied air as though he had found a very precious and valuable animal, instead of a stupid looking fox terrier, as the dog appeared to pedestrians hurrying by. But Caesar Virgil Themistocles,

hat being the name Russell had given his new protégé, had more "deviltry" in him than he looked good for, and Russell little expected the terrible catastrophe which later befell him.

When they reached his rooms it was dark, but his housekeeper had a large bright fire burning in the open fire-place and his easy chair in front of it. Caesar, as he entered the room at once came to the conclusion that good times were before him, and, after sniffing about to become better acquainted with his new quarters, he espied the easy chair, and with a bark of delight he sprang into it and settled down for a comfortable nap. As Russell had to go to his dinner at the club, he allowed Caesar to lie undisturbed.

Before retiring for the night Russell had his accustomed "toddy" and Caesar eyed him longingly as he sat there drinking and smoking amid pleasant surroundings. As Russell was about to turn in Caesar noticed carefully where those precious things were placed. Morning came all too late for Caesar, but, on the other hand, much too soon for Russell who was awakened by a thump-thump-thump across his chamber floor. He opened his eyes and saw Caesar carrying, or rather dragging a bottle towards the bed. Then he disappeared into the library only to appear a minute later, this time pulling a box of cigars after him. Russell was now wide awake, and jumping out of bed he rushed towards Caesar to save the cigars, but Caesar, seeing danger coming, uttered a howl of dismay and plunged under the sofa in the next room.

Russell, when he had examined the box and found only fifteen cigars missing and ten more ruined, also uttered a yell of dismay and soon followed Caesar into the next room, seizing whatever he could lay hold on as he ran, and, for the next few minutes nothing could be

heard except the thump, thump, thump of the boots, hair brushes and things, the "dreadful" talk of Russell, and the howls of poor Caesar, who was fast coming to the conclusion that good times were behind, not before.

After satisfying his wrath Russell returned to dress and when he again appeared he found Caesar lying on the sofa wearing a dissatisfied and injured air. Russell gave him some advice about what to do while he was gone to his breakfast, and after carefully putting bottles and cigars out of reach, he went out.

As soon as he was gone, Caesar arose somewhat reluctantly, yawned, scratched himself,

they jumped down and disappeared into Russell's room, and for the next half hour or more he was engaged in tearing up whatever he could fasten his jaws to, and that brute force could destroy. He was in the midst of his deadly work when Russell returned and at that moment was tearing up a new dress coat. He saw his master, gave one more rip at the coat, then dodged between Russell's legs, sped out through the open door, down the stairs and out into the street and the last Russell saw of his "dear" Caesar Virgil Themistocles was his tail just rounding the corner a block away.



## THE REVIEW DANCE.

The dance which was given by the management of the Review at the Colonial Club on January 8, proved a great success if we are to judge from the congratulations which have been received and from the expressions of everyone present that they couldn't imagine a pleasanter time than they spent that evening.

The matrons were Mrs. W. H. Murdock, Mrs. Dana W. Hyde, and Mrs. B. F. Davenport.

The ushers were Harris H. Murdock, H. Stanley Hyde, Samuel Usher and George H. Cox, Jr.

Astrella Brothers' Italian Orchestra of the instruments—harp, flute and violin—furnished the music.

The hall was tastily decorated with potted plants.

Refreshments were served in the dining hall

at 10 o'clock. The order of dances was as follows: Waltz, Two Step, Waltz, Schottische, Waltz, Two Step, Schottische, Portland Fancy, —Intermission—Two Step, Waltz, Two Step, Schottische, Waltz, Two Step, Portland Fancy and Waltz.

Those present were Messrs. Murdock, A. Blackburn, Hyde, Usher, Winslow, Cox, H. Bancroft, J. Blackburn, Humphrey, Drew, Thomas, S. Sparrow, E. Sparrow, Niles, Lochman, Sawyer, Chase, James, Warren, Gauss, Richardson, Brigham, Dickson, Davenport, Marean, A. Goodridge, Osborn, Stevens, McKibben, Goddard; Misses Davidson, Davenport, Close, Cogan, Chase, Dickson, E. Brooks, Richardson, Law, Whitmore, Taylor, Hyde, Southworth, Howes, Brooks, E. Jouett, J. Jouett, Pierce, Coveney, Dexter, Clive, Brigham, Simpson, Turner, Tuttle and James.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

**A NEW TARIFF BILL.**—No expectation is entertained of the passage by the Senate of the Dingley emergency tariff bill, which the House passed early in the last session. The probability of a special session of the new Congress is strengthened by this fact, and in preparation for this contingency, the committee on Ways and Means of the present House of Representatives, most of whose members will be members of the next Congress, have begun the framing of a new general tariff bill, with the intention of having it ready to report as soon as that Congress may assemble.

**VENEZUELA AND THE TREATY.**—Mr. Andrade, minister from Venezuela to the United States, who returned to Caracas recently, bearing a copy of the memorandum between Great Britain and the United States for the settlement of the Guiana boundary question, has notified Secretary Olney that the agreement has been accepted by the Venezuelan government. Favorable action by the Venezuelan Congress is necessary in order that the memorandum may be carried into effect by the necessary treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela. The publication of the agreement at Caracas has been followed by so much hostile criticism as to cause some apprehension that the congress may not ratify the treaty.

**ALIENS AND THE BALLOT.**—The number of states in which aliens are permitted to vote at elections after having simply declared their intention of becoming citizens, has been diminished by one. At the recent election the voters of Minnesota approved a constitutional amendment which repeals the provision conditioning the vote of persons of foreign birth upon a dec-

laration of intention. Hereafter no alien can vote in that state who has not been a resident of the United States for at least five years, and admitted to full citizenship at least three months prior to the election. It is estimated that more than one hundred thousand voters in Minnesota have never been fully naturalized.

**NEW NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.**—The annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Herbert, urges Congress to make appropriations for three light-draught battle-ships and twelve torpedo-boats. The Secretary emphasizes the desirability of having the battle-ships light-draught on the ground that they will possess an advantage over the battle-ships of foreign nations in being able to enter the Southern harbors and the mouth of the Mississippi at all times. Such vessels as the Secretary recommends could make these harbors bases of supply, and sally forth from or retire into them at will; while few, if any, foreign battle-ships could follow them. During the present administration the aggregate tonnage of vessels in commission has more than doubled.

**OFFICIAL SCANDALS AT BERLIN.**—Five German editors have been convicted at Berlin of libelling distinguished officials, and have been sentenced to fine or imprisonment. These sentences and the arrest for perjury of the chief of the political police have occasioned a stir in the German capital, because the evidence goes to show that certain members of the emperor's official household have conspired to traduce and destroy other officials of whose preferment they were jealous. Taken in connection with the Bismarck disclosures, these trials have produced a painful impression as to standards of official rectitude in Germany.





"Mamma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears and laboriously tripping over the long word.

"Why, it is,—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother.

Silence of two minutes and more tears.

"Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"

Teacher, sternly.—Willy, give that chewing gum to me!

Willy.—I'll let you have half of it.

A small boy demanded an explanation of the names applied to the four classes of the college course.

He listened attentively and sat buried in thought for some time. At last he asked anxiously; "Papa, if you are James Little, Sr., and I am James Little, Jr., will my son be James Little, Sophomore?"

Teacher.—Now, Tommy, tell me what the index finger is.

Tommy.—Yes'm, its that 'un you lick when you turn over the pages.

Willie.—Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?

Mother.—Yes, dear.

Willie.—Well, why don't it repeat itself when I am trying to learn it?

The woman who "broke into song," now has a cracked voice.

"Now boys," said the new school teacher, "I want you to be so quiet we can hear a pin drop."

There was a cavernous silence for a second, then a voice in the rear muttered, "Now, then, let her drop."

Who is it that sometimes smokes and goes out nights. The lamp.

A pretty girl  
A crowded car  
Please take my seat,  
And there you are.  
A crowded car,  
A woman plain,  
She stands, and there  
You are again.

Friend to great inventor.—"What new conceit have you on hand now?"

Inventor.—"Well my son is just home from college."

A woman without a past.—Eve.

"Did your daughter have any trouble with her French while she was abroad?" "Not a bit, it was the natives' French that bothered her."

He.—I wonder if that big chair you are sitting in would hold two.

She (unthinkingly).—"Oh yes, I know it would."

Teacher.—Mary, make a sentence with dog-ma as subject.

Mary (after careful thought).—The dog-ma has three puppies.

Mr. Popinjay.—“Woman’s curiosity always amuses me.”

Mrs. Popinjay.—“Indeed! By the way what’s that stain on your hand?”

Mr. P——.—“Paint, I was coming down by Blokon’s fence, and just touched my finger to it to see if it was dry.”

Mr. Beck Hall.—“Good afternoon, Miss Radcliffe. Going for a walk? May I accompany you?”

Miss Radcliffe.—“Yes, Dr. Sargent says we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose.”

Love is an intermittent fever followed by a chill.

“What a picturesque cottage! a veritable Swiss chalet”

“A Swiss shall he, do you call it? To my mind it’s more like an Irish shan’t he.”

Girls who ride bicycles are spoken of as Daughters of the Revolution.

A cobbler is the most pious of all men. He sees his end, lays down his awl and prepares his sole for the last.

A man sometimes poses for an Apollo when he is only an Apollo-gy for one.

A school-boy asked to define the word, “sob,” answered: “It means when a feller don’t want to cry and it busts out itself.”

We are told “the evening wore on,” but we are not told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer’s day?

The child of the sea.—The harbour-buoy.

“Mister, I say, I don’t suppose you don’t know of nobody what don’t want to hire nobody to do nothing, don’t you?” The answer was, “Yes, I don’t.”

Most men’s lives are spent in getting what they don’t want and wanting what they don’t get.





## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Vacation is over; no more for some time.

Give a hearty welcome to 1897!

The class of '97 held a social on Friday evening, Dec. 18, at the home of Miss Alice Close, 380 Broadway. A drama entitled "A Model Lover," was very successfully presented by the following cast:

|                 |                    |            |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------|
| Colonel Francis | { Leslie's uncle   | { Mr. Geo. |
|                 | { Betty's guardian | { Sawin.   |

Prof. Pelletier, (French artist) Mr. E. E. Savory

|        |                  |                       |
|--------|------------------|-----------------------|
| Leslie | { young artists, | { Miss Alice L. Close |
| Betty  | {                | { Miss Lydia Johnston |

Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Bertha M. Close

Ali (the "Model Lover") Mr. Charles Haley

All acquitted themselves creditably, especially Miss Bertha Close, who had but a few hours to learn the part. Miss Lincoln, '97, was to have taken the part of Mrs. Babbitt, but unfortunately was taken sick the day of the drama.

After the drama a quotation party was enjoyed in which Miss Grace Barrett won the ladies' prize and Mr. Olmore Francis the gentlemen's. Refreshments were then served, after which dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

C. H. S. P. S. has had three meetings. The attendance increases each meeting.

Class of '97 voted to give a drama publicly, but after Mr. Huling kindly asked them not to, they decided to give merely a dance.

'99 wants a sleigh-ride. (On wheels?)

Some of the '99 boys would like to go into Miss Chamberlain's room for a visit. We wonder why.

What keeps Billy Don— so late every morning?

Dar—is not so swelled headed.

What are Joaniculus resolutions?

Is she really married?

Scholars of '99 that want instruction in skating should apply to J. Lov-r-ng. He "cuts much ice."

"It is '99 that makes the 'base' singing what it is." This is the way the note read, presumably it is meant to read "bass singing." However, very likely the first is correct.

"First row dismissed."

A certain member of '99 is afflicted with a head-ache quite often. Why is it?



There are quite a number of polo players in the High School. F. V. Clarkson, Warnock, and Brown are all in the High School.

'98 are talking of giving a drama.

Uncle Sam (Usher) is quite a sprinter.

Why not form a company of boys from both schools and go fight for Cuba. C. E. H. S. has a Cuban, perhaps he will lead.

Seen those tickets? You would know if you had.

'97 are talking of having new class pins—rather late.

Every Wednesday the Senior French division with Miss Rogers has a story told them in French which they must be able to tell the next day. One lesson when the teacher said, after a difficult sentence, "Comprenez-vous?" one young man enthusiastically said, "Nit."

One would feel sorry if that word should be added to the French dictionary.

Mr. Alsen Ahern, C. E. H. S., '95, is teaching chemistry while Miss Stickney is in Florida. Strange so many girls have suddenly fallen in love with *chemistry*!

"Now which of the three men would you rather have—for your own—ruler, for mayor of Cambridge? Pauses give strange effects.—*Greek History Recitation*

"Henry Clay is in the library"—Many of us would have liked to have seen him but we were at recitations.

'97 has a dance Jan. 27, 1897, at Newtowne Club Hall.

One of the boys of '97 made the cake he brought to the social. All the girls who knew which cake it was ate some and liked it. He would make quite a good "new woman's" husband.

Has P——e and S——n had a duel yet?

## C. E. H. S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

The High School Debating Society has held its usual meetings during the past months.

The society is in a very flourishing condition. There are nearly forty members, and more are admitted at every meeting. Although the society did not reorganize for its year's work as early as usual, it is fast "making up for lost time," as it were.

The following officers were elected at the first meeting in the fall: President, J. L. Robinson, '97; Vice President, George Beane, '99; Secretary, William R. Kelso, '98; Treasurer, Frederick Webster, '98.

The following committees were appointed by the president:

Rhetorical:—Lawrence Arnold '99, Miss Johnston '97, Mr. Dewing '98; Membership:—Walter Jones '99, Misses May Lathrop '97, Mary Weren '99, Grace Tupper '99, and the president.

Financial:—Frederick Webster '98, Misses Beatrice Beverly '99, Edith Weeks '98, Bertha Vittum '99, and Mr. Kelso '98.

At a recent meeting the president was empowered to appoint a committee of three to confer with the committee from the C. L. S. Debating Society and arrange for the joint debate, and has since stated that the committee will consist of Messrs. Kelso '98, Dewing '98, and the president.

On the evening of the regular meeting of February 5, the society will hold a mock trial. On January 8, the following question was discussed: "*Resolved*,—That the Cuban rebels should be recognized as belligerents." Messrs. Kelso '98, and Jones '97, spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. Beane '99, and Oakes '99, for the negative. Many spoke from the floor.

There was a large attendance at this meeting, many being present from C. M. T. S., where they contemplate forming a Debating Society.



## LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

"Happy New Year!"

Now, boys and girls, get right down to work and begin the new year with a determination to do your best.

Did you go to the Review Dance at the Colonial?

We missed Miss Boll last month on account of illness.

Last week one of the boys, of '98, had a camera at school and tried to get a snapshot at M——k and one of '99's fair maidens. I do not know whether he succeeded or not but he got a time exposure of two "fellows" in the hall, although W—n—w and Miss D—p—t claim it was too dark.

Miss B—. "How did the elder Pliny meet his death?"

S—v—r. "He tried to stop the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius."

Durrell, '98, is tutoring and expects to enter college next fall.

The wedding bells are ringing.

Fulton, president of 1901, has left school and the treasurer has been on a vacation.

E—r—n, '97, intended to be a wood carver, but now his aim is to be a butcher.

"Delta Omega Chi," seems to be the talk of the schools but no one seems to be able or willing to give information.

The C. B. M. C. gave a New Year's Eve party at Miss Sleeper's home. Many Latin School scholars attended.

Fletcher, '98, is out of school on account of a broken leg received by playing polo in the Roxbury game.

S—ens, '99, is quite an artist but Coveney, ex 1901, can tell you more about it: for particulars inquire at the lunch house.

'98 will give private theatricals soon, the participants being Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Miss Chase, Miss Abbott and Mr. Paul Kelsey.

What next? At the last 1901 social such games as pillow, post-office and other ancient Greek games were indulged in.

Harold Goodridge, '98, is out with diptheria.

Pat's friend had departed this life on ship-board and there was nothing to sink the body

with except coal. When Pat saw his friend disappear he said, "Sure, Oi niver thought the devil would make him take his own coal."

Miss P-l-ps, do they come in bunches!

The scholars of the Latin School, especially of the Lee Street building, would confer a great benefit upon the "Notes" editor if they would contribute more through the boxes.

The Cantata of Esther, given at Union Hall last month, had in its cast a number of Latin School students. Garfield Stone, as Haman, won much applause, and it was certainly deserved. Miss Caroline Edgerly as Mordecai's sister and Miss Alice Persons as the Prophetess were very good. Miss Ethel Hyde, Miss Edith Mandell, Miss Myra Southworth, Miss Bessie Johnson, Miss Bertha Whitmore, Miss

Mary Pope and Miss Edith Brooks were in the Palm Drill, which was undoubtedly the best special feature of the performance. Most of these young ladies also posed as angels in the tableaux in the second act. These tableaux were well executed and well received. Miss Jennie Shackley, Miss Caroline Edgerly, Miss Alice Persons and Miss Etta Barnes took part in the Tambourine Drill. These same young ladies were among the Maids of Honor. The only Latin School girls in the Shield Drill were Miss Mabel Morgan and Miss Ethel Rideout.

Some fellows attended every performance of the cantata. Queer!

Various good things have been said about the Queen Esther. Ask the "Angels."

Some fellows claim to have "carried off the palm," in the Palm Drill. They can show the palms if asked.



—Harvard Lampoon.



## THE REVIEW.

I wonder how many readers of the REVIEW know anything about the numerous departments of work through which the paper passes, before it appears, a brilliant thirty-two page monthly. Doubtless some understand the art of editing a paper, but I shall attempt to describe the task of "bringing out" an issue of the REVIEW, and may, perhaps, tell something which will be new to some of our readers.

For the sake of greater interest I shall take as an example the December number. As that was intended to be an unusually good issue, extra pains were taken in preparing it. The first step was the choice of a design for the special cover, and the cut for the frontispiece. These were selected and printed long before the material for the paper itself was ready. At their leisure, the editors were looking over manuscripts and collecting copy until a week or so before the date on which the paper was due. Early manuscript which had been accepted had been in the compositor's hands for some time, and was now all set up, and the copy ready to be proof-read. Work now began in real earnest; the final selection of material for the paper was made; all was given to the type-setters, proof was read and returned for correction. Then the editor-in-chief sat down, and made up the dummy, that is, he took an old issue, and cut up the material for this issue and pasted it in as he wished it to appear, cutting out here, adding there, and pencilling changes in the margin. The "dummy" was now given to the foreman who made up the forms. A form is a large frame of iron, each of which prints eight pages of the REVIEW; that is, there are four of these forms. They are laid on a large stone table, and in them in proper position, the columns of type are placed according to the dummy. The type is held in its right place by sticks of wood of all sizes; wedges and thumb screws fasten it firmly into the forms. These

were locked and placed in the press, and an assistant ran off a few copies of each. These were carefully examined by the foreman; mistakes still remaining were corrected for the last time; where the impression was too light, the paper was raised; where it was too heavy, the type was pounded down.

The first form was then set in the press, the rolls inked, eight hundred sheets of paper of the required size were placed in position. A touch of the lever, and the press, a ponderous mass of complicated mechanism began to rumble and rattle. And then, for half an hour, the building shook with the heavy jar; the rooms were filled with the deafening clatter of machinery. Over, around, down, under and out like phantoms glided the white sheets of paper, and at last settled quietly in a heap, covered with black hieroglyphics. The press was stopped, the second form put in the place of the first, the sheets of paper were turned over and placed in position, and another touch of the lever,—for another half-hour the mighty press rattled and shook. So rapidly did the press work that, at the rate of twenty-five copies each minute, in a little more than thirty minutes the eight hundred sheets had passed through and out, and half the REVIEW was printed.

These printed sheets were hurried upstairs to the folders. Meantime the same process was being repeated, eight hundred fresh sheets were run through the press, and the third and fourth forms were printed. And now the second half of the REVIEW was ready, but there was still considerable work to be done before the paper would be ready for its readers.

All the sheets were now in the hands of the folders who rapidly did their work. As quickly as they were folded, one sheet was placed within the other, and the whole within the handsome cover. The paper, now near completion, was passed to the stickers, the front page cut, and the frontispiece quickly and

neatly pasted in. Now only the final step remained; the harsh clank of the stitching machine, as the stitcher rapidly inserted the wire clasps, jarred on the ear.

A boy took the paper, now completed, and carried it down stairs again, where it was counted by tens, laid in piles, and tied up in bundles, one for the Latin School, one for the High School, and one for the Secretary to be sent to subscribers and exchanges. Some were taken to the stores near the Square, and some were left at the office.

Next morning the most beautiful number of the REVIEW yet issued, greeted the scholars as they came to school.

### POLO.

The polo team has done remarkably well so far. The only league game played yet was with Roxbury Latin School, December 30, on Spy Pond. About half an inch of water covered the ice, making passing almost impossible. The Roxbury fellows played hard and made two or three clever shots at goal but good defense by Cambridge kept them from scoring. Warnock and Clarkson rushed well. Saul played the defensive most of the time. Brown was the weak spot in the team, judging from the number of stops in goal.

#### ROXBURY.

Graham, r.

———, r.

George, c.

Abbott, h.

Simpson, g.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

r. Warnock

r. Clarkson

c. Saul

h. Brown

Dyer

g. { F. Clarkson

Score: Cambridge, 6; Roxbury, 0. Goals by Clarkson and Warnock. Time: 20m. halves.

#### Other games.

Cambridge, 2 goals. Harvard, 0.

“ 20 points. Camb. Ice Polo, 19 points.

“ 10 “ Felton A. A. 9 “

“ 1 goal. Waltham, 0.

“ 1 “ Arlington, 2 goals.

The track team has come out with the

following men, Applegate, Usher and Garrett. Others are expected soon, Kelley, Dow, J. Blackburn, Estrada, Emerson and McCarthy. A captain will be elected soon and then the team will put in lots of work. Frank Fuller bids fair to become a record breaker in a year or two. The Cambridgeport gymnasium will be used again this winter if the number of candidates is as large as last year.

### BOWLING.

On the last day of the year 1896 a match game was bowled at the Colonial Club, on Quincy Street, by a team of C. L. S. '97, and a picked team from the High School. It was a very exciting contest, the Latin School winning out by a single pin. Thomas was the high bowler on the Latin School team, but Warnock was the highest of all with a three string total of 491 and a single string of 180. Saul, had an off night, as did Chandler, who took Clarkson's place. Hyde, who was the official scorer after Emerson resigned, did not make any mistake, owing to the carefulness of the bowlers. Ice water was served between the strings, much to the delight of all present. This match was so exciting and pleasant, that Captain Lewis will arrange another match to be rolled at an early date. The Latin School team has thus far won all its games, and would like games with other school teams.

#### THE SCORE.

##### LATIN SCHOOL.

|           |     |     |     |      |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Doyle     | 127 | 131 | 131 | 389  |
| Lewis     | 125 | 147 | 109 | 381  |
| Peters    | 122 | 135 | 124 | 381  |
| Thomas    | 159 | 122 | 152 | 433  |
| Blackburn | 144 | 145 | 106 | 385  |
|           | 677 | 670 | 622 | 1969 |

##### HIGH SCHOOL.

|          |     |     |     |      |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Warnock  | 179 | 180 | 132 | 491  |
| Saul     | 102 | 95  | 113 | 310  |
| Currie   | 128 | 146 | 131 | 405  |
| Usher    | 160 | 151 | 146 | 457  |
| Chandler | 93  | 108 | 104 | 305  |
|          | 662 | 890 | 626 | 1968 |



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## ATHELETICS AT C. M. T. S.

*Concluded from page 10.*

one in '90 and '91, and George Sawin who kicked one during the season just finished.

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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

VOL.

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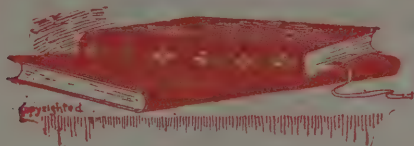
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

The anniversary of the birth of Washington is almost here. Some will rejoice because they will have a holiday, and give but little thought to the life of the great general. Others, perhaps, will have interest enough to look up in some condensed history the deeds of valor performed and the hardships endured by the father of our country. A few, perchance, will think of what caused this man to give up a beautiful home and pleasant life for the discomforts of camp and the toil of war. At any rate, in whatever class we put ourselves, we are compelled to give at least a passing thought to the life of this eminent soldier, statesman, patriot. Consequently, the state does well to call to our minds the man who did so much for us; and even though we do not profit by his example, yet we are compelled to pay tribute to his sterling character.



One of the frequent sights on Washington's birthday is the national flag displayed from private residences, club-houses, government-buildings, and schools. We suppose that there must be some good reason why our city government has, while supplying nearly every school,

primary and grammar, with a means of displaying the flag, failed to provide any such means for either of the high schools. We are forced to admit that a flag-staff adds nothing to the beauty of a building. But we hope that when the new Latin School building is erected, some means will be provided so that weas students may have some part in celebrating state and national holidays; so that we may feel that our education is one of the strongholds of American liberty and independence.



The college examiners have long complained of the poor spelling that they sometimes find in examinations. In the first class of the Latin School we sometimes hear the same complaint, and no doubt it is often likewise heard at the High School. When a fellow spells "treacherous" "treaturous," we cannot but believe that the complaint is well made. Perhaps the fault lies in the grammar school courses. Spelling is so much a matter of memory that when students come to the study of the higher branches of learning, they naturally do not feel inclined to learn to spell. When one receives a business letter with a misspelled word, there naturally comes a feeling of disgust, and again there

are people who feel insulted upon finding a misspelled word in a personal letter. Express yourself so that you will be understood, then look out for correct English and spelling.



On stormy days, when the bells ring for no session in lower grade schools, there naturally comes to the minds of high school students the question as to the justice of the rule compelling them to go to school, storm or no storm. While an unexpected holiday is a very pleasant surprise, there are other sides to the question. Outside of the question of the health of the smaller boys, there comes up the argument that sooner or later the students will go into business, where inclement weather is not allowed to interfere with the daily routine. The more business principles we get into our school life, the better it is for us. As the girls are not obliged to come on such days, they are outside of this question; but many of them attend for the sake of their lessons. Such action is to be commended. A walk of a mile or so (for the electrics do not pass everybody's door) in a blinding snowstorm is quite an undertaking for a young lady impeded by long garments, school-books and umbrella.



The Boston papers have several times recorded polo games in which a team called the "Cambridge Latin" team took part. Whether this name is of newspaper composition, the opponents' ignorance, or the team's misrepresentation, there is much doubt. Certainly there is no authorized "Cambridge Latin" team. Several have called attention to this, and expressed themselves very strongly against the continuance of such a violation of the rules of the athletic association. That the team in question has made a fairly good record for itself does not come into the discussion. The fact remains that the general public is given to understand that a team under such an appellation is playing under

the sanction of the athletic association. Since such is not the case, we expect that the fellows concerned will immediately and gladly correct the error into which they have fallen.



St. Valentine's day is almost here. How popular the festival is can better be determined by the confectioner than by an editor. The proper features of the day are very pretty and enjoyable, but the twisted and distorted features are rude, disgusting, and sometimes even improper. Some people are very sensitive, and to receive a coarse caricature hurts more than we would imagine. Personally we have no regard for such pictures as are misnamed "Valentines," and care not if they come by the cart-load; but there are those who do care, and it is well to remember as much when contemplating the sending of such prints.



In our January issue we had an Editorial stating that the comic opera, "Arabella of Tournay," was to be given in behalf of the athletic association. At that time it was almost decided to give it under the name of the association, but several difficulties arose which proved the plan impracticable. The following communication from the managers will explain:

To the Editors of the REVIEW:

We wish to contradict the statement made in an editorial in your paper last month, to the effect that the comic opera, "Arabella of Tournay," was to be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The statement was not made on our authority, nor had we any knowledge of it until we saw it in print. It was the original desire of the authors to give the opera for the Association, but there was unfortunately no money in the treasury to defray the heavy expenses.

W. F. WYETH,

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*Managers.*

## A CANOE STORY.

*(Continued.)*

Dropping his paddle a moment, he piled the canoe rug, pillows and shawl upon the lady. He regained his paddle quickly, and it was well that he did so, for a small gale of wind was driving the canoe forward at a racing gait and the choppy waves were trying hard to get over the railings.

Suddenly the paddler's face blanched, and uttering a cry of anguish, he backed water with all the vigor of his strong, athletic body, but the impetus of the canoe was not to be so easily overcome, and it struck a large log, which had been used by the day's swimmers, with tremendous force, crushing in the bow and throwing both occupants into the turbulent stream.

Very fortunately, the two people came up close together, and George was enabled to support the lady until he could place her in such a position that she could rest part of her weight upon the spruce log which had caused the accident. The water was warm so that they were not very chilly, although of course they were not very comfortable in the water. The canoe had turned upon its side, and was floating near by, bottom side up, a few feet from the log. The bow was smashed in, so that any thoughts of righting her and getting in again were not to be heeded for an instant.

Neither person had spoken a word or uttered a sound at the unpleasant catastrophe, but when George had reached the log in safety with his fair burden, he simply said, "Thank God," and he said it very fervently, though simply. The lady heaved a sigh of relief as she put her hands upon the log. Then she did a thing very contrary to her unimpulsive nature. She kissed her protector's cheek. For an instant he rested in the water, with one arm on the log, the other supporting the lady, as

though he had been electrocuted. Then a thrill went through his whole body, and he ardently returned the kiss. His action brought the lady back to the practical world and she said,—

"Let's get ashore promptly. It still rains, and I don't care to catch cold. I can swim, so we two can push this log to the shore in a few moments."

They started to carry out her suggestion, but they had not proceeded very far when they heard a shout a short way up the river. George returned it, and in a moment later the two young men in the racing canoe came alongside the log. After a hurried consultation, they decided that they could take the lady into their canoe, and that George should push his own canoe ashore. Accordingly the lady climbed upon the slippery log and then got into the middle of the canoe. The two young fellows then proceeded towards the boat house, and soon were out of George's sight.

He swam over to his canoe, which was drifting down the river. The paddles and everything else had disappeared. He headed his boat in the direction that the other canoe had just taken and soon was making fair progress towards his destination. Yet he did not move so fast but that he had plenty of time for thought. First he cursed his luck at having gotten the lady into such a scrape and then he thanked his lucky stars that it had not resulted more seriously. On the whole this latter feeling predominated and when, twenty minutes later, he reached the float, he was in a fairly good temper.

The news of the mishap had circulated among the fellows at the club house, and when he stood, all dripping with water upon the float, there were several fellows there with umbrellas



to shake hands with him and say in compassionate tones, "Hard luck." He inquired for the lady and was told that she was making a change of apparel in the ladies' room. George then went to his locker, got into a pair of dry trousers and a sweater and then telephoned from the office for a carriage. While he was waiting for it to arrive, he was chaffed a little by some of the club men, and one of them remarked consolingly, "Never mind. You're only number two to-day. A high school fellow had just landed his girl to-day, when he flopped over very neatly. Lucky for him that he didn't wet the girl, for she was my sister." The crowd laughed heartily, but George did not pay any attention to these last remarks, for a boy had touched him on the elbow and told him that the carriage had come and he had started off to find Miss Puffer while the speaker was yet speaking.

He found her in the ladies' parlor looking quite picturesque in a sweater, borrowed skirt and shawl. She came forward as he entered the room and extended her hand, which he took and pressed quite warmly. "I'm very glad you are not more distressed by that lamentable accident. If you are ready to go home, there is a carriage outside ready for you."

"All right," said she. "I am feeling quite comfortable, so don't distress yourself about me. I hope you will not feel any serious effects from it," and she raised her eyes full of concern to his face.

"Oh, not a bit," laughed he, "and now come along, and we'll get you home in a hurry," and he took her by the arm and led her towards the door. Outside they found it still raining, though not so violently as when they were on the river. George gave the driver the address and then got inside the carriage. Neither person spoke much during the ten minutes ride, until they were nearing her street, when Miss Puffer said, "Of course you'll come in for a few moments so as to let mother know what has happened. Not that she will blame you any,

but she will feel much more satisfied if she hears the story from you."

George could not do otherwise than acquiesce. The sound of a carriage stopping at the door had caused some concern in the minds of the inmates of the house, and the bell was answered very promptly by Mrs. Puffer in person. She did not recognize her daughter at first, and when she did, of course she was very curious to know why she was attired in such a strange costume. But as the doorway was rather an inconvenient place, especially in a rainstorm, for telling the reasons for the strange adventures of the day, Mrs. Puffer ushered them into the library where a fire in the open grate made things look very comfortable.

The three seated themselves about the fireplace and George commenced his story. He had not got along very far when the door opened and in walked a young fellow of seventeen, Miss Puffer's brother. "Holloa, Mr. Saunders," said he, "I hear you had an adventure this evening. Awfully glad you didn't have any serious results."

George looked rather disgusted at the intrusion and the young fellow's chaff. He was perfectly willing to rehearse the story before Mrs. Puffer, but he was not willing to give this young schoolboy the opportunity of having a laugh at his expense. "Yes, we had quite an experience this evening. By the way, Mrs. Puffer, when does the — club house have its next election? I understand that you are an important member of the nominating committee, and I suppose you are hard at work considering the claims of the various factions."

Jack finding himself so neatly left to himself, turned his attention to his sister. "Well, Marguerite, you're a daisy in that sweater. Say, how in thunder did you happen to go overboard, anyway? I always thought he was a corking canoeist."

Miss Puffer, seeing that her mother and George were much engrossed in their conversa-

tion of club affairs, ventured a reply. "So he is, but some of those wicked boys who were in swimming to-day, left a log in the middle of the river, and in the dark we ran into it. Now, Mr. Smarty, since I presume you were wasting your time in that very river this afternoon and no doubt left that log in the middle, you can do your studying this evening."

"All right; I'm awfully sorry I can't accept your kind invitation to stay, but duty calls me and I must obey," and he retired with a very sarcastic bow.

"Now, Mr. Saunders," said Mrs. Puffer, "since that tiresome boy has retired, will you kindly go on with your story?"

"Well," said George, "to cut a long story short, the storm caught us on the river. I was hurrying so fast that in the darkness I did not see a log until we were right upon it, and there was nothing else to do but to run into it. Consequently we were thrown into the water. John Knapp and Fred Colburn came along soon after and took Miss Puffer into their canoe, and I swam alongside mine, and reached the boat house about half an hour after they did. As soon as we got some dry clothes, we came home."

"You are very modest," said Mrs. Puffer, "let me hear your side of the story, Marguerite."

"Mr. Saunders has not said anything about how hard he worked to get back before it rained, or how he helped me get a hold on that mean old log, or that he suggested to those two fellows that they take me into their canoe. He was very kind to me at the boat house also, borrowing this sweater, this tennis skirt, these tennis shoes and a lot of other things for me, that is, he told those fellows to do so, which amounts to the same thing. For my part, I enjoyed the upsetting very much. It was quite fun."

"I am very glad that it did not result seriously," said Mrs. Puffer, rising. "I guess

you will have to excuse me, as some one is calling," and as she opened the door, there was a distinct "Mother!" heard from the stairs.

Miss Puffer sat looking into the open fire as though she saw something very interesting amid the serpentine flames which licked the wood with fiendish persistency. George was looking, with admirable interest, at a painting over the mantelpiece. Both did this for fully half a minute, then as if the same impulse controlled both, they turned their eyes towards each other; of course their glances met. Both laughed, he rather heartily, she with a very sweet rippling laugh that sounded very pleasant to him.

"Marguerite," said he, "I will in all probability never forget this day. You are very good to make no fuss about the accident, as many would do. I hope you will not be very long in deciding upon your answer. Can you tell me when you will be ready to decide?"

She looked him fully in the face with a sorrowful look in her gray eyes as she answered, "You may come Tuesday evening and I will give you an answer."

"Thank you very much," said he as he arose. At the door he said, "I will send a boy around for those things Monday if you desire it." He gravely kissed her hand and departed.

George Saunders walked to his rooms in a rather thoughtful state of mind. He found a letter awaiting him, but he did not open it immediately. He sat down in a reclining chair and lit a pipe, and as he smoked, he seemed to get into a more cheerful state of mind. As he refilled it, he said half aloud, "Sorry I lost my best pipe, but this'll do on a pinch. Now for Susie's letter." He tore it open, and read aloud:—

"Dear George: Come down to-morrow evening. Miss Brownwell will be here, and of course she will be disappointed if you are not on hand. Be sure. Supper at five you know. Don't fail.—Your darling sister, SUE."



He whistled quite audibly as he finished reading this note. A perplexed look came into his face and he leaned back and pulled hard on his pipe. He watched the smoke curl and twist about in fantastic shapes, but he did not see anything in the smoke except the faces of two women, — one a bright society face, with bright eyes and a winning mouth; the other a sweet, sedate face, grey eyes and rather serious mouth. He began to compare the women, and after he had done so, he got up from his chair, went to his desk and wrote to his sister that he could not accept; that he had promised to go to church on Sunday evening.

Tuesday evening came, and Saunders made his call. He was seated in the parlor, waiting for Marguerite to come down, and as he had nothing else to do, he commenced to think. He was awakened by the rustling of a skirt, and a very cheerful voice saying:

"Good-evening, Mr. Saunders."

Her tone, her looks, the manner in which she extended both hands left him, no doubt, as to what his answer would be, and he was glad that he had gone to church on Sunday night.

THE END.



### ALUMNI DINNER.

The second annual dinner of the alumni of the Cambridge Latin School will be held Saturday evening, February 13, at 7 P. M., at the hotel Brunswick, Boston, under the auspices of the Harvard C. L. S. Club. Edmund Kent Arnold, '91, will be toastmaster. Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Chapman have already consented to speak; Professor LeBarron R. Briggs, E. H. S., '71, now Dean of Harvard College, and Dr. William Everett, E. H. S., '52, will probably speak. There will probably be several extempore speeches also. The subjects for the speeches are left to the choice of the speakers.

The interscholastic base-ball cup, which has now become the permanent property of the schools, will be presented at this time. A committee will receive the cup, and this committee will, in its turn hand the cup over to the schools,—if possible, at a mass-meeting, called for that purpose.

The committee of the Harvard-C. L. S. Club, which has charge of the arrangements for the dinner consists of Messrs. J. F. Osborn, C. L. S., '92; C. A. McGrew, '93, and H. N. Stearns, '95. The committee has notified all

who have graduated from the school, since its foundation, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance, and that the dinner will be a great success. A full account will appear in the March REVIEW.



### LAPSUS LINGUAE.

At the Idler Club, the other night,  
Under the brilliant, dazzling light,  
Sat, ensconced in an old arm-chair,  
Silent, alone, a maiden fair.  
While she rested, calm of mind,  
*Un Français* came up behind;  
Leaning over the Radcliffe girl:

"*Comment vous portez-vous, Mademoiselle!*

*Bon soir, n'est-ce pas?*" This he said,  
Bending over her golden head.

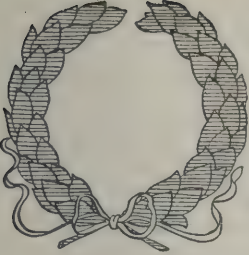
Startled, she quickly sprang from her chair,  
Turned, and stammered, with frightened air,

"Oh, this is so sudden, sir!" No more

She said, but confused sore,  
Fled, and left a bewildered man, —  
*Le Français* did not understand.

The Frenchman wonders, to this day,  
Why that maiden stays away  
From the site of Fay House dear,  
When *his* duties call *him* there.





# DEBATING SOCIETIES



On Wednesday December 23, a Mock Trial was held in the Latin School hall. Owing to lack of time on the part of the members of the Rhetorical Committee, the affair was not as well arranged as usual; and since the weather was poor, some of those expected to take part failed to appear, so the trial was partly extemporaneous. Nevertheless, there was a large attendance, and considerable laughter provoked.

Mr. Davidson, alias Alexander Mephistopheles Hardup, was charged with the embezzlement of three cents from his employer, Mr. Amos Skinflint, and with absconding with same for parts unknown. Several witnesses after swearing upon a copy of Homer's Iliad to tell nothing but lies, were called upon the stand and questioned by lawyers Blackburn and Wyman for the prosecution, and Estabrook and Witte for the defence. Some very amusing evidence was given.

Judge Chipman had considerable trouble in keeping order, especially among the gentlemen (?) of the jury. The meeting was adjourned without a verdict.

A large audience, including about a dozen young ladies were present at the meeting held January 22. The question for discussion was: *Resolved*, That the present difficulty in Harvard Square can best be rendered by taking the triangle between Boylston, Brattle and Mt. Auburn streets as a public square. As usual, two members down on the card were absent, so Mr. Estabrook spoke extemporaneously for

the affirmative, and Mr. Wyman for the negative.

Mr. Sumner opened with a brief speech for the affirmative, and Mr. Counahan spoke concisely for the negative. Mr. Estabrook followed in his usual eloquent and witty style for the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. Wyman for the negative. After one or two short speeches from the floor, Mr. Estabrook summed up for the affirmative, and Mr. Wyman for the negative.

On Friday evening, January 29, was held the semi-annual election of officers. The following were elected for the remainder of the school year: President, Estabrook, '97; Vice-President, Wyman, '97; Secretary, Chipman, '97; Treasurer, Mason, 1900. Mr. Estabrook at first refused a re-election, but was at length prevailed upon to accept the nomination. This makes the present board, except the Secretary, the same as last term.

The Rhetorical Committee is as follows: Dow, '98; J. Blackburn, '98; Miss Norris, '97; Miss Southworth, 1900; Miss Taylor, 1900; Vice-President, *ex officio*, chairman. Nearly all the members were present.

Right here it seems in order to say a word about the membership. Thirty seems a very small number for a school of over three hundred members. If the members of '97 and '98 would take an active interest in the society, it would encourage the younger pupils, and become one of the best features of a preparatory school.

The High School Debating Society held an open debate on Friday evening, Jan. 22. The following subject was discussed by a large number of speakers: "*Resolved*,—That capital punishment should be abolished." Messrs. Dewing, Donovan, Kelso, and others spoke. The society had, for the first time during this year, the pleasure of listening to the debating of one (member) of the "fair sex." This person was Miss Mary D. Weren, '99. She not only offered argument, but during the latter part of the meeting replied to the argument of another. It is expected that other young ladies will follow her example.

On Friday, Feb. 5, the society held a Mock Trial. Messrs. Robinson '97. and Kelso, '98, were judge and clerk respectively.

The prisoner, John Stokes (Houston '98) was accused of stealing an overcoat on Jan. 32, 1842. He was had in charge of "Sheriff" Jaquith. The lawyers for prosecution were Miller '97, and Arnold '99. They were opposed by Dewing '98, and Donovan '98. The witnesses were all attired in costumes agreeing with their names. They were "Farmer Hayseed" (Haley '99) "Chauncey Depew, Jr." (Kendall 1900) "Jay Gould Spriggetts" (Van Daell '98), "Jacob Kilrain" (Spragg '99) "Jesse James" (Hawkes '99) and "Cholly" (Garfield 1900). Mr. W. A. Parker was chosen foreman of the jury. The other

jurymen were Messrs. McCarthy, Donovan, Cutler, Hughes, Pratt, and Boyson. The evidence as brought forward was very clear, and there were no contradictory statements except those pertaining to the color of the coat. That article was, in turn, spoken of as being brown, black, green, and several other colors; in fact, the jury became so confused that they were obliged to call for the coat before rendering a verdict. Mr. Miller made a good plea, but it was excelled by that of Mr. Donovan, whose style throughout was very eloquent. After receiving from the judge their charge, in which they were advised to award the case to the side which had given them the largest bribe, the jury retired, but soon returned with a verdict. It is very evident that they followed the advice of the judge, for their foreman stated to the court that they found the prisoner guilty.

He was sentenced by the court to wear the coat among his friends (and enemies) for the next thirty days, and if seen without it to be subject to a fine not exceeding the original cost of the overcoat.

At the next meeting of the Society, the labor question will be discussed.

A short time ago the Society held a special meeting at the close of school. Miss Mary Lathrop '97, was elected to the office of treasurer, to take the place of Mr. Fred Webster, resigned.



## Communication.



*To the Members of '98:*

We members of '98 do not feel proud of the class meetings that were held last month. We cannot be severe in our blame of each other because so many of us have reason to reproach ourselves; but what would a stranger have thought of those meetings, the name of which was 'chaos'; what would he have thought of the unparliamentary proceedings, the useless and wearing discussion? Perhaps we don't care for what strangers would think; but what is your opinion, classmates, after you have quietly thought it over? No one can approve of the way in which we did our business; perhaps the business itself was wise, perhaps otherwise; but one thing was done that I think every one who considers the matter fairly, will regret; and that is what I ask you to do, to consider the matter fairly.

Classmates, we voted not to have a Constitution. Do you know what that means? It means, first of all, that we are not an organized body; strictly speaking, we have not and had not any right to do business; we are only loosely bound together by our common connections with Greek, Latin, and the rest of our studies. When we are graduated, what then? Shall we quietly sink out of existence as an organization? Members of '98, is that all your loyalty, is that all your spirit? Where is your pride? Shall we be the first to drop out of the number of the Alumni Associations, because—well, classmates, I ask you why? Perhaps you are above pride; well, then, appeal to your personal feeling. Perhaps we may fight each other in class meeting; but, underneath it all, I believe we have a warm friendship for our classmates; are we willing to sever our connections with those classmates, when we receive our diplomas?

Let us look at the practical side! We have

never had a Class Constitution, so we have not had a chance to observe its disadvantages; but in other bodies, from this great country of ours down to the little church society, I have never heard that a Constitution was only a source of trouble. The very fact that classes continue to adopt Constitutions, seems to be a proof that there is some good in them. On the other hand, we have had a chance to observe what it is to be without a Constitution. A class meeting without interest is stagnation; a class meeting with interest and without order, is what our last month's meetings were, perhaps multiplied by ten. Is there no alternative? Yes, *there is*, and that alternative is law and order that will not necessarily crush interest. Do you say, "Let us follow parliamentary law, we need no rules of our own." Then, my friends, some of us had better study parliamentary law, and if we studied it as much as we ought, I think our report cards would suffer. We have not time to spend (or waste) every meeting in fighting over parliamentary details. We are not too familiar with "Cushing's Manual;" but we can't afford to have whole chapters quoted to us every meeting.

What we need is a simple set of laws that will make us an organized body that can hold up its head with the rest, and that will be a guide for us in our meetings. There are two other points: that of a quorum and that of membership, that might be enlarged upon; but I have said enough. Think them out for yourselves, and I have confidence in the decision that you will reach.

I ask again, as I did before, look into the matter faithfully; and then, when the time comes for the subject of a Constitution to be considered again, vote with your eyes open, whether it be for or against reason and loyalty to your class.

MABEL L. ABBOTT,

*A member of '98.*





|               |            |                      |        |
|---------------|------------|----------------------|--------|
| J. Blackburn. | Miller.    | A. Blackburn, Kelly. | Lewis. |
| Locke.        | Houston.   | Manager.             |        |
|               | Estabrook. | Warnock, Jaquith.    | Dow.   |
|               | Simmons,   | Capt.                |        |
|               | Donovan.   | Garrett.             |        |

## ❧ NOTA DE ALUMNIS. ❧

Miss Annie F. Stratton, C. L. S., '94, is Secretary of Radcliffe, '98.

Four graduates of the Latin School are playing on the Harvard Ice Polo Team. F. J. Goodridge, '94, is captain and rusher, W. L. Beardsell, '96, the other rusher, E. W. Stevens, '95, centre, and C. E. Baldwin, '95, goal.

A. M. Chandler, '96, is a member of the Harvard Freshman Debating Club.

Miss Helen W. Munroe, '92, is Treasurer of the Radcliffe Graduate Club.

E. B. Cresap, '93, A. J. Marshall, A. W. Wise and E. S. Wise, '95, recently received deturs at Harvard.

Miss Caroline L. Humphrey, '94, is President of the Radcliffe Tennis Club, and also of the Athletic Club.

A meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club was held on the evening of Jan. 12, at the room of Mr. W. L. Raymond, '95. The three alumni members of the newly formed Athletic Committee were elected as follows: A. P. Stone, '89, now a lawyer in Boston; Max Benshimol, '91, now in the Harvard Graduate School; and C. F. Sanborn, E. H. S., '94, now in the Harvard Medical School.

Miss Edith L. Sawyer, C. L. S., '94, is Leader of the Radcliffe Mandolin Club.

Miss B. E. Hahn, '95, is President of the German Club at Radcliffe.

Miss Anna M. Vaughan, '93, is Vice-President of the Radcliffe Athletic Club.

Miss Edith W. Taylor, '93, is Secretary of the Idler Club.

Joseph E. Sharkey, E. H. S., '95, is College and Cambridge Correspondent for the "Boston Traveler."

A. C. Lamb, E. H. S., '93, L. J. Seidensticker, '94, Harold W. Jones, '95, and Burt R. Rickards, '95, are attending Technology.

Harry A. MacKusick, E. H. S., '95, is connected with the Chemical Department of the Boston Woven Hose Company, Cambridge.

Charles F. Sanborn, E. H. S. '94, is studying at the Harvard Medical School.

C. A. McGrew, C. L. S., '93, is Harvard Correspondent for the Boston "Advertiser" and "Record."

George E. Close, E. H. S., '93, is in the candy business, with his father.

The Class of '96, C. L. S., on Friday evening, Jan. 22, in the Austin Street Church Vestry, repeated the plays given last year in the same place. The plays were under the stage-direction of Mr. W. V. MacGill, and were called: "A Proposal under Difficulties," and "Ici On Parle Français." The members who took part were Messrs. H. E. Marean, N. W. Tilton, J. B. Hawes, A. M. Goodridge, and W. L. Holt, and Misses E. B. Winslow, M. V. Arnold, Demetria Simmons, K. H. James, and M. D. Watson.

Philip B. Dallinger, E. H. S., '94, is at City Hall, assisting his father, the City Treasurer.

J. F. Osborn, C. L. S., '92, is Secretary of the Harvard Engineering Society.

## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

*"Any Question of General Interest Will Be Cheerfully Answered."*

*Subscriber.*—In reply to your question concerning the definition of "freshman," I refer you to Webster's dictionary, which gives the following—"Freshman—a novice, one in the rudiments of knowledge." Webster also tells us that the meaning of the first syllable is—green, as fresh vegetables," and then later gives as synonyms the words ruddy, not pickled, and unimpaired.

*In Doubt.*—(1) No, a brother should never give his sister away, even at a wedding. (2) "I do not think it wise to send out an announcement of a wedding before it has taken place."

*Student.*—There seems to be a prevailing fashion of saying "not prepared" when called upon to recite. This reply should be avoided if possible. In a recent class in analogy in college, a professor said to one of the students, "Mr. T., you may pass on to the "Future Life." But Mr. T. answered, "Not prepared."

*Searching One.*—I know young men are easily attracted by a pretty face, but before reaching any serious understanding, you must remember it is not always the flower of the family who makes the best bread.

*In Search of an Occupation.*—Mining is profitable when successful. There are three degrees of mining speculation: Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

*Reader.*—Reporters are usually careful, and I think you may safely trust your speeches in their hands. However, remember the lawyer fond of classical terms who said in the courtroom,—*"Amicus Cato, amicus Plato, amicus*

*Cicero sed major veritas* ["a friend to Cato, a friend to Plato, a friend to Cicero, but a greater friend to truth"]. The next morning the lawyer found himself quoted as saying, "I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Cicero, said Major Veritas."

*E. P. H.*—"Unless your hostess gives you permission, you have no right, when accepting her invitation, to take a valet with you."

*Enthusiast.*—Yes, bicycling is the ideal sport all the year round. When it is warm, you coast, and when it is cold you scorch.

*E. H. S.*—The English divisions are laboring to learn to write with correct arrangement of phrases. One paper had upon it this arrangement of words concerning the heroine of the tale: "She had deep hazel eyes, billowy chestnut hair, coral lips and even teeth." This statement that she had teeth rather reveals an uncharitable suspicion in the author's mind up to the time of writing.

*A Friend.*—Although I do not usually answer such juvenile questions, yet I will tell you that I think Cherubim and Seraphim would make very good names for your pet cats. Of course the names can be abbreviated. For instance, perhaps Emerson '97 could give you a nick-name for the former.

*C. L. S. '98.*—I should not advise wearing a dress-suit during the singing-hour Fridays.

*Senior.*—Remember that the young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

*Sportsman.*—Tennis is a game resulting sometimes with more love on one side than the other, although the score has been known to come out—Two: love. It is a curious fact that as ability increases, love decreases.





How few girls have not at some time pondered the question, "What should I do if I awoke and found a burglar in my room?" It is a matter the conditions should determine, but it is a fact that a burglar in a room has an advantage over the inmates, for he is wide-awake, and usually armed. We often read of girls who march boldly out of the room as if seeing no one, but it must be remembered that "discretion is the better part of valor." If one were capable of controlling her nerves, the safest course would be to keep quiet and let the intruder take what he wanted.

He.—"If I had known how sarcastic you were I would never have married you."

She.—"You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say 'This is so sudden,' when you proposed after a two years' courtship?"

How times have changed since Chaucer wrote,

"Pleasant, and fetys withalle  
Gente, and in hir middel smalle."

When a Japanese woman goes into a shop to purchase dress goods, she must tell the keeper her age and whether she is married or not, for there are certain styles for ages and relations. Thus a woman's age and her single or married state may easily be told by any casual witness of her gown.

"He squandered \$10 for roses, you see—

Her joy in the gift was immense,  
But little she dreamed that his dinner would be  
Three buckwheats that cost him ten cents."

There is a strange prevailing custom in parts of Holland during the carnival season. Many girls who have not what in the language of the vulgar is called a "stiddy beau," hire some one who shall accompany them through the festivities. Of course the young man must be good-looking, good-natured, and a tireless dancer. Some times the hireling develops into a real lover, and the girl receives a husband of her own choosing.

We have on record many singular instances of men who call themselves and are called women-haters. They have different devices for isolating themselves from the opposite sex, some of which are decidedly original. One man when he went to the theatre would engage three seats and sit in the middle one, so that no woman should sit near him. Henry Cavendish, the eminent chemist, was accustomed to carry on a correspondence with his housekeeper, and his servants were under strict orders that no female should come into his presence. A man now living near London carries this hatred to such an extreme that he allows no woman, however menial, to be employed under his roof.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

On Friday evening, Feb. 26, the Webster Club will give a drama and dance at Odd Fellows' Hall, North Cambridge.

The following members will take part: Misses Jeanie Jouett, Hattie Simpson, Edith Brooks, and Bessie Johnson, Messrs. Hyde, Lochman, Shaw, Rice, Tilton, and Hawes.

Dancing from ten to twelve.

The Webster Club is composed mostly of members or graduates of the High and Latin Schools and has always been closely allied to the interests of the schools. Tickets can be had of any member of the club. Mr. Alfred S. Drew, '95, is business manager.

C. L. S. D. S. hold their next meeting on February 12.

The March REVIEW will appear on Thursday, the eleventh, and all copy must be in by the third of the month.

Half-tone cuts of the Foot-Ball team will be sold at ten cents a copy by the REVIEW. Drop your orders in the boxes.

C. L. S. '98 will give a dance at the Colonial Club on March 5th. The matrons will be Mrs. H. H. Winslow, Mrs. B. F. Davenport and Miss Leighton. For further information see the members of the class.

Through the exertions of the Art Department of the Twentieth Century Club, and the co-operation of various parishes and organists, arrangements have been made for twenty free public organ recitals in a number of different churches during the next three months. Some of the recitals are to be at noon and some in the evening, and tickets admitting the bearers to all of them can be had at the Old Corner Bookstore, the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union, and the Young Men's Christian Association and other convenient places. The music rendered will be of a high order, and the organists co-operating include some of the most distinguished in the city.

## ALEXANDER McKENZIE, D. D.

The man whose picture accompanies this sketch needs no introduction to Cambridge readers. For thirty years, Dr. McKenzie has been in our midst, as pastor of the First Church. Graduating from Harvard in '59, with highest honors, and from Andover Theological Seminary, in '62, he was called directly to the largest church in Augusta, Maine, where James G. Blaine was one of his parishioners. After a pastorate of five years there, he accepted a

minister. For a number of years he was a University Preacher at Harvard. He is pre-eminently a students' pastor; he is officially connected with Wellesley, Amherst, Andover Seminary and Hampden Institute, and preaches often at Yale, where he is acknowledged to be the favorite college preacher, at Cornell and elsewhere. He has been, for years, secretary of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, and is the only minister in that body. He



call to the First Church, Cambridge, and on January 24, 1867, he was installed as pastor.

His influence for good in this city is inestimable; and not in our city alone, but throughout this commonwealth and this country. His fame as an orator is widespread; he is pleasing, forceful and witty, speaking without notes, and always ready to respond when called upon for remarks upon any subject.

Dr. McKenzie has preached to more distinguished audiences, at times, and to larger audiences, regularly, than almost any other

has held and now holds important positions in many religious and charitable organizations. He is also at present on the Committee on Nominations of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. McKenzie has been pastor of five of Cambridge's mayors, and it is natural to suppose that he has had some part in winning for our city her enviable reputation for good government; he has certainly been in large part responsible for the splendid series of no-license victories.

Dr. McKenzie served for five years as an



active and efficient member of the Cambridge School Committee. He has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the schools of the city, and it is but right that the schools should reciprocate that interest. Some still remember the address on "Ambition" which he gave at the Latin School in '94.

The editors of the REVIEW wish to congratulate Dr. McKenzie on his long and useful pastorate in this city, and they hope that he may be spared for many more years of usefulness and honor.



### FROM A BUNDLE OF THEMES.

The other night when I was working hard for a mid-year I wanted a note-book which I had left that afternoon in the study. I crept softly down stairs that I might not wake any one. It was nearly twelve o'clock, but I felt I must study and the morrow's "exam." lay heavy on my mind. I found the book where I had left it, on the window seat. As I sat down for a minute to rest my tired eyes in the grateful darkness of the room, I glanced out on the whiteness below. The moon cast its silver beams on the white snow, making the outer world a veritable fairyland.

It did not seem as though any one could be wicked in such a beautiful world. Yet as I looked at the infinite, twinkling stars in the deep blue sky I seemed to see with them, so many different scenes. — Here in a small farmhouse in a quiet New Hampshire village, is a child, dying. The agonized mother is kneeling beside the bed, sobbing as she prays that her darling may live. The blunt farmer is pacing the floor, his arms folded; his shaggy beard making more intense the pallor of this weather-beaten face, rests on a slowly heaving bosom. The good doctor of the village is gazing at the child with hopeless but infinite pity.

Now I see a number of young men sitting at a table, on which is strewn a confused litter of

champagne bottles, glasses, cards and chips. They are students; one whose face though flushed is firm and a trifle desperate, is evidently not used to such a midnight vigil. He is losing rapidly and as he reaches in his pocket for more money he accidentally pulls out a letter received that morning. A letter to warm the heart of any honest boy. A proud, loving trustful motherly letter; written by one who is pinching, saving and denying herself to send her fatherless boy, her handsome clever boy through college; yet here he is squandering that money. At the sight of the letter he falters a moment, then putting the money back in his pocket with the letter, he throws down his cards, mutters some inaudible excuse and taking his hat leaves his astonished companions.

Again I see with the golden stars into a narrow dirty court in a crowded city. A brutal looking man reels out of a saloon and unsteadily mounting the rickety stairs of a miserable tenement house enters a small bare room. A forlorn-looking woman, whose pinched hungry face might have been pretty once, sits rocking a bundle of rags, containing a most forlorn mite of humanity, slowly two and fro. As the man enters the room with unsteady steps she looks up and utters a few words, but they are received with a volley of abuse, oaths and a staggering blow. She gives a slight scream and sinks back into her corner sobbing.

In another part of the city in another room a bright, pretty woman sits before a blazing fire chatting merrily with a couple of young people. Their bright talk is interrupted by the entrance of a tall, handsome man. His honest eyes meet those of his young wife in perfect love as she greets him with a kiss.

. . . . .

The large old-fashioned clock in the hall strikes one and with a frightened start I leave my cosy window seat to finish my dream in my little white bed.

## C. L. S., '97, DRAMA.

The drama given by the Class of '97 of the Latin School, Friday evening, February fifth, entitled "Tulu" was a great success. The hall of the Newtowne Club House was well filled and all seemed to enjoy the entertainment. This was the first class play given this year and it is to be hoped that any which may follow will pass off as well. Miss Eleanor Wesselhoeft in the rôle of the Duchess deserves special notice. Her part was excellently learned and well acted. The haughty and disagreeable manner of the traditional English duchess was perfectly assumed, especially in the last act when her wrath at the loss of her jewels overcomes all other feelings. Great credit is due Miss Wesselhoeft for the perfect rendering of this difficult part.

Miss Louise I. McWhinnie, as Petrolia the American heiress, was excellent. It was all done in a simple and natural way that won the attention and admiration of the audience. She was completely at her ease and fulfilled the part allotted her in a way that does her credit. At the end of the first act she made her greatest hit. Who would have thought that was a practised "stage" scream?

Tulu, as represented by Miss Alice Phillips, was an irresistible personage. Such volumes of slang and impudence as flowed from her lips could not be surpassed. Her side play was very good and the better for being original. The touching scene at the end of the last act will not soon be forgotten.

The male characters were all well represented. Mr. Elliott Emerson assumed well the airs, slang, and drawl of an English lord. His was a hard part, to show that he was a fool and yet not to appear one; and no fault could be found with his representation of it, except, perhaps, with his love-making.

Mr. H. Stanley Hyde, as cousin of Petrolia, was also good. His make-up, especially the curly locks, was bewitching. In the third act, his air of injured innocence was well affected. Mr. Alexander Blackburn, in his side plays with Tulu was very good; also his imitation of Petrolia and Jack. This was also a difficult and well acted part.

The "h's" of the English tongue were nicely dropped and inserted by Robinson, impersonated by Mr. W. Raymond Estabrook. He preserved through the play the immobile countenance of the "feudal retainer."

Great credit is due Mr. William V. MacGill for the smoothness and ease with which the play went off. He has given much time and trouble to the drilling of the actors.

The drama was followed by a dance, for which most of the audience remained. The music was fine and dancing was enjoyed till twelve o'clock, when the merry party broke up with many congratulations on the success of the entertainment.

Many alumni were noticed among the spectators, some who had assisted in the presentation of dramas of classes which have graduated from the two High Schools. There were also many strangers present who were not particularly interested in the class, but who had come out of curiosity and to have a good time. These seemed to enjoy themselves as well as those who were better acquainted.

The business matters of the play have been managed by Mr. Harris H. Murdock, and it is needless to say anything in praise of the management when one has seen the dainty tickets, programmes, and dance orders, which are the result of much care and thought.

Thanks are due to Mr. Humphrey for his very efficient prompting.



## CURRENT EVENTS.

In the middle of the year 1895 the world was startled by the news that Stambuloff, the great statesman and ex-premier of Bulgaria, had been murdered by three assassins on the street in Sofia. The men were tried last month by a military tribunal and were convicted, two of whom have been sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

A very startling incident of the trial was when the widow of the murdered statesman charged that the men on the stand were merely tools, and that the present government of Bulgaria were the real murderers.

Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts is mentioned as a very probable successor to Mr. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy. Ex-Governor Long is a fluent speaker, a staunch Republican, and a man genial and pleasant to every one, be he rich or poor.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, recently visited Boston and gave two receptions at her home in Brookline. At present she is in Washington, confined with the grippe.

The first selection definitely announced for the next cabinet is that of Senator John Sherman of Ohio for what is regarded as the most prominent cabinet position, namely, Secretary of State.

The United States Government loses about twenty-five millions a year in second-class mail matter. Postmaster-General Wilson recommends that Congress remedy the evil. He condemns also the wholesale use of the franking privilege.

Prince Luitpold, the Prince-Regent of Bava-

ria, is the first of the present rulers on the European continent to definitely oppose dueling. The minister of war has been instructed to announce that, so far as the army is concerned, the compulsion to fight duels is abolished.

A map of the heavens on which will be definitely located about twenty-two million stars, will be completed before 1900. It was begun in 1891, and has already cost about \$2,000,000. The map will be composed of twenty-seven thousand sections; it would cover an area of two acres if the sections were joined together.

In coast defense our navy now ranks beyond those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria or Italy; in battleships and cruisers, third; in torpedo craft, sixth. Mr. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy, recommended in his annual report that three light-draught battleships and twelve torpedo boats be constructed. In the future the builder must pay the trial expenses, and no speed premiums will be awarded. Vessels are now being constructed in the United States at rates as low as those prevailing in European shipyards.

It has been proven that the Indians are not dying out, as some assert, but are increasing in numbers. There are about three hundred thousand Indians in the United States. *The Indians' Friend* says: "Seventeen thousand Indian boys and girls are being educated under an appropriation by the government of \$2,500,000; but the homes of these children are uncared for, nor does the government aim to provide them with evangel light."





Sleight of hand — Refusing a marriage proposal.

Scientific fruit — Electric currents.

At a school examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One answered that it was a "machine for raising water," another that it was "something that happened to a man after death."

How do you know Hamlet had a bicycle? Because he said, "Watch over my safety while I sleep."

Professor.—"What is the Latin word for beautiful?"

Pupil.—"Puella."

Professor.—"You have the correct idea."

"Pa, why do you call these fountain pens?"

"Because they squirt ink, I suppose."

In war times we had the "tramp of armies," now we have the "army of tramps."

"Pray sir, did you ever see a cat-fish?"

"No, but I've seen a cake-walk."

When does a clock conceal itself?

When it gets behind time.

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished this opportunity but hardly dare to speak for fear you will reject me; but I love you, say that you will be mine! Your smiles

would shed"—here he paused, "your smiles would shed"—

"Oh never mind the woodshed," said Amelia, "go on."

A gentleman presented his wife with a handsome open-face watch and chain and a pair of bracelets. A lady present made the remark, "It isn't often a man has to handcuff his wife and watch and chain her too." The gentleman's quick reply was, "Well, I was open faced about it."

When a man is riddled with bullets the surgeons generally have to give him up.

A bachelor is defined as a man who passes his life mourning over the fact that he has missed the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

"Do you know anything about an old story connected with this building?" an antiquary asked of an old woman near a ruin. "Oh yes," was the reply, "there used to be another old story to it but it fell down long ago."

An old lady in a red clock overtook a ram in a lane. Two startling transformations immediately took place. The ram turned to butt her and the old lady to a scarlet runner.

A chasm that often separates friends :  
Sarcasm.

He.—“What is the brightest idea in the world?”

She.—“I can't guess, do tell me.”

He.—“Your eye, dear.”

Why are there no female bill collectors?

Because a woman's work is never *dun*.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer?

“Warren wrote ‘Now and Then,’ Bulwer wrote ‘Night and Morning,’ and Dickens wrote ‘All the Year Round.’”

“You look so pleased, where have you been?” “I've been visiting dentists' offices, and had a lovely time; got a lot of new ideas for our college yell.”

The artist's adieu to his picture — “You be hanged.”

Youthful customer.—“Should a man shave up or down, Mr. Strop?”

Barber.—“Depends so much on the ah — growth of the hair, sir. In your case I should say decidedly down, sir, down.”

A motto some scholars might well employ — “Better late than never, but better never late.”

Shakespeare must have been a broker because he certainly furnished many stock quotations.

Clara asks, “What disease is most frequently transmitted by kissing?”

A wise editor replies, “Palpitation of the heart, we believe.”

Some one asks why the first class have such a “forward look.”

Don't misjudge them, they are looking forward to June.

Jones asked his wife why a husband was like dough, and expected her to give it up where-

upon he would inform her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said because he was so hard to get off one's hand.

A little boy, being asked if he was the head of his class, replied, “I am where the head of the class used to be only the teacher has turned it around.”

The man who was “rocked in the cradle of the deep” must have slept between sheets of water.

“We were seated in a hammock

On a balmy night in June,

When the world was hushed in slumber

'Neath the guidance of the moon.

I had asked one little question,

And my heart was filled with hope,

But the answer never reached me,

For her brother cut the rope.”

When a certain bachelor was married the members of the Bachelor Club nearly broke him up by sending as a present a copy of “Paradise Lost.”

An advertisement of a music committee was answered in the following manner:

Gentlemen: I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I offer my services.

When a poet tells us that the ocean kissed the shore he does not refer to the fishing smacks.

A man gets angry on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly on hearing that she has a brow of marble, neck of alabaster and lips of coral.

First 'bus in America — Columbus.

# HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Class of '97 gave a dance at the Newtowne Club gymnasium. It was evidently a success socially, as everyone that went said they had just an "elegant" time.

Mid-years!! Ugh!!!

It is rumored that '97 is to give a sleigh-ride.

Richardson, '98, while at C. M. T. S. was called "Punster," presumably for his jokes. Why not write some for the REVIEW?

Class of '99 are glad to have Jaquith with them again.

The class of '98 held a very enjoyable social, January 29, at the home of Miss Alice C. Fitzpatrick. Whist was the important feature of the evening. Miss Connell won the ladies' prize, and Mr. Charles Haley, the gentlemen's. After refreshments the spacious rooms were cleared for dancing which was enjoyed until a late hour.

Has it a record? Ask Miss B-r-e-t!

Miss Wheeler of '96, C. E. H. S., favored the school with a difficult but well-rendered piano selection, a few days ago.

Miss Bingham, '98, has left school on account of her health.

Miss D——r, '98, gets mixed up with that famous "Second Fiddle" every once in a while.

A certain set of senior French divisions seem to be complaining. Have you heard them? You see groups of two, three or four, holding indignation meetings every day. Well, is it

fair that one teacher should use a different method from all the others, and consequently, scholars accustomed to getting 80 get 60 or less?

How about Rob-s-n being the smartest Latin scholar in the school?

The storm on the 28th gave the dancers of the previous night a good excuse for absence.

We wonder if Lover—g has earned enough to pay his board since he has been a teacher of ice-skating.

The editor of the High School Notes wishes to ask the scholars if they will please use the REVIEW Box in the lower corridor more. It is rather hard for one to try to fill two pages, and that is what our notes are supposed to cover.

Why does a certain member of '99 like Turkish Restaurants so well?

Will Miss F——, '98, again have to lose her watch Feb. 17?

You can't always guess at the meaning of French words. For instance, "*taille*" doesn't mean "tail" but "cut."

Who is the W——d I—m-n?

Girls in the cantata must leave their escorts in the reception-room.

Miss More, '98, acted as if she was afraid of the dark.

Antiquated Virginity sounds well—doesn't it?

These dreams are pleasant—aren't they?



HAVE you seen that picture? Pleasure in store if you haven't.

What are you going to do next year? This is what the Seniors say. Some only wish they knew.

We all appreciate having a new singing book.

What meant those groans when Mr. Huling said, "You have your first mid-year to-morrow"?

We don't hear much from the class of 1900 as yet. Perhaps they are a little bashful. They will soon get over that.

Now is the time for your sleigh-ride, '99. You won't have to go on wheels. (Feb. 1.)

Ninety-seven voted not to have new class pins. A young lady of '98 has the model for the new one.

A cantata with one rehearsal a week does not take too much time from lessons, but a drama with one rehearsal a week does (?).

In Latin Class:—

"F——n, go on translating." "That is as far as I got." "Peculiar coincidence— isn't it?"

Who is the present poet laureate of England? Don't show your ignorance.

It makes little difference whether it was at the Battle of Platea or Battle of Mycale that the Greeks burst into the Persian camp.

Horner seems to satisfy the scholars. Some very pretty pictures are to be seen.

It is rumored that '98 are going to give a drama in spite of the example set by '97. Ninety-seven would rather like to give one, though.

Those that were not made of sugar or salt enjoyed the heavy snowstorm. No one really knows "where he's at," going up the path to the High School.

Howard Rhoades has returned to the High School.

Some of the scholars have small pocket-kodaks—look out!

It seems strange that very important personages are so severely criticized. For instance,—and Melba.

A school boy's composition.—A school boy being set to write a composition on the ox, after a long struggle produced the following:—

"An ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but can draw a bigger load, and run twice as fast."

Philological Contrarities.—A gentleman having an appointment with another, who very seldom was on time, to his great surprise found him waiting, and thus addressed him,—“I see you are here first at last; you were always behind before, but I am happy to find you are early of late.”

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd,—“A regular jam,” said another,—“Heaven preserve us!” moaned an old lady.

Captain Applegate! How does it strike upon your ear?

This is a spacer:

Banana Stiletto,  
A dago was he,  
Who played a grind organ  
And owned a monkey.

Banana stilettoed  
A brother dago;  
Banana's in prison  
This is all I know.

# LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Study hard!

The mid-year exams have commenced.

Vacation comes on the 22nd.

Be sure and buy your valentines before they are all picked over.

Class sleigh-rides do not seem to be the fashion just now. But outside of school there have been many during the last snow. One ended in a ride in the electrics.

We have received a letter from a member of the third class who is anxious to have a Chess Club started. We do not know how much enthusiasm there is among the fellows for one, but if all who are interested would say so and put their names in the REVIEW Box immediately, a meeting will be called provided enough respond to ensure its success.

The Webster Club is going to give a drama and dance in Odd Fellows Hall on February 26. Are you going?

J. G. Stone, '01, has left us to attend the Harvard School. We shall miss his voice during singing on Thursdays.

The second class have begun to write Algebra papers and all enjoy it so much!

A few fellows enjoyed an evening with the Delta Omega Chi a short while ago.

Who in '01 forgets to comb his hair?

After school January 25, the second class held a most interesting meeting in Miss Boll's room to plan about a class dance. After some discussion concerning a more or less imaginary constitution, it was voted to give a class dance and the following committee was elected on arrangements:

Henry Winslow, President, *ex officio*. Miss Abbott, Miss Dimick, Guy Bancroft, Donald Barnes.

On the 26th another meeting was held and when it was finally decided that there had not been a quorum on the previous day, it was voted to accept all business accomplished on the 25th. Miss Kastman was elected to succeed Miss Dimick who had resigned from the committee on the dance. A majority of the class expressed a desire to have no constitution. '98 certainly has some excellent stump speakers, who would stand a good show in running for Congress. A dance will be given at the Colonial Club on Friday, March 5.

A Social of the Class of 1901 was held on Friday evening, January 29, 1897, at the home of Master Conant, 22 Lee Street.

The evening was very pleasantly spent in playing a "Penny for your Thoughts," and the "Library Game." The first prizes for the "Library Game" were won by Master Potter and Miss Glidden; for the "Penny Game" by Master Potter and Miss Sears. After these games refreshments were served and Mr. Conant kindly sang for the company.

'01 wishes you to please notice that no "Ancient Greek Games" were played.

'98 held a social at the beautiful home of Miss Davenport at East Watertown, on January the twenty-third. The entertainment for the evening was a short play of one act, entitled, "The Revolving Wedge." It was ably presented by six members of the class. Mr. Winslow as Mr. Martin, the obstinate father, who would not give up his Thanksgiving dinner to see his son play foot-ball, was exceedingly good. Miss Chase did equally as well, and both Miss Davenport and Mr. Clark acted their parts exceedingly well. Miss Abbott made a first-class servant with such beautiful hair, and Mr. Kelsey seemed to be a genuine policeman. The cast is given below.

*"The Revolving Wedge."*

Mr. Martin, a Cambridge citizen,

Mrs. Martin, his wife,

Mr. Winslow.

Miss Chase.

Bob Martin, Harvard foot-ball player,

Mr. Clark.

Nell Martin,

Miss Davenport.

Mike Dolan, a Cambridge Policeman,

Mr. Kelsey.

Norah, Mr. Martin's servant,

Miss Abbott.

Cousin Ned a U. of Penn. man,

Mr. Clark.

Uncle George,

Mr. Kelsey.

After the drama refreshments were served, and then dancing was enjoyed for the remainder of the evening. All left, after a most enjoyable time with many expressions of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Davenport for their kind hospitality.

All the "Naughty Ones" are glad to have Miss Fiske back.



A STUDENT OF THE CLASS OF '02.





### THE TRACK TEAM.

The candidates for the track team have met almost every day at the Harvard board track, and have been doing faithful work under the direction of Captain Applegate. Winslow is doing good work for a beginner; he is giving his attention to the three hundred and the forty. Garrett is in excellent form and will run the three hundred at Newton and at the big indoor meet. Usher is doing fair in the thousand; he is steadily improving. Bartlett and Locke are also running the long distances in fair form. The other candidates are Crowley, Tobin, J. Blackburn, Sullivan, and Sumner. Kelley is expected. Applegate had twenty-three yards on Tom Burke in the B. A. A. meet. He is not at present equal to his last year's form. February 22, the team will go to Newton, and the chief feature will be a team race between Cambridge and Newton. Our best men will compose the team.

The Interscholastic meet comes Saturday, March 6, at Mechanics Building. Cambridge runs against her old rival, Hopkinson, in the team race. On March 11, our team will run against the C. M. T. S. team in the Boston College meet.

### ICE POLO.

Cambridge 4 (points) Somerville 1.

On Tuesday, January 12th on Mystic Pond, occurred one of the finest and hardest fought polo games of the year. According to a recent decision of the league committee, the game will have to be played over again.

The teams played the regular two twenty-minute halves, and were unable to score against each other in that time. An extra 10-minute period was started and Cambridge got her goal after 4 minutes of play. The game itself was a grand display of team-play execution and individual brilliancy.

Capt. Lyman of Somerville was never seen to better advantage. No other player on either side bore any comparison with him in individual rushing and manœuvring with the ball. The Somerville team seemed to think that he could play the whole game by himself, consequently he had considerable to do.

To Warnock belongs the honor of Cambridge's victory. While he did not distinguish himself by excellency in team tactics, depending too much on his own ability, he was equal to the occasion when it presented itself.

The goal did not come till late in the afternoon, and the decision caused much discussion as to justness. Warnock was on the right side of the goal and made a left-hand drive at the space between the posts. The ball struck the half-back's feet and glanced into the goal. Somerville claimed that the obstruction the ball met in front of the goal threw it up so that it went above the required height.

Both teams had narrow escapes from having goals scored against each other, Somerville especially being fortunate in this respect. Clarkson put plenty of snap into his play, and Capt. Saul was always in the right place to benefit his team. Brown, at half-back, was a surprise by his finished work. Green at cen-

tre for Somerville was conspicuous for his accurate and puzzling passing. The line up:

| CAMBRIDGE H. AND L. | SOMERVILLE H. |
|---------------------|---------------|
| W. Clarkson, r.     | r. Lyman      |
| Warnock, r.         | r. McRae      |
| Saul, c.            | c. Green      |
| Brown, h. b.        | h. b. Almeida |
| F. Clarkson, g.     | g. Swan       |

Score: Cambridge High and Latin, 1; Somerville High, 0. Goal: Warnock. Referee: I. S. Clark, *Boston Journal*. Umpires: Usher, for Cambridge, Jewett, M. I. T., 1900, for Somerville. Time: Two 20 m. halves and 4m.



### ARABELLA OF TOURNAY.

The Comic Opera, "Arabella of Tournay," will be given March 11th and 12th in Brattle Hall. Most of the cast are alumni of the schools and have several times appeared in school theatricals. The cast is as follows:

"ARABELLA OF TOURNAY." [3 acts.]

Libretto by H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95.  
Music by H. H. Pike.

Maurice, Prince of Spain in disguise,  
E. G. Adams, C. L. S. '95.

Heman, court jester, favorite of Maurice,  
W. F. Glidden.

Elbert, Captain of the Village Guard,  
J. F. Baeson, C. L. S. '95.

Chamberlain, C. A. McGrew, C. L. S. '93.  
Alonzo, Duke of Tournay,

H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95.  
Lucas, a citizen, J. E. Sharkey, E. H. S. '95.

Norman, a country merchant,  
F. J. Carney, E. H. S. '93.

Guy, a well-to-do citizen,  
C. P. Adams, C. L. S. '95.

|             |   |                              |
|-------------|---|------------------------------|
| Ducal       | { | W. J. Osborn, C. L. S. '95.  |
| Body Guard, |   | R. E. Andrews, C. L. S. '95. |
|             |   | L. W. Brooks, C. L. S. '95.  |
|             |   | W. H. Lochman, E. H. S. '95. |

Rosalie, a village maiden, L. Ullmann.  
Arabella, Duchess of Tournay,  
C. K. Moore, C. L. S. '94.

CHORUS.

*Girls.*

J. L. Dyer, C. L. S. '95.  
H. H. Murdock, C. L. S. '97.  
J. S. Croswell, E. H. S., '96.  
G. H. Bunton, E. H. S., '96.  
H. S. Hyde, C. L. S., '97.  
J. J. Whoriskey, C. L. S., '95.  
S. G. Leitch, E. H. S., '95.

*Men.*

H. Barker, E. H. S., '94.  
W. B. James, C. L. S., '97.  
I. Bradford, Jr., E. H. S. '89.  
W. S. Dyer, C. L. S., '98.  
R. M. Whitney.  
C. C. Clapp, C. L. S. '98.  
Mr. Littlefield.

The scene of the opera is laid in the Spanish Netherlands, late in the 18th century. Following is a short sketch of the plot.

Arabella, Duchess of Tournay, downcast by the non-appearance of her husband, Alonzo, who had left for the wars nearly eight years before, determines to adopt, as her daughter, one of the village maidens who shall rule in her stead. An attempt is made by Elbert to prevent the choice of Rosalie as adopted daughter, but this attempt is defeated by Maurice, Prince of Spain, in disguise, who arrives just in time to plead for the imprisoned maiden. At this point Alonzo returns unexpectedly, and learning of the plan on foot, conceives the idea of withholding his identity. Later on, when affairs come to a point, Alonzo conceitedly declares himself, but contrary to his expectations is told to get out. This he does, and after

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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Rosalie has been chosen Duchess, some soldiers of Alonzo's band arrive and explain matters. Alonzo is sent for by Arabella and joyfully received. Rosalie surrenders her newly acquired position, and, together with Maurice and Heman, who have disclosed their identity, departs for Spain.

E. G. Adams, C. L. S., '95, as Maurice is likely to repeat the success he made in the Prince of Cairo, J. F. Bacon, C. L. S., '95, as Elbert will have good opportunity of displaying his superb voice, while C. K. Moore, C. L. S., '94, as the Duchess of Tournay assumes another female role, and will add another character to his repertoire. W. F. Glidden, a well-known amateur, and L. Ullmann are new men in school theatricals but are well suited for their parts as Heman and Rosalie. C. A. McGrew, C. L. S., '93, is looked upon as a decided acquisition to school opera, while F. J. Carney, E. H. S., C. P. Adams, C. L. S., '95, and J. E. Sharkey, E. H. S., '95, prominent in the "Prince of Cairo," will increase the strength of the cast and acquit themselves with credit. H. N. Stearns, C. L. S., '95, who played the part of Yuba Yam in the Prince of Cairo, is too well known to need further mention. The chorus under the direction of H. H. Pike can be relied upon to render efficient work.

The whole production is under the direction of the author, composer and Mr. William V. MacGill. Tickets will be sold by subscription and lots will be drawn for seats. The tickets will be ready for delivery about March 1st. All remaining unsold at this date will be put on sale at the schools and other places to be announced later. There will be a dance after each performance. The price of tickets will be seventy-five cents each. Every seat will be reserved. Parties wishing several seats together should enter their applications on one blank.

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A young lady being asked how she could afford music lessons in such hard times replied, "Oh, I confine myself to low notes."

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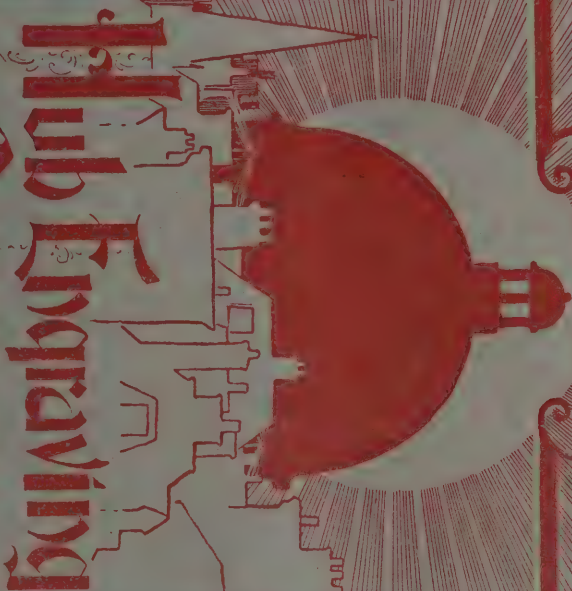
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MARCH, 1897.

VOL.

XI.

NO. 6.



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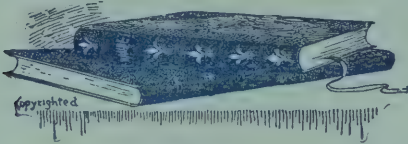
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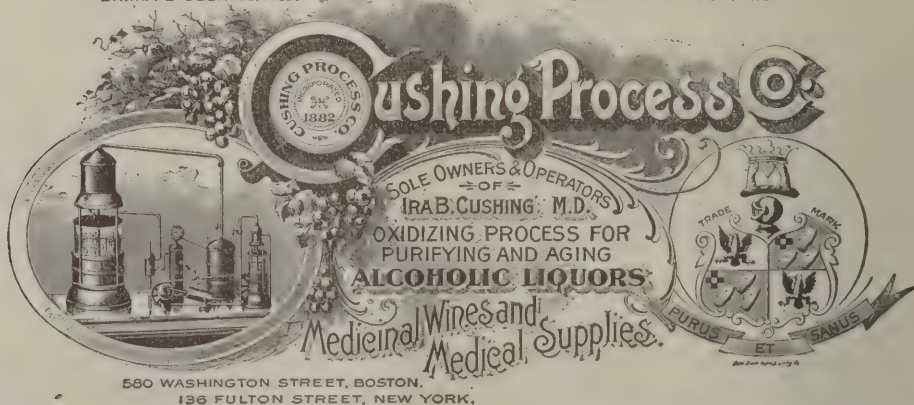
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. VI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

March is always a month of interest every fourth year in our country, for it brings with it the inauguration of new officials. But this year the month should be especially dear to the people of our commonwealth. A man like John Adams ought to be remembered at all times, but it is particularly fitting that we as Americans, as children of Massachusetts should call to mind the man who did so much for American independence, on the centennial of his inauguration. Governor Wolcott did a splendid thing when he called the attention of the students of the state to this noble son of Massachusetts. From a brief review of his life, such as Senator Dallinger gave the students of the Latin School, there comes an inspiration, a longing to serve our fellowmen. John Adams personifies truth, honesty, firmness, self-sacrifice and obedience to the call of duty. His life teaches many lessons, but the lesson that stands out most prominently is abandonment of ambition, of glory, of love for applause in standing with conscientious firmness to do his best for his country.

Not many students of the High and Latin

Schools are aware that there is a bill of over fifty dollars against the athletic association for last fall's foot-ball goods. This bill has not been paid on account of lack of funds. Students, do you realize the seriousness of this? Unless some way is found for liquidating this indebtedness, the base-ball team, if it is as ill-fated as last year's foot-ball team, may incur more bills against the association and we shall be worse off than at present.

The cast and management of the '97 C. L. S. drama have consented to give "Tulu" again for the benefit of the association at Brattle Hall, Friday evening, April 2. If every one will take hold and make this drama and dance a success, enough money can be made to pay all the bills against the association and then have a surplus for the treasury. We realize that the drama has been given once and was well attended and that there is some risk in hoping for a large attendance a second time, but we feel confident that if the graduates and undergraduates will only consider how much depends upon its success we shall have good support, and shall realize a good round sum.

Several meetings of the athletic association have been called lately but it has been impossible to get a quorum present. There is some important business to be transacted. It is proposed to amend the constitution so as to do away with all dues and fees and have simply signing the constitution the requirement for membership. As every one knows, it has been impossible for the last two years to induce very many to pay their dues, much more to compel those who try for the various teams to join the association, as they should do according to the by-laws. It is proposed, after the dues have been abolished, to raise money by the old method of collecting subscriptions.

We wish to thank Senator Dallinger for his kind remarks about the REVIEW at the Alumni dinner. We want all to know that the Senator is one of our subscribers.

Our position on the question of an exchange column is too well known to need repetition, but as every one does not see all the papers that come to us, a few remarks may not be amiss. Among our exchanges there are very few which contain disagreeable reading matter; only one comes to us that contains about all the slang that one can use without showing himself a barbarian. The majority are neat in appearance, show careful editing and contain good stories and entertaining jokes and school notes. One editor in his February number complains of lack of appreciation of his hard work and self-sacrifice. Another one comes out in open criticism of his teachers, and yet another soundly berates his city government. Of course editorials more or less reveal the editor, and we were rather surprised to find that one editor was doing his best to incite his readers to hostility of a doubtful character towards a rival school. We very much hope that such advice is taken for what it is worth. We admit that the majority of our exchanges

have exchange columns, but unless they are filled up with jokes they are not very interesting reading. The majority of the various exchange editors laud or criticize as fancy dictates. Compliments are duly appreciated and criticisms are likewise respected. Our paper gets its share of both.

The report cards reveal many deficiencies, but the least excusable is tardiness. Pupils come into school anywhere from two seconds to two hours late. Doubtless in many instances there are good reasons for it but the majority of the tardy marks are unnecessary. It is a rare thing for a pupil to go through his course at school without being late, but there are many mechanics and many business men who never think of being late. A man who keeps his appointments punctually is sure to be respected for so doing. Now is a good time to commence being punctual, if you have been slack about it before this time.



### SUNSET.

The rosy light is trembling in the west,  
As though its glory sinks the sun to rest; —  
One more day done; another starry night  
Draws near to us, as fades that sunset light.  
The glowing western sky bids labor cease,  
And Earth is sued by night to gentlest peace.  
O stay, you rosy clouds, I love your light  
Far better than the drap'ries of the Night.—  
But now yon clouds are purpling cold and gray,  
And twinkling stars peep out to haste the day;  
Night's curtain has enwrapped Earth in a shroud  
With but a change in coloring of a cloud.  
Then let us to our rest until the morn  
Shall herald her approach by break of dawn;—  
Then will Earth wake, all smiling and refreshed,  
To praise her God for soft, sweet hours of rest.

— *Sagamore.*

## ❀ IN DISGUISE. ❀

## I.

"Now mamma why can't I do it?" inquired Elizabeth Vaughan.

"Of course, mamma it's only for fun, and if it is n't carried too far where is the harm?" urged the daughter.

"Well, my dear, I can't say that I approve of it as a thing to be done often, but as you so much desire it, I will say 'yes.'" Of course it will only be done while you are abroad."

The two were the only occupants of a large dressing-room in which were two trunks of very good size, and lying loosely around appeared various dresses significant of parties, operas and gayeties in general. The fact, as has been before mentioned, Elizabeth or "Bessie" as she was generally known, was a decided belle, tall with an abundance of golden hair beautiful features, and with all those lesser graces which go to make up a delightful young lady. Bessie was popular alike with the girls as well as with the young men.

It was rumored that Phil Maynard was devoting more than ordinary attention to Miss Elizabeth Vaughan and some people said that Bessie showed a decided preference for Mr. Maynard. However, every one was sure that no engagement had taken place, and exactly how far things had progressed no one knew.

At last Bessie and her baggage were safely on the Cunard steamer ready to sail for Europe or more specifically Liverpool. With Bessie was her aunt Mrs. Van Courten and that lady's French maid.

Mrs. Van Courten thought to travel at once to Paris where she intended to ensconce herself for a stay of three months, perhaps longer in her favorite hotel "L'Hôtel Grande," one of the most spacious and best appointed ones in that city.

## II.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Van Courten to her niece as the fast express was bearing them nearer and nearer toward Paris, "your mother told me all about your 'plan' and acknowledged that she did not altogether approve of it, but she hoped you would get into no trouble on account of it. Now, I think that there is not the slightest harm in it, provided you keep to your part, that of a true French girl. You are not going to correspond very much I hope?" inquired the elder lady.

"Oh, no," replied Bessie, "I managed all that before I left home; I told them that I should be so busy that I could n't write letters. I don't intend to get in any trouble and I do intend to have a good time.

"Now, aunt, I have decided just how I shall arrange my hair, for you know that is the thing that will make the greatest difference in my appearance and make up. Don't you remember how different Cousin Lou looked when she came home? — and all because she used to curl her hair a good deal and she changed and wore it very simply. Well, you know most all French women have their hair dressed very elaborately and I shall do the same. At home I rarely curled my hair because it was much more becoming with its natural wave. Now, here, I shall make a bang, curl it very much and comb it out. Wait and see if I don't look very different to-morrow from what I do to-day," she added as the train drew into the station.

The next morning, at a knock on her door Mrs. Van Courten opened it to find herself opposite, whom! A young lady with dazzling gold hair frizzled and puffed in the latest fashion.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how do you like me?"



inquired Bessie, laughing as she saw her aunt looking very much amazed.

"Well," gasped her aunt, "I am sure you have done better than I supposed it was possible for any one to do."

"Yes, I got Lizette to help me (Lizette was Mrs. Van Courten's French maid) and, by the way, I told Lizette my plan and so I am sure that she will never betray me. My name is Marie Saint-Pré, mamma's last name you see. So if I do get into any trouble, that may help me, perhaps." Then they both went down to breakfast, Bessie to take up the rôle of a French young lady who knew no English, and her aunt, to thoroughly enjoy herself in her native city, for she was Mrs. Vaughan's own sister and both were French-born although no one would have known it at first.

### III.

One day, Phil Maynard greatly astonished his mother by remarking to her, "Well, mother, I've decided to go abroad for a little while and perhaps I shall come across Bessie. I believe she is going to spend the greater part, if not the whole of her time in Paris. I have never met her aunt, but Bessie can introduce me to her. Mother, you know that I hope to make Bessie my wife some day, and perhaps there may never come a better chance than while I am abroad. Do I have your entire approval to do so?"

Mrs. Maynard was not surprised at this speech from her son for she had long seen how things were tending nor did she disapprove in the least; for she had known Mrs. Vaughan for a long while, in fact ever since they were children and she thought Bessie well suited to her son. So, as he had his mother's full consent for the step he intended and hoped to take, Philip Maynard set out for the Old World.

There was much to amuse and interest him on the large steamship. But no matter what or who attracted his attention (and there were

many interesting families on board frequently including daughters of fine appearance and golden hair in abundance, none of them, in his mind, to be compared to Bessie) his mind was almost wholly absorbed in the thought of what awaited him in the land to which the steamer was steadily, hour by hour, drawing nearer. How soon should he find her? How would she receive him? What would be her answer? were some of the many questions which passed through his mind during the weary days of waiting (for there are some even on an ocean-steamer) while the ship slowly plodding onward brought him nearer to his goal.

People looked in astonishment upon a young American who seemed very restless in the train bound for Paris which had just left Havre.

How he wished trains could be made to run faster. Then suddenly, he asked himself what was he in a hurry for anyway?

Probably it would take him a few days at the least to find Bessie if she were to be found. Then it would never do to propose to her immediately after he found her and after this logical reasoning, he settled down to read his newspaper much to the relief of the other travellers.

According to the maxim, "Patient waiters are no losers," the American was rewarded a little while later upon looking out of the window to see that the end of his journey was reached.

### IV.

Bessie's plan succeeded very well for a little while. The first suspicion of trouble appeared one evening, when, on entering the dining-room, she perceived at one of the tables, a young gentleman about twenty-two years old, distinctly American. She instantly recognized him as Philip Maynard. He, however, did not perceive in the truly French appearance of the demoiselle, his friend Bessie Vaughan. She immediately turned away so that he should not recognize her, if recognition were possible.

However he was busily engaged with his dinner and did not notice her. When at length the occasion of her agitation left the room without having once cast a glance in her direction, she breathed more freely.

After dinner a long talk with her aunt ensued and Bessie decided to keep her rôle and to be on her guard so that Mr. Maynard might not suspect anything during the little while that she should remain at the hotel, for she supposed him to be making a tour of the different countries and so thought that he would remain in Paris but a few days, not in the least suspecting his reason for delaying in that city.

But still he stayed, on and on, one week, then two, then three. The real reason was, however, that he had in part, given up his hunt for Bessie and her aunt, and so had settled, as it happened, although unknown to him at the same hotel as the object of his search. He thought that perhaps he might in his daily trips around Paris come across her but so far he had not been rewarded for his search. He had diligently scanned the registers every spare minute of his time, for he had come not only to seek Bessie but also to make a tour of the country surrounding Paris and he intended perhaps to go into Switzerland for a while.

About this time Bessie's letters to her mother were quite interesting, showing how her plan was progressing and how she enjoyed it.

PARIS, Oct. 3, 18—

DEAR MAMMA:—

Who do you suppose I have met or rather seen? Phil Maynard! can you believe it? Now don't go and think my plan has got me into any trouble, for it has n't, not the least bit.

Of course he didn't know me, and as I thought he was going to stay at our hotel a few days, I decided to keep right on and not let him discover who I am. He seems really quite interested in us and has conversed with Aunt a good deal. I don't see what detains him here so long. We are having such a nice time and I am enjoying myself thoroughly.

v.

Philip after waiting about a month in Paris hoping to meet Bessie and her aunt during that time, had, almost in despair, decided to take his anticipated trip to Switzerland but he had met a very pleasant lady at the hotel, a Mrs. Van Courten who had with her a young lady evidently born and brought up in France, for she spoke nothing but the language of that country. The relation between the two he did not understand but was too well-bred to ask questions concerning the couple.

One day, Mrs. Van Courten set out to do some shopping and just in front of one of the stores which she was preparing to enter, whom should Bessie's aunt meet but a Mrs. Graham one of her warmest New York friends. As that lady was not acquainted with Bessie, naturally her aunt introduced her and forgetting for the moment Bessie's appearance as a French demoiselle, she announced, "My neice, Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, Mrs. Graham," and then proceeded to relate in detail, her niece's idea of being, in play, a French girl and begged her to tell no one.

It was not until after the rather lengthy explanation was finished that Mrs. Van Courten realized that it would have been much more discreet had she left out the minute description of who her niece really was and who she pretended to be, but then, she reflected that of all the people on that crowded thoroughfare, there were scarcely a half dozen people who could understand her English or who knew anything of her niece or herself. And she soon forgot, in the shopping which followed, the anxiety caused by her indiscretion.

However, there did happen to be one person in the crowd who was near enough to hear and to understand all that was said by Mrs. Van Courten and that person was none other than Philip Maynard. Being a bright young man,



he put two and two together and in a little while he understood the whole story.

That evening, he met Bessie in the hall and spoke to her, addressing her as Miss Elizabeth Vaughan. Poor Bessie did not know what to do, but she finally decided to tell him the whole story.

After she had finished, Philip told her why he had come abroad and he received, in reward for his pains, a most encouraging answer.

Then Mrs. Van Courten appeared upon the scene and Bessie immediately introduced him to her aunt.

When Mrs. Van Courten understood how

matters were, she decided that the best thing that could be done under the circumstances was to pack up and go home at once. Of course Mr. Maynard would accompany them.

When at last the party found itself in Boston, much was the astonishment of their friends to see them, and a few months later the couple were married.

Many times has Bessie told the story of her first trip abroad, to her little children, but she always winds up with these words, "And so, dears, you see, it is never best to pretend to be what one is not."



## WEBSTER CLUB DRAMA.

Friday evening, February 26, the comedy, "A Limb o' the Law," was presented by members of the Webster Club, at Odd Fellows' Hall, North Cambridge. Mr. Lochman the young lawyer was rather stiff, but he knew his lines very well, and had he had a little more coaching would doubtless have gotten over the stiffness. Mr. Hyde was very good, but the audience laughed when he started away, leaving his hat on the rack. Mr. Shaw was very clever in his make-up. Miss Simpson was well received and deserved all the applause that was given her. Miss Brooks, as "The Lady in Black," was delightful, and in her other part was also good. Miss Estabrook made a charming matron. Mr. Hawes spoke clearly, and played his part correctly.

The players were badly handicapped in the second act. Mr. Tilton was unable to appear, and at the last moment Mr. Heath of Boston was substituted. As he had only read over the lines, he was dependent upon prompting, which he didn't always hear, to the discomfort of those

on the stage. At the end of the play the curtain refused to work, and a rather awkward delay of several minutes was occasioned.

The following is the cast:—

|                                        |                         |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Augustus DeBenham, A Limb o' the Law,  | Mr. W. H. Lochman.      |
| Mr. DeBenham, The Parental Trunk,      | Mr. Heath.              |
| Clem Bancroft, A Stray Twig,           | Mr. H. S. Hyde.         |
| James, A Green Leaf,                   | Mr. F. D. Rice.         |
| Mr. Grayham, Who trusts to the Limb,   | Mr. J. B. Hawes.        |
| Kit, An Autumn Leaf,                   | Mr. H. C. Shaw.         |
| Alice DeBenham, A Flower,              | Miss Hattie Simpson.    |
| Julia Grayham, Another,                | Miss Edith Brooks.      |
| Mrs. Grayham, A third,—a little faded, | Miss Bernice Estabrook. |
| "The Lady in Black."                   |                         |

SCENES:—Act I. Office of Lawyer Augustus DeBenham.

Act II. Parlor of the DeBenham Mansion.

After the play, the floor was cleared for dancing; music by Sand's Orchestra.

Mr. F. D. Rice was stage manager, Mr. A. W. Drew, business manager, and Mr. R. E. Andrews, head usher. The attendance was about two hundred and twenty-five.





## ALUMNI DINNER.

The second annual dinner of the alumni of the Cambridge Latin School was held at the Brunswick Hotel, Saturday evening, February 13. At about half past seven, thirty-five men sat down to dinner in the large dining hall. After enjoying a few courses, C. A. McGrew, '93, president of the Harvard C. L. S. Club called to order, and after welcoming the company, introduced as toastmaster, Edmund Kent Arnold, '91. Mr. Arnold told the story of the parents who begged the doctor to save the life of their boy, who had swallowed a ten thousand dollar diamond, for they "knew he had something in him." As he was sure the gentlemen present had "something in them," at that stage of the dinner, he would proceed to the speaking.

Mr. Arnold first read a letter of regret at being unable to attend the dinner, from Mr. Theodore P. Adams. He then introduced Mr. M. E. Webb, Jr., who, on behalf of the donors of the Interscholastic Baseball Trophy, formally presented the cup, which is now the permanent property of the schools, to the Cambridge High and Latin Schools. Mr. Webb told a few interesting facts about the cup. This, the first interscholastic trophy, was offered in 1889 by a number of Harvard graduates, in the hope of training material for Harvard teams. In '90, when Corbett was catcher and captain, the

Latin and High School team won the championship, and again in '91, with R. D. Wrenn, second base and captain. In '93, under T. H. Clarkson, pitcher and captain, the schools again won the cup. In '94 with the same captain, C. H. and L. S., B. L. S. and E. H. S. were tied for the first place. As the championship had come to Cambridge three years, our school had won it a majority of times, and in '95, the donors decided to award the cup to Cambridge, but this was the first opportunity for so doing.

H. N. Stearns, '95, replied, thanking the donors, and all who worked to win the cup, and all in the schools who helped the teams to win. Mr. Stearns then formally took possession of the cup, for the schools.

The toastmaster stated that Mr. W. B. Odiorne, '91, who was to speak was sick and unable to attend. He then introduced "Don Juan" Bancroft, '94, to speak for "the ladies." Mr. Bancroft felt that a "defence of the fair sex was necessary, to restore them to their former lofty pedestal." He compared the Harvard man's lack of sense in celebrating the mid-year period, before the examinations began, with the Radcliffe maid's good sense in waiting until the examinations were over, and then celebrating with a select dance "for ladies only, from half past five till half past seven, at Fay House."

Mr. Arnold next presented one who was

successful both as a scholar and an athlete, in school; and who in college had upheld the school's record for brilliant scholarship. William E. Stark, to whom on Commencement Day, '95, Harvard presented a degree, *summa cum laude*, spoke of his experiences as a civil engineer. He told some anecdotes of his work under the Metropolitan Water Board. He recalled a few memories of his Latin School training, and said he never regretted that he fitted at the Latin School, though most men fitting for his profession do so at the Training School or some similar school and then attend Technology or the Lawrence Scientific School.

The next speaker was Max Benshimol, '91, another athlete and scholar, whom the college chose to deliver the oration at Commencement in '95. He, like Mr. Stark, received his degree *summa cum laude*. He spoke of the value of public school training for college, and especially of the fine training of the Latin School. Mr. Benshimol is only the second male graduate of the High or Latin Schools to receive an appointment as teacher at his Alma Mater, Mr. J. A. Coolidge of the High School being the first.

Mr. F. E. Chapman, the next speaker, spoke of the value of musical training in the public schools. Mr. Arnold said that in '91 the only music was that of the tuning forks in the physical laboratory. The next speaker was greeted with "three Cambridges, and the regular Cambridge cheer."

Mr. William F. Bradbury was introduced as one who was ever growing young. He has been teacher of our parents, and may he be teacher of our great-grandchildren! Mr. Bradbury told something of the progress of the Latin School from its birth, March 1, 1886. The first year there were 169 pupils and 5 teachers; now there are 400 pupils and 15 teachers. In the eleven years of its existence, there have been 245 graduates, of whom 109

are female. He spoke of the numerous migrations and colonies, which have been necessary in the past. He told something of the new Latin School building, which will contain a gymnasium. He approved of the new Athletic Committee. He also said the School Committee had made a good choice in securing the services of Mr. Benshimol. In closing he read a few translations, by way of showing what good (?) English some pupils can write.

The next speaker, Dean Le Baron R. Briggs, E. H. S., '71, was also greeted with the Cambridge cheer. He told of being a pupil of Mr. Bradbury, thirty years ago; he repeated one or two rules of Greek, in which Mr. Bradbury had so thoroughly drilled him, that he could not forget them. He said there is a difference between getting into college and fitting for college. He read a letter from a Western athlete, inquiring what salary Harvard would pay to a man with a record in the 440.

Alderman J. L. Odiorne was the next speaker; he spoke for the city, and read a few extracts from addresses made at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of the city, last June. Mr. Odiorne was one of those who moved from the High School to Lee Street Church, when the Latin School was founded. Mr. Arnold next introduced "the man who was responsible for the reinstating of the Football Team in the League," R. L. Raymond, '91. Mr. Raymond spoke, in his usual pleasing manner, of the "Law." He told of the great reputation of the Harvard Law School, and the honor of being a member of it. Mr. Raymond's remarks received great applause.

A. P. Stone, '89, said he felt it a great honor to be chosen a member of the Athletic Committee. He said that, in the future, athletics would be thoroughly honest. The last speaker of the evening, Senator F. W. Dallinger, '89, told of his duties. He compared the good state of affairs in Massa-



chusetts with the deplorable condition in other states. It is the duty of every man to do his part toward keeping politics as they should be. He hoped to see an improvement in athletics; he spoke of the REVIEW as a great credit to the schools. His remarks received great applause. Shortly before twelve, the ceremonies were ended with a Cambridge cheer for Arnold.

All enjoyed the evening very much. A neat souvenir menu was gotten up by the committee in charge.

R. D. Wrenn, C. L. S., '91, has been elected a member of the executive board of the National Lawn Tennis Association.

Samuel W. Ball, E. H. S., '95, is with the Oriental Rug Company, Boston.

Walter H. Lerner, E. H. S., '94, is with his father in the produce business.

J. H. Donovan, E. H. S., '95, is with Houston and Henderson, Boston.

D. C. Dorchester, formerly C. L. S., '95, is at the Boston University.

Stanley A. Sparrow, E. H. S., '95, is with Wilson, Larabee & Company of Boston.

The class of '97, C. L. S., last June sent 43 candidates for preliminary examinations to Harvard and Radcliffe. The result is as follows:—

| Candidates. | <i>Failures.</i> |      |           | <i>Honors.</i> |           |      | Clear |
|-------------|------------------|------|-----------|----------------|-----------|------|-------|
|             | Subjects.        | Hrs. | Subjects. | Hrs.           | Subjects. | Hrs. |       |
| Boys, 24    | 128              | 176  | 5         | 5              | 18        | 29   | 19    |
| Girls, 19   | 101              | 101  | 5         | 6              | 10        | 16   | 14    |
| Totals, 43  | 229              | 315  | 10        | 11             | 28        | 45   | 33    |

According to the last *Harvard Catalogue*, there are now under University influence, that is, there are enrolled in all departments of the University, 104 men, who either graduated

from the Cambridge Latin and High Schools, or attended one of those schools for a considerable length of time. In the college proper, there are 81,—14 seniors, 17 juniors, 22 sophomores, 24 freshmen, and 4 special students. In the Lawrence Scientific School, there are 11 such men; in the Law School, 4; in the Graduate School, 3; and in the Medical School, 5,—making a total of 104.

Two of the men in the graduate school are also engaged as assistants.

R. P. Utter, C. L. S., '94, has recently been elected President of the *Harvard Advocate*.

Arthur Lovering, C. L. S., '93, is now the "strong man" of Harvard. He recently established the new record of 1660 points, surpassing the record previously held by Klein, 1529, by 131 points.

Miss Lucille C. Reynolds, C. L. S., '95, is a member of the Wellesley Glee Club.

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#### OBITUARY.

On Feb. 9, Mrs. Grace Raymond Henshaw, formerly Grace Raymond, E. H. S., '86, died in this city, after a brief illness. In June, 1895, Miss Raymond was married to George B. Henshaw, M. D., also E. H. S., '86. Her life was one of rare beauty of character, and was marked by kind deeds, quietly done. She was an earnest worker in the First (Congregational) Church, and especially in the Shepard Guild, of which she was once president. In her large circle of friends and in the work of her church, she will be sadly missed, but her sweet influence will remain, though she has gone. The funeral was held February 12, in the Chapel of the Shepard Memorial Church, Dr. Alexander McKenzie officiating, and the burial was at Mount Auburn cemetery.

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## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

*"Any Questions of General Interest Will Be Cheerfully Answered."*

*Senior.*—A pleasant smile and courteous lifting of the hat are the usual requisites for a polite greeting. Yet, it depends upon the person to whom you are speaking. For instance, if you are about to address A-d-rs-n, I should advise you to say to say to him in the words of Carey,—“Aldeborontiphoscophornio, where left you Chrononhotonthologos?”

*Bashful One.*—A suitable motto for your engagement ring would be, “And the blow almost killed father.”

*About to go on the Stage.*—Admission to the British Museum is free, and it is said they guarantee steady positions for freaks.

*A. M. A.*—For little boys of your age, a Windsor tie arranged in a large bow at the back of the collar is suitable. Green is the prevailing color.

*Fifth Class.*—You say you are eight years old, four feet six inches tall, but large for your age and ask whether you are too young or too small to put on long trousers. Pardon me if I speak too frankly; but I think you must be a little of both. (2) It was W. F. Bradbury who said, “I have told you that a hundred times.”

*Inquirer.*—It was one of the members of the Senior class, and not one of the English kings, as erroneously supposed, who said, “A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!”

*Fifth Class.*—The following is a short sketch of the life of Mr. Jones whose Greek and Latin

books we constantly consult. Mr. Jones was born in Rockaway County, Ireland, in 1650. At the age of six he had translated the complete Homer's Iliad and had committed the eighth book of Vergil to memory. On his death-bed he wrote his “Jones' Greek and Latin Composition Books,” which may account for some of the errors contained in it. He died in 1730 and upon his tombstone is written

“Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs can squeak,  
That Latin was no more difficult,  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.”

*Reader.*—As I have repeatedly stated in these columns, I am a woman. *I do not tell my age.*

*In Doubt.*—A man of seventy is supposed to have reached an age when he can reason for himself, and he may, with propriety, marry.

*A. E. W. and Others.*—A very good motto for your debating society would be, “For e'en though vanquished, they could argue still.”

*Spy Pond.*—If, in a car, you should meet a young lady returning from skating, it would not be necessary to offer her a seat, as she's probably been sitting down all the evening.

*Blue Eyes.*—If a young lady should cut you upon the street you should assuredly give her a piece of your mind.

*Self-Conceit.*—You say you are conceited. I suppose your exceeding self-absorption is due to the fact that “you find it pleasant to be ‘dead stuck’ (as you express it) on a decidedly agreeable person and to have a decidedly agreeable person ‘stuck’ on you.”

# Girls Corner.



Next to the fad for wearing the chameleon has been the fad for wearing upon the bodice live beetles of various kinds and color. Fortunately this fad passed and a remnant of it only remains. This is the collecting and adorning oneself with butterflies. Many women of fashion possess large and in their eyes valuable collections of butterflies. Most of them have been brought from the South, but there are excellent French imitations which are used for millinery, for gowns, and even for linens. One girl has a frieze of brilliant butterflies around her bed-room wall. The effect is novel as well as startling.

A small boy is said to have written the following essay on "Girls," which is interesting although it appears in an abbreviated form:

"Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only things that has their own way every time. Girls is all alike one way; they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or step on their tails they'll claw you. Girls is also like mules; if a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jenny Jones last Sunday and told him what he'd said, he said he was biting her 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her,

for she hollered and run, and there was a big red spot over both her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better off I am."

Many people are much interested in securing scraps of old and fine lace. It is seldom that anything very rare is seen, but a piece of Irish lace has recently been purchased at the enormous price of \$5000. It is four and a half yards long and one a quarter yards wide.

It is very foolish and almost wrong for a girl whose parents are able to send her through college not to care about going because she thinks that she will have hard study to do and because she is in a hurry to be out in the world and free to do as she pleases. The woman in society is at a great disadvantage in these days of higher education if she has not had a college training. It is hard to believe that any girl can be so blind to her own interests as not to earnestly desire a college education. Yet we hear daily girls giving vent to such sentiments as seem to imply indifference to this last and happiest form of education.

As schools, we have voted several times on different political matters. Why not try how the members stand on the question of Equal Suffrage?

There is a society in Brooklyn, New York,

called the "Parvenu Society." Its members are pledged not to talk about their ancestors, which is a pleasant change from all the societies for the praising of grandfathers and grandmothers. The motto of this society is, "She cometh up as a flower."

A handsome young guardsman claims that while reading in the library of Windsor Castle the other day Queen Elizabeth's ghost appeared to him. It is remarked by some that the Queen's taste as a ghost has not changed. The young man is considered as good-looking as Sir Walter Raleigh.

Truly nothing is impossible! Louise Beaudet, who has been recently singing in London reports that she had her eyes colored while she was in Paris. She also adds that it is "very difficult even for the Parisian oculists."

It is claimed by a New York physician that the woman who drinks immoderately of "society's cup" is a dipsomaniac as much as the whiskey-drinker, and he refers to a case where a victim to the tea-habit showed nearly all the symptoms of the morphine fiend.



## Communication.

Sometimes the thought comes to me, have the members of the Cambridge High Schools lost all their school spirit? Especially was this thought in my mind at the meet recently held in Mechanics Hall. Indeed I must say I was filled with indignation with the way the scholars attended that meet. On the platform of that hall was assembled the mighty crowds from

Boston English High School and Worcester Academy, while around the hall were large delegations from the numerous other schools. But where in that throng was the Cambridge High and Latin School, the school which in the past has had her name emblazoned on the pages of New England's athletic history? So far up in one corner, behind at least 300 representatives of Mr. Hopkinson's School, were gathered together six stalwart youths, Cambridge's representatives. In the past very few have gone from Cambridge to witness the games, but the crowd this year was the smallest in our history. While the events were being run off this was not so noticeable, for although the members of our team struggled manfully, Winslow was the only one to win anything; but alas — when the announcer called out the Hopkinson-Cambridge H. & L. team race, a mighty yell went forth from the supporters of Hopkinson, but not one sound was heard from Cambridge's few representatives. When, however, our team had won the victor's wreaths, the six youths made as much noise as possible. Then it was that I was filled with shame at the lack of interest shown by the scholars. Have we altogether lost that spirit which stirred Fuller to work for the Cambridge High and Latin Schools? I think no fitter monument could be erected to his memory, than that all take an interest in and work for the best interest of the school he so dearly loved. What we want is fewer dances and dramas and a greater interest taken in athletic sports. The intention of the founders of our free schools was not to develop good dancers, but young men and young women mentally and physically able to fight the battle of life.

We cannot all be athletes, but we can at least all support the different teams.

W. RAYMOND ESTABROOK,

*Editor, '95-'96.*



## RECOLLECTIONS.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.

When passed in the walls of the old Latin School,  
The Latin, the Physics and Greek recitations,  
And e'en the head master who laid down the rule.  
The days in the hall, and the wonderful singing,  
(For every one sang in my school-days of yore)  
And never for once did the thought come upon us,  
That singing on Fridays was really a bore.

How oft as I've sat in my class-room and pondered  
O'er fearful French idioms, tiresome and hard,  
I've seen at the doorway, appear the head-master,  
To summon me out for a gaze at my card.  
One glance was sufficient, the self-same old story,  
Had failed in my Latin, my Greek mark was low,  
Unless I improved and made rapid progression,  
A nice little note to my parents would go.

How I've heard Mr. Adams, in accents excited,  
Thunder out the old rules for the Latin discourse,  
How he jumped on my rend'rings of Vergil's fine poetry,  
Till in sheer desperation, I bought me a horse.  
How I hated that sheet of white paper containing  
The pop-questions sent with no chance to prepare,  
When all I could do was to gaze at the zeros,  
My whole face aglow with a terrible stare.

I've wondered and wondered, as often I ponder  
The hours so enjoyed in my school-days gone by  
What sort of a record I left there behind me  
And then, for my failings, I pause long to sigh.  
Although not as brilliant as others about me  
(I never distinguish myself in a crowd),  
I've this consolation, it comes to me often,  
Though not a good scholar, at least, *I spoke loud*.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Tulu" which was presented so successfully by members of C. L. S., '97, on February 5th, is to be given again *for the benefit of the High and Latin School Athletic Association*, at Brattle Hall, Friday evening, April 2. There will be dancing after the performance. As this is to be given for the Athletic Association, it is hoped that everyone will use as many tickets as possible. Tickets are fifty cents and can be had from any member of the Association or from the manager, H. H. Murdock. Pierce's Orchestra will furnish music.

E. H. S., '98, will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club, on April 21.

The next REVIEW which will be the "Easter number," will appear on April 8th. All copy must be in by the first of the month.

John H. Blackburn, C. L. S., '98, has been appointed manager of the track team, and will hold the office until after the outdoor meet in June.

All stories, etc., should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only. Several manuscripts have been rejected because the copy was illegible. — Ed.

The Institute of 1897 will give a dance at Brattle Hall, March 26.

At a special meeting of the Interscholastic Athletic Association, Exeter and Andover will bring forward an amendment, abolishing the age limit, and making in its place a strong provision as to the number of hours an athlete must take. It is expected that Boston High School will fight the amendment very strongly. If the amendment should pass, Jones of Andover will be permitted to run in the outdoor meet in June. The meeting will be held in Boston, and on account of this proposal, is sure to be well attended. Exeter and Andover will be particularly benefited by such a change.

## The Last Trip of the "Beacon Light."

The city whistles had just blown for six o'clock, and the great train shed was almost emptied of its black coils of freight. The smoke that eddied and whirled all day among the iron rafters, making a misty gloom of those upper regions, had partially cleared; and one could catch a glimpse of the star-filled heavens, through the sky-lights blackened by cinders from the puffing engines far below. It was a beautiful night outside, but the great barn-like space between the stone walls was as cheerless as ever. Many of the railroad men were away at supper; here and there, a solitary figure with a lantern, moved about, testing with ringing hammer the wheels of the motionless cars. A little knot of loungers had grouped about the freight office door waiting for something to happen, and smoking in silence, as they had waited and smoked many times at this hour.

On track 14, in the lightest part of the station, stood the lumber train that was scheduled to leave at a quarter past six, for a long pull into the western part of the state. The engine with its shining black body and one glowing eye, was undergoing careful inspection by the fireman, who passed his hand over the polished rods and patted the great mass almost affectionately. The "Beacon Light" was worthy of notice—only a month out of the shops, already it had a record to be proud of. Perhaps Jim Manning was a little more pronounced than usual in his attentions,—he knew most of the fellows in the crowd envied him his berth on the "Beacon Light," and his engineer was a good companion as well as a kind friend to him in his rough way.

Presently, a man in greasy blue jeans, sang out to him, "Hullo, Jim, where's your engineer? Seems to me, Bill's a bit late."

Jim faced around,—He's in the office gettin' his papers; the agent's dead slow to-night, it'll be his fault if we are not on time."

The door behind the men opened, and a tall young fellow came out, thrusting some folded papers into his breast pocket. A shout of chaff greeted him, but without a word, he climbed into the cab of the "Beacon Light," and gave some quick directions to his subordinates. The fireman glanced at him, but saw only that the rough felt hat was pulled low over the brows, and the stern lines around the firm mouth were cut a little deeper than usual. This might be due to the agent's delay. Bill Barker was a man who never wasted a moment himself, and hated to have time lost for him by others. All was now hurry for a moment and the silence was broken by rattling of couplings and clanging of gongs, the puffs and bellows of the awakening monster, and the shouts of the brakemen on the bridge overhead.

Just as the quarter hour struck, the "Beacon Light" with its long train of lumber-loaded freight cars pulled slowly out of the grimy station, into the beauty and peace of the white night. The engineer leaned out of the cab window to count his following, and one of the men on the platform called to him, "Where you bound, Bill, to-night?"

The engineer burst into a shout of hard laughter,— "Straight for glory, Tom," he cried with an oath, and the cars swung round the curve and out of sight. But Jim the fireman muttered a prayer, when his chief's back was turned.

There was too much to do for a while for a man to stop to think but when they had cleared the crossings, and were rushing with even



swing and sway across the still moonlit plains, Jim began to wonder what ailed his superior. Usually no one was so ready as Bill Barker to exchange parting shafts of wit with the depot loungers; he was known as the freest hand and the lightest heart among the trainmen, and his laugh was clear and merry on all occasions. Something was up with him to-night, Jim decided, and he was not to be trifled with, as long as those lines lay so deep round his thin-lipped mouth. Bill was not moved to talk and sat moodily looking down on the track, lit up by the glare of the head-light, while the "Beacon Light" bounded along like a living creature, rejoicing in its freedom. As Jim stood in the red glow of the open furnace, busily shoveling in the coal, his thoughts still turned half consciously on his companion; it is a lonesome thing, a night ride in a locomotive, especially if one of the two men is inclined to silence. "Bill must have had words with his girl," Belle Landers, the fireman finally decided, "handsome Belle" as they called her in Plainville, had been "keeping company" with Bill Barker for more than a year, and the young engineer was badly in love. "Time they quarreled," said Jim to himself, "but them little things soon blow over." Then he made a sudden resolution—"It's a fine night, Bill," he said, clearing his throat, "the moon shines so I can see clear across to Medley; if it wasn't for Needham's woods, I bet I could sight Wesleyan church spire." There was no answer to this general remark, and Jim plunged at once into the heart of the matter. "How was Belle to-day?" he asked bravely. The man at the window looked round quickly and pushed his hat up with a jerk. Yes, something was up with Bill Barker—the black brows were knotted tightly, and there was an ugly gleam in the usually frank, pleasant eyes. "I don't know

nor care," he answered savagely. Jim was a little staggered, but returned to the charge. "That's queer," he said with polite emphasis, "I thought you were pretty thick—folks 'sposed it was a settled thing." Bill rose and slowly turned his lever, then laid his hand heavily on the little man's shoulder, "Jim Manning, you've always be'n a good friend o' mine, and I tell you, once for all, don't never have nothin' to do with women! They're chuck full o' lies and deceit, and they'll get a man into thinkin' they love him, when all the while they're smilin' on some other feller that they thinks got more style; then they send number one pretty much anywhere—so he's out o' sight. What do you make our time now?"

Stunned by this abrupt change, Jim answered feebly, and silence fell on the two again, broken only by the pulsing of the engine throbs, and the shrieks of the whistle as they swept through sleeping towns.

An hour later, Jim touched the engineer lightly, "We're nearin' the Wesleyan grade, Bill, and the tracks are powerful slippery to-night."

There was no answer from the man, who with his head on his arm, seemed deaf to his companion's warning, like a creature under the influence of strong drink, so Jim had to take the matter into his own hands, and began to lessen their speed as best he could, then he looked up the track, — "My God!" were the words that brought Bill Barker to his feet. They had just come round a sharp curve, and the moon slipping away from some dark clouds, disclosed ahead on the road, horribly near it seemed to them, a dark irregular mass across the path of the "Beacon Light."

"Them wreckers again," cried Bill; then he caught Jim with sudden energy. "Jump old man, jump for yer life—it's my fault and

I'll stay by, but I ain't a goin' to kill you, too."

Jim wrenched himself free. "No yer don't" he answered swiftly, "not if I know Jim Manning," and he faced the prospect of instant death with dogged courage. In that moment there flashed through his mind the many times the stronger man had helped him over hard places. Jim was so much younger and was new to the work—Bill was the only friend he had in the wide world, and here on the verge of the unknown Jim would not desert him.

Bill had not touched the lever again—what was the use? The impetus their heavy load had gained down the steep grade could not be checked—it was better as it was, there would be the second's horror of expectancy, the great crash, and then—silence! Shoulder to shoulder the two men stood, with heads erect and fearless, while the "Beacon Light," poor, beautiful thing, tore on and on—

The leading paragraph in the Plainville "Courier" next morning, tells the story:—

"At mid-night, on the down grade between Wesleyan and Chettam's Falls, where the

pinces of Needham's woods cast their black shadows over the track, the westward bound lumber train, drawn by the crack engine, 'Beacon Light,' William Barker, engineer, struck a pile of tree trunks, thrown across the rails by vindictive strikers, and was derailed—the cars piled in broken heaps—the life crushed from the engineer."

Jim, the fireman, still lived, saved by a miracle, and though much shaken in body and mind, he could tell of those dreadful moments when the two men stood face to face with death—when one was taken and the other left. They brought the body home in the gray early morning, and the same men waited by the freight-office who had been there the night before.

"Bill was allus reckless, but he hadn't oughter tempted Providence with them words of his," said the man in the blue jeans, sadly.

"That's so," assented the crowd, and one of them added, "He was took at his word that time, sure; but it's a pity, boys, about that master-fine engine; who'd thought this would a' been the last trip of the 'Beacon Light'?"

### A PUZZLE.

Say, who can fathom maidens' hearts  
Or learn their ways perverse?  
For each fair maid from rule departs;  
Laws her cannot coerce.  
And yet of all so puzzling, fair,  
One puzzles me indeed:  
And I am often in despair  
Her puzzling ways to read.

At times she 's gracious, very kind,  
And with her eyes divine  
Looks straight at me, and in my mind  
I think that she is mine.  
And then again she 's cold as ice  
And will not even smile;  
So at the club I toss the dice  
Away the time to while.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

In joint debate at Philadelphia, March 6, 1897, Cornell defeated Pennsylvania on the subject, "*Resolved*, That the United States and the several states should establish courts of compulsory adjustment of disputes between employees and private corporations which possess franchises of a public nature." Pennsylvania took the affirmative side.

At the Crystal Palace, London, next summer, there is to be held a Victorian exhibition, illustrating the progress made in various directions during the Queen's reign. At the same place there will also take place celebrations of different kinds in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign.

The World's Fair at Nashville, Tenn., opens May 1, and will continue six months. It is in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of the state into the Union. Congress has appropriated one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for a government building and display. Some of the buildings will be used for the Christian Endeavor Convention in 1898.

An International Exhibition is to be held in Brisbane, Queensland, during May, June, and July. The object of the exhibition is "to promote and foster industry, science, and art, by inciting the inventive genius of our people to a further improvement in arts and manufactures, as well as to stimulate commercial enterprise, by inviting all nations to exhibit their products, both in the raw and the finished state. Samples of the products for which this and the other Australian colonies have become famous,

will be exhibited, with a view to increase the development of their natural resources."

The late Kate Field did much for international copyright. The removal of the tax on art was due to her efforts. She championed the cause of free art in her paper, and personally appeared before Congress and pleaded earnestly, eloquently, and successfully.

Great enthusiasm has been manifested over the annual exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, this season. It has attracted not only Philadelphians, but lovers of art from other cities. A New York critic says: "In no other American city can be seen so complete a show of the finest canvases by Americans."

Cairo is to have a new fireproof museum for Egyptian antiquities. The site has been chosen, the plan selected, and the work of construction begun. It is estimated that two or three years will be required to erect the new building, and that it will take one year to remove the antiquities from Ghizeh Palace to their new place of exhibition.

An art museum in Italian Renaissance style is to be built in Worcester, Mass. It will cost \$100,000.

Prince Eugene, the youngest son of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, has invited American artists to contribute to and take part in an international exhibition of paintings and sculpture that is to be held during the coming spring.





Mother—"How cruel, Eleanor, to hurt the poor little worm!"

Eleanor—"But he looked so lonesome, mamma, and I jus' cut him in two so's he'd have company, and the two of him wiggled off together just ever so happy."

Willie—"Mamma what does 'blood' relations mean?"

Mamma—"It means near relations, Willie."

Willie—" (after a thoughtful pause) "Then mamma, you and papa must be the bloodiest relations I've got."

He—"I am in love. Will you be my confidante?"

She—"Certainly, I am at your service."

He—"Well would you advise me to propose to you?"

Patient—"The examination seems to have delighted you, doctor. I judge from your happy countenance that you can save my life."

Dr. Sawbones—"I cannot promise that; but we must perform a number of most interesting operations on you."

Artist—"Where are you going to take lunch?"

Author—"Oh, I'm not particular. Wherever you do."

Artist—"Well, I was going to take it with you."

The boy who undertook to ride a horseradish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.

"No man," said the red-headed woman, sternly, "shall kiss me 'ceptin' he's the stronger of the two, and dear knows I'm weaker 'n a cat."

One swallow does not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

Johnnie (to his chum) "I will tell you a secret if you won't tell. Sister Emily is engaged to Mr. White. I heard mamma and sis talking about it. The secret is that Mr. White does n't know it himself yet."

Will—"What is it, that must be taken from you before you can get it?"

Phil—"Your photograph, of course."

Much adieu about nothing—the parting of two school girls.

"Very cold last night, Mr. Townsend," observed the reporter.—"Cold! I should say so!"

I went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow out the candle; could n't do it; blaze frozen; had to break it off," replied Mr. Townsend.

A student who had made very little progress, in taking leave of one of his tutor, began thus with great pathos: "Herr Professor, it is to you I am indebted for all I know—"

"Stop, stop, I pray," replied the tutor, "do not mention such a trifle."

Teacher to class in sacred history) "What weapon did Samson use to kill the Philistines?" No one remembers.

Teacher (touching his chin) "What is this?"

Bright Boy (recalling the story) "Oh the jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

"What can you tell me about Esau?" queried the teacher.

"Esau," responded the pupil, "was a writer of fables who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash."

She—"Henry!"

He—"Horrors! Don't interrupt this inspiration, I am —"

She—"My dear I only wanted to say that you have dipped your pen into the coffee."

Mamma—"Who dwelt in the garden of Eden, Freddie?"

Freddie—"Oh, I know, the Adamsses."

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy.

"My name is Jule," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said, "You should have said 'Julius sir.' And now my lad," turning to another boy, "What is your name?"

"Billius, sir."

Little Tommy was having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the operation. "Why Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't when my hair is combed." "Yes, but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

He.—"I don't see how a girl can marry a man she has only known two weeks!"

She.—"I don't see how she can marry one she's known longer."

Mother (reproachfully).—"Where have you been, Johnny, this afternoon?"

Johnny (uneasily).—"Sunday-school."

Mother.—"Why do you smell of fish and look so wet?"

Johnny (desperately).—"Teacher told us the story of Jonah and the whale."

"Did she thank you for the seat?"

"No, but after she had settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise."

Teacher.—"Now children here we have the word, 'intuition,' who can tell me what it means?"

Bright scholar.—"Intuition is that faculty of the human mind which enables a person to distinguish at a glance a patent medicine advertisement from a real news advertisement."

People call a man a funny dog because he has waggish ways.

"Father," said a sporting youth, "they say trout will bite now."

"Well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work and you may be sure they won't bite you."



### HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

E. H. S., '97, held a social at the home of Miss Lillian Lewis, 36 Highland avenue, on Friday, Feb. 12. On account of the severe snowstorm only a few were present, but those who were spent a very enjoyable evening. In a "Musical Observation Party" Miss Annie Sherman won the prize.

Mrs. Lewis favored the class with several readings. These were well received and heartily applauded. Refreshments were served and the company dispersed at a late hour (or rather an early one), all having spent a very enjoyable evening.

How about the spelling on the mid-year examination papers which the '97 Institute division wrote? The scholars seemed very angry when told that deduction would be made for the *improper* spelling of *proper* names.

Mid-years are over! As long as we are told that "Mon Dieu" isn't real swearing in French, we can say with the Frenchman, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

A few of the vacant chairs were tied up with black ribbon a short while ago. Not gone, simply moved. Rent comes due first of the month, you know.

What queer translation we sometimes hear in the French classes! For instance, "She departed on this word." How queerly she must have looked! We wonder if she rode side-saddle or not!!

In the Senior class there is a French Club called "Entre Nous." According to report some very jolly times take place. Twelve girls belong to it. The first of the afternoon is spent in talking French. Some very interesting discussions have been enthusiastically debated upon, for instance, the "Annexation of Cambridge to Boston," and "Why should the High School not give Dramas?" etc. It is also rumored that something other than French conversation goes on. At least the young ladies seem to get plenty of exercise at their meetings. Some are concluding that we ought to call it the French and Greek Club, French for the first half and Greek for the last half of the afternoon. Greek girls trained, you know.

How about those heads in the hall!

It is learned that the president of '97 is very fastidious about rising. At eleven one morning he could not receive callers.



'97 is going to have another dance. Everyone is working hard for it, and it is hoped it will be well attended. Tickets can be obtained of most any member of the class.

A few of the scholars in '97 have had their seats changed. We wonder why! Are they teacher's pets? She can't seem to get them near enough to her.

'98 has a "Temple" at which only girls may worship. They evidently grasp the opportunity.

One of the members of '97 gave a Valentine's party on Monday, Feb. 15. Some of the original valentines were very amusing. Those coachmen!

The Latin examination. Will yours be written in red ink?

Only about three more months of school. Hurrah!

What is the attraction in the lower corridor lately?

Senior class has begun Civics and all seem to enjoy it.

The class of '98 held a very pleasant social at the residence of Miss Bertha May Close, 380 Broadway, on February 27th.

'98 are very stylish; they do not arrive until after eight. It was considerable after eight before any arrived. They also have one good point that the others have not, they all go by eleven.

"An Author's Dinner" was the game for which prizes were awarded. Miss Mildred Miller won the first prize for the ladies, and

Mr. Marshall the first prize for the gentlemen. It is a unique game and all enjoyed it.

Telegram was another game played. Mr. Marshall favored the class with a solo. The class all sang college songs.

Refreshments were served during the evening. Every one seemed to have a good time.

'98 seems to have a kleptomaniac in its class. The mania seems to be for photographs. At the last class social a picture of a young lady mysteriously disappeared. The culprit was discovered and accused. The judge (the chap-aron, Miss Smith) talked severely to the young man. We do not know what punishment was inflicted, but we do know the picture is still missing.

Mr. Sargent has given it out that he has a whole new set of jokes this year.

Miss M—l—r, '98, has concluded that there is a peculiar attraction for her in young men. She makes this declaration because it is a new feeling.

Courage, don't give up, another vacation in April!!

One young man upon looking around in recitation at a young lady, was told that friendship was a very pleasant thing, but when that friendship became so strong that it interfered with lessons it was out of place. J——, you had better leave the class.

Are '98 going to give a drama?

Did you ever get a crystal on a "string"s?

Some of the girls have formed a whist club. Boys, look out for invitations.



## LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Now for baseball.

'98 has two wonderful boy sopranos.

Did you go to the Interscholastic Meet?

Do peaches have cores? Ask Winslow.

Mr. Chapman's cantata of Ruth is progressing finely.

Are you invited to the Delta Omega Chi gatherings?

You can't sprinkle salve, Mr. Bradbury. (First class Greek.)

The radiator club in the lower hall still holds its meetings at recess.

Who was so careless as to leave their gloves in the reception room?

Has Miss McW——e found out yet whether it was chimney, fire-place, or H—?

We hear that the S. O. H. D. has some very excellent bowlers among its members.

Adam's, '98, had a serious fall the other day. He is practicing to become a ballet dancer.

Perhaps K—, '98, would like to know that, "Cod Liver Oil," is good for squeaking boots.

Delta Omega Chi had some fine seats in the first row on the floor at the meet in Mechanic's Hall.

Some say that H—d—, '97, is going on the stage next year, and so he is getting all the practice possible now.

The new Physics books, that have been given out to the second class, help to make the work much more interesting.

'97 finds it very hard to commit passages to memory in English, especially the verse about a Jew having hand-organs.

We would advise H—d— not to play tag on the stairs again; he might get out of breath; he sometimes does you know.

It is remarkable to notice how happy some people seem, when they do not feel well enough to stay through the whole school session.

The dark corner in the hall has a great attraction for members of the second class both at recess and during the singing hour on Thursdays.

The exercises in the hall last Thursday when Senator Dallinger spoke were very much enjoyed. So also was the presence of young lady visitors, during the morning.

Every one should go and see, "Tulu" on April 2, when it is given for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The support of every scholar in the school is needed.

Heard in the third class French recitation, last hour : —

He (in anxious whisper) "What's 'let us'?"

She (also in whisper) "A vegetable."

The upper classes are very much interested in the lower ones, but they do not hear much about them or their socials. We wish some member would send the REVIEW, reports of their doings.

This notice was found in the REVIEW Box : "Some of the lady members of the C. L. S. D. S. would consider it a favor if C——, '98, would show some common politeness, in their presence at future debates."

Vacation is coming soon, so put in good work and study well, while the month lasts. We should turn over a new leaf now that McKinley is president and see how much better we can do, and not spend too much time thinking up jokes for April 1st.

The French division that recites to Miss Drew the fourth hour is made up of poets and poetesses, who compose anywhere from ten to a hundred poems during the recitations. Some of them are beautiful love-stories, too good to be published.

The first class held a social at Mr. Roger Flint's on Chauncy Street last Saturday evening. Whist was played by many who were present and enjoyed by all; Miss Morgan and Mr. Wyman being the fortunate ones in winning the prizes. After a very pleasant evening the party broke up.

The stores about school make more money from the sale of chocolate almonds than almost anything else. It is surprising to see how quick a scholar, who buys a half a pound at recess can make way with them; for of course he could not bring them into school, and so must finish them before the end of recess.

The following English derivations given in a Latin recitation are useful to know. From cano, to sing — canary meaning one who sings. From veto, to forbid — wet. From pario, to bring forth — pepper. From neco, to kill — neck, the place where one gets killed. From coquo, to cook — coquette. From reor, to reckon — rat.

'97 held a class meeting one Thursday after school and elected the following officers for the ensuing half year : President, A. M. Blackburn ; Vice-President, Miss L. I. McWhinnie ; Treasurer, N. F. Hall ; Secretary, Miss C. M. Norris ; Miss Bates was chosen to fill the place of Miss McWhinnie, who resigned from playing the piano for devotional exercises. A vote of thanks was extended by the class to the latter. The meeting was most enjoyable on account of the good feeling shown.

Latin School, '98, gave a very pretty dance at the Colonial Club, Friday evening, March 5. The matrons were Miss Leighton, Mrs. B. F. Davenport and Mrs. H. H. Winslow. The music was furnished by Wiggin's Orchestra. Those who were present were Misses Davenport, Nichols, Pevear, Hale, Appleton, Gauss, Chase, Kastman, Brooks, Downs, Taylor, Davidson, Swan, Winslow and Mrs. Pratt : Messrs. Winslow, Bancroft, Blackburn Proudfoot, Kelsey, Adams, Sparrow, Chase, Downs, Stevens, Murdock, Drew, Sharp, Reed and Pratt. The ushers were Messrs. Winslow, Bancroft and Sparrow.





## THE INDOOR MEET.

The Interscholastic Indoor Meet of March 6 was resplendent with good running, but there were many features that combined to make it less interesting than in past years. The Boston English High School team had things its own way from the start. When they had won every point in the 40-yard dash and half mile walk at the very beginning, the championship was no longer in doubt, and all interest centered in individuals rather than in schools.

The C. M. T. S. Band was very much missed. It has been such a prominent feature in past years, and has always given such good service, that its absence was very much in evidence; one cannot help wishing they had returned from Washington a little sooner.

One of the disagreeable features was the fouling, which was very much in evidence in the 300, 600 and 1000-yard runs. Baker of Noble and Greenough's and Jordan of Boston Latin were so evidently victims of maliciousness that they were put in the finals of the 300. Baker won second.

Boston English High and Worcester High did some very good yelling, Worcester singing some very original songs. The building was well filled, the members of each school generally sitting together. Chauncy Hall gave their team a good reception, and Hopkinson also made itself heard.

The first event was the forty-yard dash, in which the world's record was equaled by four

men: Butler of Worcester High, Duffy of Boston High, and Archibald of Hyde Park in the preliminaries and Kennington of Boston High in the finals. Johnny Sever, captain of our last year's track team, tied for first place in the finals, but was not placed in the run-off. The winners were Kennington, Duffy and Kane of Boston High. Sever fourth.

Eddie Mills of Chauncy Hall was the star man in the thousand-yard, breaking his record of last year by nearly three seconds. His form is very pretty. Kingsley of Worcester Academy won second. Time, 2.30½.

In the three hundred yard dash, Garrett and Winslow won their respective heats very prettily, Winslow hurdling some men who fell at the start very neatly and beating out Thompson of C. M. T. S. by several yards. In the finals, Garrett and Kennington were put back for making false starts, which practically put them out of the race. Had Winslow been less afraid of the comers, he could have won easily. He finished strongly in third place, a yard and a half behind Butler of Worcester High and Baker of Noble and Greenough's. Time, 37 s.

Applegate won his heat in the six hundred, but was so badly pocketed in the finals that he could do nothing. Usher and Taft ran well, but lack of experience prevented them from doing anything remarkable. The final heat was a pretty race, various men leading at different stages. L. Mills of Worcester High

was first, Lincoln of Boston Latin second, and Barnard of Newton third. Time, 1.25.

The 45-yard hurdles, 3 flights, was prettily contested in good time, Converse of Boston High, Hallowell and Cole of Hopkinson winning. Time,  $5\frac{1}{5}$ .

In the running high jump Rotch of Hopkinson did 5 ft.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in., a new record. Second and third places were tied. The shot put was only 35 ft. 7 in. Won by Cole of Noble and Greenough's. The pole vault was won by Shorey of Cushing Academy at 9 ft. 6 in. He made a plucky attempt to break the interscholastic record but did not succeed.

The half-mile walk was won by Mohan of Boston High in the slow time of  $3.47\frac{1}{5}$ .

The team races were very interesting:—

Dedham defeated Hyde Park by half a lap. Time, 3 m.  $39\frac{1}{5}$  s.

Worcester High defeated Noble and Greenoughs. Time, 3 m.  $29\frac{4}{5}$  s.

Newton defeated Boston Latin by 60 yards. Time, 3 m.  $32\frac{4}{5}$  s.

Cambridge (Garrett, Winslow, Applegate, Locke) defeated Hopkinson (French, Knowles, Cole, Huntress) by sixty yards. Had our men been hard pressed, they would have beaten the record. Time, 3 m. 23 s.

Chauncy Hall defeated Phillips Exeter 40 yards. Time, 3 m.  $30\frac{3}{5}$  s.

English High (Kennington, Bernstein, Kane, Converse) defeated Worcester Academy (G. Hersey, Kembrough, W. Hersey, Forsaith) by two yards. Time 3 m.  $22\frac{4}{5}$  seconds.

Perhaps the finest event of the day was the exhibition run of the Harvard relay team against the record for the track, 3 m. 15 s. They were a quartet of finished runners, and without the incentive of competition they made the course in 3 m.  $12\frac{3}{5}$  s. The times by relays were: Bigelow,  $48\frac{2}{5}$  s.; Vincent, 49 s.; Fish,  $47\frac{3}{5}$  s.; Hollister,  $47\frac{3}{5}$  s.

The score of points scored by the schools is

appended. The allotment is five for the first prize, two for a second and one for a third, and where ties occur the aggregate of the points in question is equally divided, though the prize may be awarded on a toss-up.

The abbreviations indicate: E. H. S., English High; W. H. S., Worcester High; Hop., Hopkinson's; N. & G., Noble and Greenough's; W. A., Worcester Academy; C. H., Chauncy Hall; B. L. S., Boston Latin; P. E. A., Phillips Exeter Academy; C. H. & L., Cambridge High and Latin; N. H. S., Newton High; C. M. T. S., Cambridge Manual Training; H. P. H. S., Hyde Park High; D. H. S., Dedham High; C. A., Cushing's Academy.

| EVENTS.              | E. H. S.         | W. H. S. | Hop.            | N. & G. | W. A.          | C. H. | C. H. & L. | P. E. A. | C. H. S. | D. H. S. | C. A. |
|----------------------|------------------|----------|-----------------|---------|----------------|-------|------------|----------|----------|----------|-------|
| 40-yard dash . . .   | 8                |          |                 |         |                |       |            |          |          |          |       |
| 1000-yard run . . .  |                  |          |                 |         | 2              | 5     | 1          |          |          |          |       |
| Half-mile walk . . . | 8                |          |                 |         |                |       |            |          |          |          |       |
| 300-yard run . . .   |                  | 5        |                 | 2       |                |       |            |          | 1        |          |       |
| 600-yard run . . .   |                  | 5        |                 |         |                |       |            | 2        |          | 1        |       |
| 40-yard hurdle . . . | 5                |          | 3               |         |                |       |            |          |          |          |       |
| Run. high jump . . . | $1\frac{1}{2}$   |          | 5               |         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |       |            |          |          |          |       |
| 16-lb. shot . . .    | 2                |          |                 | 5       | 1              |       |            |          |          |          |       |
| Pole vault . . .     |                  |          | $1\frac{1}{2}$  |         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 5     |            |          |          |          |       |
| Totals . . . .       | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10       | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7       | 6              | 5     | 5          | 2        | 1        | 1        | 1     |

Our track team ought to win the relay race with C. M. T. S. at the Boston College games this evening, if they run as they did Saturday. Winslow is fast making a name for himself, and can be depended upon to beat any man in the C. M. T. S. team.

Current Events

## BOWLING.

Thursday, February 25, the bowling team made up of members of '97 C. L. S., added another victory to their credit, by defeating the Delta Omega Chi Club of Cambridge, by a margin of 385 pins. The Latin School team put up a very good total, due partly to the good steady rolling of Thomas, who was the highest

roller in the party, and to the high single string scores of Currie and Lewis, with 193 and 195, respectively. The Delta Omega Chi had a decidedly off night, not a single member reaching the 400 mark. Of this team Dow was a little the best, though A. M. Blackburn was pretty close to him. Wyman was put in to substitute at the very last minute, as Usher failed to appear, and he did very well under the circumstances, but might have done better. When the first string had been rolled, the Latin School team was ahead by 90 pins and increased their lead so much on the second string that there was no excitement whatever in the latter part of the match. Another game is to be arranged for an early date which is expected to be a little more exciting on account of the

change which the defeated team is now undergoing. The score:

| C. L. S., '97.   |     |     |          |
|------------------|-----|-----|----------|
| Lewis (Capt.)    | 159 | 195 | 106— 460 |
| Doyle            | 124 | 115 | 135— 374 |
| Peters           | 150 | 117 | 137— 404 |
| Thomas           | 153 | 166 | 153— 472 |
| Currie           | 103 | 147 | 193— 443 |
| Totals           | 689 | 740 | 724—2153 |
| DELTA OMEGA CHI. |     |     |          |
| Dow              | 129 | 129 | 130— 388 |
| J. Blackburn     | 111 | 134 | 100— 345 |
| Emerson          | 100 | 115 | 116— 331 |
| A. M. Blackburn  | 142 | 126 | 116— 384 |
| Wyman            | 117 | 118 | 85— 320  |
| Totals           | 599 | 622 | 547—1786 |

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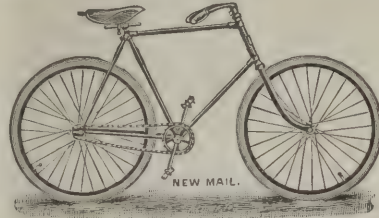
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*Vocal*: Part songs for ladies' voices, "Love Came to Me" and "The Rose and The Butterfly," both by Alonzo Stone. Two four-part

songs for male voices, "Kentucky Babe" and "Outward Bound," two for mixed voices, "The Cakes of Pan," and "A Country Life." Two Easter anthems, "Jubilate," and "Christ, Our Passover." Two selections from "Simple Simon" which made hits, "Stubb's Seminary" and "Keep up With the Band." "The Kiss Under the Mistletoe," a pretty waltz song. "There is a Blessed Home," a sacred song by Carl Pflueger. Two songs by Gertrude Tompkins, "A Message," and "My Boat is on the Shore."

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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

APRIL, 1897.

VOL.

XI.

NO.

7.

## EASTER GREETINGS



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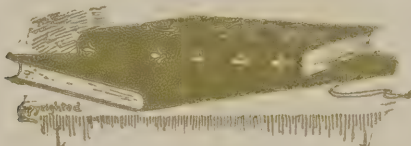
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The music master sang very affably: "Now, you see, children, in a march, we always have four beats to a measure, to accommodate the step, for I don't know anything that has three feet, except, perhaps, a milking stool."

"Or a yard stick," adds a bright girl in the back row.

A poet sends us a poem beginning: "I gaze at the moon in the sky." That's right young man—that's the place to look for it. Don't try to gaze at it under a bed, or in the coal cellar. Stick to the sky.

Gymnastics worth seeing—A door step, a mill race, a garden walk, or a mountain spring.

At a school examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of pupils growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks, he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school room and said, "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."

He took her fancy when he came,  
He took her hand, he took a kiss,  
He took no notice of the shame  
That tinged her happy cheek at this;  
He took to coming afternoons;  
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive.  
He took her father's silver spoons  
And after that he took his leave.

A health journal says we should take three-quarters of an hour for a meal. It is just as well to add some meal and a few vegetables.

"I say, Smith, suppose a man marries his first wife's sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?"

"First wife-um-er aunt-step-sister—er, lets see. I don't know."

"Bright fellow. He's her husband."

"Don't you think she's pretty?" said the fond mother to the father as he stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sulken mood, something had worried him, and he replied curtly: "Oh, all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys."

Just then a neighbor entered and seeing the baby, cried: "Mercy on us, that child is the perfect image of its father."

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun? Because he is charged, taken up and then let off.

"No," said the actor, "I can't say that the critics have ever said anything unkind about my acting; but to tell you the truth, it is somewhat monotonous to find myself continually included among 'the rest of the characters' who 'do not call for special mention.'"

"Mamma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school today, and he asked me if I ever went fishing Sundays."

"And what did you say, my dear?"

"I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked right away."

In the choir—During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep.

"Now's your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You'll wake hymn up," said the bass, but solo that no one quartet.

# HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The class of '97 gave a dance on Friday, March 19, at Armory hall, Central square. It was without a doubt the most enjoyable occasion the class has ever had. The hall is very large, so that, although there were about one hundred and eighty on the floor, dancing was a pleasure. The hall was tastefully decorated in the class colors and on one wall hung a large fac-simile of the class-pin. The matrons were Miss Deering and Miss Rogers of the High school and Miss Smith of the Training school. Great credit is due the entertainment committee, the chairman of which is Miss Emma Mae Leighton, not only for the pleasure of the evening, but for its great financial success.

Evans and Lovering are with '99 again.

It is rumored that C. M. T. S. will defeat our track team.

James Brown, '99, wishes to inform the scholars that his future vocation is to be a minister of the gospel; he and Joseph L. would make a nice pair (?)

We have quite a soprano soloist.

Where did those "greenbacks" come from in the last meeting of the Debating society?

"Greek Games" are quite popular at the class sociables, especially '99 sociables

Walter Hughes, '99, is again president of Webster, '95.

Mr. Coolidge believes in having things "charked" (by electricity).

Good bye Mid-years.

Ask Van Daell about the new woman.

Mr. Huling's remarks struck home to a certain outsider at last debate.

From the civic class. "Well, are you a citizen, Miss B—?" "Why, no, I'm a citizeness!" Evidently she is highly opposed to everything that sounds like "new woman."

Poem, by Jaquith, for his class-mates:

Don't "trot" the "pony."

The first half year goes swiftly by,  
Then come exams, and then we die,  
Exams they come, exams they go  
And not a word of them we know.  
We think we know them all you see  
But there we find ourselves N. G.  
O dear! O dear! what can we do?  
We think a pony 'll help us through,  
But when the finals come—alas!  
He will not "trot" us to the "pass."

"What is the case of that word?"

"Neuter."

"Excellent." (From Virgil class.)

The "Entre Nous" has been obliged to postpone its meetings twice on account of the weather, but when the members have met they really have done good work. Great benefit is to be gained from such a club as well as pleasure. Wouldn't a few more such clubs be better than so many whist clubs?

Where were the boys of the "Teeh" division from the Training school on March 26th?



Class of '97 had a meeting just before vacation and it was more like the kind of a year ago.

Which "get there," the boys or the girls? You would think boys would have more of a business head!

'98 are soon to have a drama. They are off the track that '97 laid for them.

Don't lose your diploma when you have got so near it! Mr. Huling spoke as though some might.

Ask Miss J——m if she jumps rope now. Another vacation gone!

Prepare for finals, now!

How do you like the novelty of sight translation in Latin?

The senior class has dropped Greek History for Roman.

We learn a great many interesting facts in the Civics class. Did you know that writing notes on school block paper is subordinating public property for private ends?

Graduation is coming slowly but surely.

The English division of the First class is now reading Shakespeare.

The Senior class is thinking over what it is going to give the school for a present.



### The Song of the Algebra Fiend.

Oh! I've a head colossal; I'm a genius Algebraic,  
My brain inside is petrified just like a great mosaic

With equations of all stations involved to  
nth degree

There isn't one beneath the sun that can't be  
solved by me.

My blood would rush and make me blush to  
the cube roots of my hair

If I found that I was downed in trying to  
get a square:

With *xyz*'s, parentheses and surds and minus  
powers

I while away each tedious day, the long and  
weary hours.

Why! I grow thinner eating dinner and silly  
and erratic

Unless I stew an *x* or two and eat a canned  
quadratic.

Although I think that I do drink the best of  
China's tea,

I still aver that I prefer a plus or minus *z*.

Oh! I'm a genius Algebraic as I remarked  
before,

And as a song should not be long, I won't  
sing any more.



### LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

The inauguration of a president, the selection of his cabinet and the seating of a new congress give especial timeliness to the remarkable series of articles on various phases of the government by Secretary Herbert, Postmaster-General Wilson, Attorney-General Harmon, Senator Lodge and Speaker Reed to be printed in the Youth's Companion during 1897. This series of articles and the many other brilliant features promised for 1897 show that now, on the eve of its seventy-first birthday, the Companion is as wide-awake and as progressive as ever. An Illustrated Prospectus may be had free by addressing The Youth's Companion, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

# LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Vacation has passed and we all should be glad to get back and study hard after our rest.

One would think that such bright scholars as are in the Latin school would not allow themselves to be caught on April 1st, yet we hear of one scholar who took a bite of a cotton doughnut; of another who picked up a pocket-book and a letter; of others who ate candy filled with cayenne pepper, wool and wood.

Three fellows of the upper classes not knowing what else to do walked (?) to Concord and back for an April fool's joke and won a welsh rabbit for their trouble.

A very pretty opera took place at the home of Miss Edith Brooks last week. Following is given the score:

## INTERFICIO,

MARCH 30, 1897.

|                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| King of Italy.....    | Frank Crocker   |
| Seigloff .....        | Shirley Brooks  |
| Duke of Romeacre..... | Lawrence Miller |
| Page .....            | Eugene Brooks   |
| Herald .....          | Lawrence Miller |
| Pope Leo I.....       | Frank Crocker   |
| Poet Laureate.....    | Shirley Brooks  |
| Wizard .....          | Frank Crocker   |

Scene laid in a room in a castle.

Allan Crocker, Head Usher.

Shirley Brooks, General Manager.

Lawrence Miller, Cop.

Both young ladies and gentlemen are looking forward with pleasure to the canoe season.

The algebra exams are half over and the scholars are doing better than the class last year, it is said.

Have any "good girls" been caught whispering in the hall lately?

How charming that one day of vacation will be two weeks from Monday.

We have in the school quite a remarkable bicyclist who made over a hundred miles on April 1st.

B. A. A. intends to try to form a sort of inter-scholastic rowing association next year. That is, they wish to have several crews from the different schools race next year.

The last german of those given by Arthur Sawyer takes place at the Newtowne club on April 14th.

Quite a number of Latin school scholars enjoyed some tableaux, which were given at the Austin street church and in which many from the school took part. After the entertainment a quiet game was enjoyed up stairs.

How many pages of Greek did you trot through during vacation?

We all greatly sympathized with Miss Spring in her recent loss. She was much missed by her pupils during the two weeks of her absence, and we will be glad to have her in her accustomed place again. Her place was filled by Miss Utter of '93 who taught very successfully.

On March 19th, '98 held a class meeting and voted to use the money in the treasury

to defray the expenses incurred by the class dance. It was voted to have a group picture of the class taken and the following were elected as a picture committee: H. J. Winslow, exofficio; G. L. Dow and G. Bancroft, Miss M. G. Hale, Miss E. Dimick.

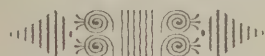
Miss Mabel Harris of C. L. S., '93, was the substitute for Miss Albee during the last two weeks before vacation and was greatly liked by all the scholars. Miss Albee was obliged to be absent on account of sickness in the family, but Mr. Bradbury was amply sufficient on Mondays in Greek composition, as many found out to their grief.

On Wednesday the twenty-fourth, the Delta Omega Chi held a social at Mr. Ralph Durell's. The company was composed almost exclusively of Latin and High school scholars. A very pleasant advertisement game provided the fun for the first of the evening. Mr. Davis, a prominent singer, rendered to the company a couple of songs. Refreshments were served and then all ascended up stairs, where a flash-light picture was taken of the guests. Games were then played and all seemed to have a very pleasant time. When the company came down again a very exciting game of taking electric shocks was indulged in. The D. O. K. is intending to give a number of socials.

1900 held a class social at Miss J. Ardelle MacKusick's, 69 Concord avenue, March 18. The early part of the evening was taken up by a photograph party and the latter by other social games, music and dancing. All greatly enjoyed the graphophone, which was a great novelty. The S. O. H. D. was out in full numbers, which added greatly to the pleasures of the evening. About twenty-eight were present.

Miss Pevcar, '98, gave a very enjoyable whist party at her home on Irving street,

Watertown, on March 31. Those who were invited from the Latin school were Misses Davidson, Davenport, Edith Brooks, Gertrude Brooks, Heald, Gauss, Swan, Richardson; Messrs. Murdock, Winslow, Hyde, Bancroft and Sparrow. First prizes were won by Miss Vesta Richardson and Mr. Murdock, the boobies by Miss Davidson and Mr. Lerner.



## NEW MUSIC.

White, Smith Co.:

Vocal—"The Belle of Darktown," a plantation song by Chas. Washburn; "I Wonder Dear, if You Remember," a beautiful song by Wm H. Gardner; "Night Spreads Her Wing," a sacred song by O. L. Carter; "The Vanguard of the King," a baritone solo by Mr. Alton Bailey; "The Realms of Endless Day," a sacred song by Gardner; "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded," "Time Will Show," a duet by Coward; "The Dandelion and the Daisy," by Adeline Fritz. Four-part songs for male voices: "The Rose Messenger," by Alonzo Stone, also for mixed voices, "Good Morning," "The Village Choir" (humorous), "Belinda Lee," "On Board the Mary Jane," "To Thee Alone," "Rest, Peacefully Rest," a quartet for mixed voices for Decoration Day. Three sacred compositions: "Praise the Lord, O My Soul," "Come, O Creator," and "The Voice of the Master."

Instrumental—"Nymphia," the entire act of "Simple Simon," by George Lowell Tracy; "Witchwood Schottische," by C. C. Stearns; "The Jester Dance," by Herbert Sparling. Selections from "Jack and the Beanstalk," arranged for mandolin and guitar. All this music is for sale at Briggs & Briggs, Harvard square.





### THE NEW BASE BALL CUP.

Now that the old interscholastic championship cup has become the permanent property of our athletic association, the new cup presented by the B. A. A. to the Interscholastic League will have unusual attractions, and it ought to be an interesting fight to get the first leg on the trophy this year.

The schools now composing the league and eligible to compete for the championship cup are Roxbury Latin, English High, Somerville High, Boston Latin, Hopkinson, Cambridge High and Latin and Brookline High.

Some of the teams have most of last year's nine still available, and these will be the favorites in the selection for the championship.

The conditions governing the competition for the B. A. A. cup are as follows:

I.—This cup shall be known as the Boston Athletic Association Interscholastic Base Ball Cup.

II.—This cup shall be competed for by the clubs of the Interscholastic Base Ball League.

III.—This cup shall be competed for for five successive years, the winning school to have its name engraved on the cup and to hold the same until a succeeding winner has been declared.

IV.—At the expiration of five years the school having its name on the cup the great-

est number of times shall become its final owner.

V.—If at the expiration of five competing years two or more clubs have their names on the cup the same number of times, the ownership shall be decided the following year by such competition as the Interscholastic Base Ball Association may decide.

VI.—In case of the championship being a tie, and this tie undecided, that year's play shall not count in the awarding of the cup.

VII.—All disputes in regard to the awarding of this cup shall be decided by the Athletic Committee of the B. A. A.

### BASE BALL.

The team has been out for about two weeks with W. Clarkson acting captain. The following are the more promising candidates: Infield-catch, Hill, Crowley, Dyer; pitch, F. Clarkson, W. Clarkson; 1st base, Lewis, Howe, Downing; 2nd base, Saul, Brown; 3rd base, Warnock, Hyde; short, F. Clarkson, Thomas; outfield, Goodridge, Weymouth, Fish, Sullivan, Dow, Brackett, O'Hara, Woodbury, Cox. Several of those who are trying for the infield will probably make the team on account of their batting ability.

### BOWLING.

On Tuesday, March 23, the team composed of present and ex-'97 players won

Continued on Page 28.



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## SINGLES.

|                |        |                  |
|----------------|--------|------------------|
| 5 Hours .....  | \$1.00 | } \$1 per month. |
| 1 Day .....    | 1.50   |                  |
| 1st Week ..... | 3.00   |                  |
| 2d Week .....  | 2.50   |                  |
| 3d Week .....  | 2.00   |                  |
| 4th Week ..... | 1.50   |                  |
| 2 Weeks .....  | 5.00   |                  |
| 1 Month .....  | 8.00   |                  |

## TANDEMS.

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|----------------|--------|---------------------|
| 5 Hours .....  | \$1.50 | } \$1.50 per month. |
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| 1st Week ..... | 6.00   |                     |
| 2d Week .....  | 5.00   |                     |
| 3d Week .....  | 4.00   |                     |
| 4th Week ..... | 3.00   |                     |
| 2 Weeks .....  | 10.00  |                     |
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their second game from the Delta Omega Chi club on the Colonial alleys. This game was much more exciting than the former and several times it looked as though the '97 team might lose. Warnock made several fancy spares, and bunched two strikes in his first string. Doyle had four bunches of two each in his three strings. Thomas, one of two and one of three. Peters, one of two. The surprise of the evening was Doyle's good score. The two Blackburns had a pretty race in the second string.

## C. L. S., '97.

|        |          |     |      |      |
|--------|----------|-----|------|------|
| Peters | .....128 | 133 | 129— | 390  |
| Lewis  | .....122 | 143 | 122— | 387  |
| Thomas | .....145 | 170 | 158— | 473  |
| Doyle  | .....181 | 141 | 185— | 507  |
| Currie | .....127 | 103 | 117— | 347  |
| Totals | .....703 | 690 | 711— | 2104 |

## Delta Omega Chi.

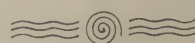
|              |          |     |      |      |
|--------------|----------|-----|------|------|
| Dow          | .....104 | 132 | 137— | 373  |
| Usher        | .....133 | 141 | 126— | 400  |
| Warnock      | .....177 | 148 | 124— | 449  |
| M. Blackburn | .....126 | 153 | 154— | 433  |
| J. Blackburn | .....110 | 153 | 145— | 408  |
| Totals       | .....650 | 727 | 686  | 2063 |

(Continued from page 15.)

these: Height, 63 inches; breadth of neck, 4 inches; shoulders, 16 inches; waist, 9½ inches; hips, 13 inches. Professor Sargent presents the average measurements of the figure of the American girl thus: Height, 63½ inches; breadth of neck, 3.8 inches; shoulders, 14.7 inches; waist, 8.6 inches; hips, 13 inches.

Dress fabrics and materials for millinery purposes are now being made of Venetian glass, and soon we will have hats which can be subjected to soap and water.

A word of advice to the bicycle-girl who is about to buy her suit. Do not get black or brown. The best color for hard wear is the gray, and mixed goods are much more durable than the plain. For head wear, a tourist hat is to be much preferred to any kind of cap. It not only looks better, but protects the face from sun-burn.



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High above white clouds are sailing,  
Breezes cool set leaves a stirring,  
Flowers are blooming, grasses bending,  
Waters rippling, birds wings whirring,  
Sweet contentment steals within,  
For lightly plays the violin.

Deepening moans from wind-swept forests,  
Join with rushing torrents' crash.  
Darkness dense is rendered denser  
By the lightning's sudden flash.  
Hopes and fears their strife begin,  
While loudly plays the violin.

In its sleep the earth is smiling  
For the moon's sweet light and love.  
Silently the stars are shining,  
Oh, so far—so far above!  
Longing souls aspire and win,  
As upward soars the violin. *Ex.*



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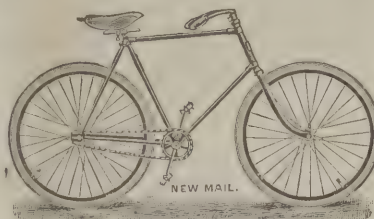


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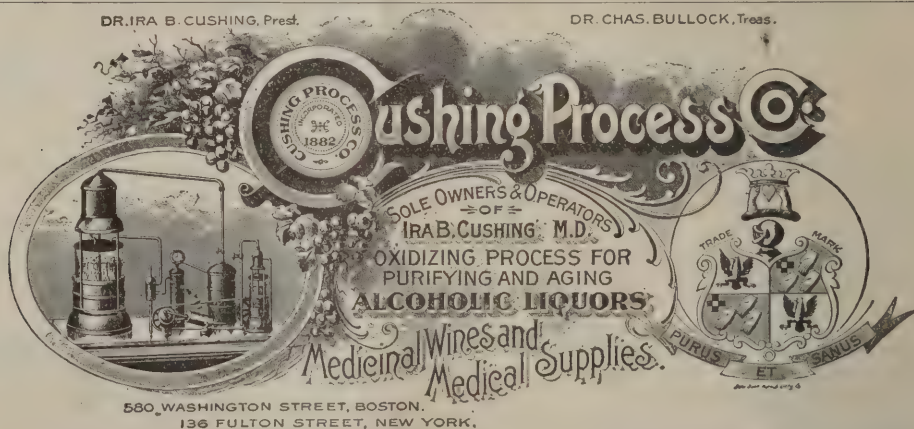
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. VII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

The past month has been a very pleasant one to the majority of us, inasmuch as it has brought with it the spring vacation and spring itself. The delightful weather of the vacation week doubtless kept many from performing intended studying, while to all it gave ample opportunity for outdoor sports. The baseball team had practice every morning, and accordingly the candidates now have a very fair start. We have several of last year's team back, and the chances of a good team are accordingly very fair. Captain Lochman's place will be hard to fill, as will also Beardsell's and McCarthy's. The new material is very fair, the weak point being the batting. The interest in the championship this year is very great as the new cup has never been played for, and of course the first championship has added attractions. We very much hope that Cambridge will display her usual prowess at base-ball and bring the cup home, but we are not over-confident. Hard work and continual practice are the only things that can win first place this year.

Every day we see or hear something impolite. Sometimes it is only a little thing that

cuts very little figure, and again it is a gross insult. The astonishing thing is that very often, at least not seldom, it is the act of an educated person. Are we a race of apes, selfish to the degree that we will not inconvenience ourselves to make some one comfortable? Are we so degenerated that we cannot bring ourselves to give a seat to a lady with a baby? Do we often so forget ourselves that we allow a young lady to go home from a social without an escort? It is a hard thing to say, but nevertheless it is often true that the average grammar school boy is more polite than his older and more advanced brother who is in college or high school. Let us remember that we are gentlemen born and that it therefore becomes us to act as gentlemen should. The days of gallantry and chivalry are yet in existence, only these virtues are now called politeness. Do we lack plain, every day politeness?

The supervisory committee of athletics of the High and Latin schools is recognized by everybody as the only body having the general supervision of athletics. The present committee is made up of graduates, teachers and undergraduates who are well-known

men and entirely and directly interested in the welfare of athletics in the schools. This committee has taken the place of the Athletic association which still exists, but only in name. So far has the powers of the athletic association been given to the supervisory committee that the thought has occurred to some that it would be better to disband the association and give entire power over athletics to the supervisory committee. Some may say that if this were done, the undergraduates would not be represented enough in controlling their own sports and that soon the committee would drift away from the interests of the students. This is not probable because out of the committee of seven members, three members are teachers and two are undergraduates, and all of these are closely in touch with all athletic interests. If the athletic association were disbanded the two undergraduate members of the committee would be elected at a mass meeting at the beginning of the school year and as these positions are ones of great responsibility and need men of good judgment, there couldn't help but be a good deal of interest taken in electing the proper men. The committee also would have its treasurer, and as there would be no dues, the money to support the teams would be raised by subscription.

The management of the REVIEW requests all who wish to express an opinion on this subject to do so, and if there is a general expression in favor of disbanding the association, steps will immediately be taken to that end.

The class of '97 of the Training school gave a drama and dance on Friday, March 26. The boys did admirably, especially those who took the female characters. The name of the play was "The Revolving Wedge."

---

Lyman Richards Williston, formerly principal of the Cambridge High School, and a well-known educator, died at his home, in this city, March 7.

Mr. Williston was born on the island of Maui, Sandwich Islands, in 1830. His father was Rev. William Richards, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, in those early days. When five years old, Lyman Richards came to the United States to obtain his education, and was adopted by Mr. Samuel Williston.

Young Williston graduated from Amherst in 1850. After two years of study in Germany, he graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1857. He soon received an appointment as master of the Cambridge High School; he resigned this position in 1862. In 1870, Mr. Williston was re-appointed as master of the High School, which position he retained for eleven years, resigning again in 1881.

In 1862, he founded a school for girls in this city; this soon became known as the Berkeley Street School. In 1881, this school passed into the hands of Miss Margaret R. Ingols, and is still known as Miss Ingols' School for Girls.

From 1880-84, Mr. Williston was a supervisor of the Boston schools; from 1884-91 he was master of the Girls' Latin School, Boston.

He had been in poor health for some time; and retired from active teaching about six years ago. Mr. Williston was sixty-seven years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Williston was much better known to the graduates of the High School in Cambridge and the Girls' Latin School in Boston than to the undergraduates of these schools, yet we feel proud of the man who once governed us, and greatly mourn him.

---

## ALL 'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

While at college together, Barbara Blake and Cynthia Marlowe had formed one of those close friendships which sometimes exist between two girls, and which are often of lifelong duration.

It was now more than a year since they graduated and we find Barbara eagerly reading a letter just received from her friend, and in which Cynthia invites her to come and make a visit; of course she is delighted at the prospect of seeing her friend again and hastens to accept the invitation.

There is one clause in Miss Marlowe's letter which causes her friend some amusement and not a little curiosity; it runs like this,— "You must be sure to come for I have a fellow here who is just the man for you; he is a medical student and just your style, tall, black hair, rather inclined to curl, beautiful eyes, handsome mouth and—but there! I'll not tell you any more for you will see for yourself soon, what a handsome fellow Jack Graham is, and I have my heart set upon it that you two shall like each other." Betty, for so she was called by her friends, laughed aloud at the mental picture of herself rushing into Mr. Jack Graham's arms. Now, when Betty laughed it was something to make one glad, it was such a pretty, silvery little ripple, and the double row of pearls which it disclosed to view added to the charm, and I have not the slightest doubt that the young gentleman in question would have been much pleased to receive such a fair burden.

The eventful day at last arrived and bidding her father good-bye at the train, our

heroine started on her journey. When the train drew into the big station, the first person she saw was Cynthia waiting for her. After the usual greetings were over they started for the house, and when about half way there, Cynthia gave a little exclamation and leaned forward in the carriage, nodding and smiling as she did so to a young and handsome man.

"Why, who is that Cyn?" asked Betty.

"That is Jack Graham, the one I wrote about, you know, yes, that one there, with the red cheeks and handsome eyes. It is so funny we should meet him now, for I have told him all about you and he is coming to call tomorrow evening. He's awfully anxious to meet you."

"Well, he looks as though he were very nice and I shall be very glad to meet him, but remember, I've not agreed to fall in love with him, dear."

"Oh! we shall see about that later, but here we are now and there is Mamma at the door."

"Ah, dear Mrs. Marlowe, it was so kind of you and Cynthia to ask me to come, and it is so nice to see you both again. It seems a long time since our Commencement, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Marlowe was a sweet, motherly sort of person, and Betty felt this all the more as she had no mother of her own and was very fond of her friend's mother.

In course of time the evening arrived bringing with it Mr. Graham, who proved to be very entertaining, and amused the girls well all that evening. When the girls were



retiring that night, Cynthia said: "Well, isn't he just elegant? What do you think of him?"

"I think him an extremely nice fellow and he seems to have a fair mind and a character rather above the average, but I am afraid I shall have to disappoint you if you expect that I shall ever be anything more than a friend of Mr. Graham's, you bad, match-making girl."

"Won't you even 'be a sister' to the poor boy?" said Cyn with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, you dear, silly child, come along to bed and don't be plotting and planning to marry me off to the first good-looking man you see, else I shall think you are in a hurry to get rid of me."

Barbara Blake's visit extended over three or four weeks and during that time Jack Graham was very much in evidence and it soon began to be whispered about among his friends that Jack seemed to be "pretty hard hit." It was also remarked that Betty apparently cared no more for him than for any of the other men who called at the Marlowe's. "But then," they savagely said, "you never can tell about a girl, it may be the man she cares most for that she treats the worst, they're all like that."

"In that case," said another, "Jack's chances are very good, as she simply annihilates him every chance she gets, and they are continually at cross-purposes."

As for Betty herself, she had been slowly arriving at the conclusion that this thing was getting altogether too serious, for it was easy for her to see that he preferred her society to that of any other girl, and had as good as told her so several times already. He had taken her to dances repeatedly, sent her flowers, taken her sleigh-riding, to theatre-parties and sent her enough candy to make them all ill,

not to mention music and new books. Now all this was very nice of course, "but," she asked herself, "is it right that I should accept all these attentions when I don't care for him in the least?"

She finally decided that it was not right, and so the next morning, which was Sunday, she told her friends that she should be obliged to leave them the following Wednesday. They begged her to stay longer but she remained firm in her decision, saying that she really ought to go back to her father, as she had been away from him so long.

On the Monday following this announcement she was to attend a dance with Mr. Graham, and in the afternoon there arrived for her a box from the florist. It was taken to her in her room where she opened it and beheld three of the most beautiful red roses she had ever seen in her life, and on the top of them lay a note, at sight of which her heart sank within her, for he had never before sent a note with his flowers. However, she took it from its envelope and read it. It was as she had feared; the note was very simple and contained only these words:

"If you wear these I shall take it as a sign that I have your permission to speak further to-night."

That was all, yet what would she not have given never to have seen that small bit of paper?

Of course she didn't wear them, in fact she didn't wear any flowers, though she had plenty of them given her. So when she appeared without any touch of color on her white dress he looked rather startled, but as he had no opportunity of speaking with her alone just then, he was obliged to endure the suspense, and meantime he was speculating as to whether it could possibly be due to some

blunder of that stupid florist that she was without flowers, or must he really make up his mind to it that she really did not care for him? At last, however, his chance came and he asked her if she would come to the conservatory instead of dancing. Seeing no alternative, she finally consented. As the conservatory was entirely deserted at this hour they settled themselves in a cosy nook and when he had arranged things comfortably for her, he looked long and searchingly at her, then asked quietly, "Did you receive my flowers?"

"Yes," she answered gently.

"Ah! Miss Blake, Barbara, don't send me away without any hope."

"Mr. Graham, I am more sorry than I can tell you, that this thing has happened. Like you?—Yes, but love you? Ah, that is a very different matter and one in which I am obliged to disappoint you. Believe me this is painful for me as well as for you, for I had hoped we might always be friends. Shall we?"

"By Jove! yes, we will be, for you have been as kind as you could in saying this, but remember that I shall always love you—Barbara," said he, kissing her hand.

On Wednesday she went home and Jack Graham was among those at the train to see her off, keeping a smiling face through it all so that the others might not know.

"Poor boy," thought Betty, "it is too bad, I am so sorry, but I can't help it." How little she, or any of us know what we really do want. She had not been home two weeks before she began to miss Jack, and slowly, very slowly, it became clear to her that she had made the mistake of her life, that she loved Jack Graham and could never love any other man, yet such is the irony of life that

she could not call him back now that she had answered.

Soon after all this happened she went to Europe with some friends and was gone over a year, during which time she had heard but once of Jack, and that was in one of Cynthia's letters, in which she said that he had graduated from the medical school and was then a practicing physician.

After travelling about from one country to another, she came back to her native village by the sea to find that it was fast developing into a fashionable watering-place, with hotels and cottages springing up all about. So soon as she got somewhat settled in her home she began to go about and found that many of her old friends were staying at the hotels, among them a young man by the name of King, who was once very devoted to her and commenced to be so again, taking her to boating parties, the hops at the hotels, etc.; they were seen everywhere together.

One day, while on a yachting party for the day, her throat suddenly became very sore. It didn't seem like an ordinary sore throat and she told her friends she thought it was caused by one of the bristles from her toothbrush, as she thought she had swallowed one that morning while brushing her teeth and it had probably lodged in her throat and caused the pain. The next morning as she was no better, she sent for the family physician, an old man who had attended the family for years, and told him what she thought caused the trouble, so he looked down her throat with mirrors and without, and finally said he could find no bristle; but as Barbara had the firm idea that it was a bristle she was not satisfied and sent for another physician, with the same result.

After trying all the doctors in town she



sent out of town for a specialist, but still to no purpose; the bristle could not be found, but it mattered not, she knew there was a bristle in her throat. Finally her father came home one morning saying that he had left word for a young physician, who was staying at one of the hotels, to call, however, neglecting to tell his name. Imagine her surprise then, at beholding Jack Graham that afternoon in the capacity of medical adviser. It was two years since she had seen him, and under what peculiar circumstances did he appear to her again!

They talked on commonplace subjects for a while and then even spoke of old times, but with no shade of sentiment, and she thought perhaps he had forgotten. Then she told him what she thought was the matter with her throat and he looked it all over and finally announced that he did see something that looked like a bristle, but that he should be obliged to go to his rooms to get a certain instrument required to extract it. This he did and was soon back again, telling her that he might hurt her a little, but that she must be as quiet as possible and he would try not to be long about it. So he poked his instrument into her mouth and down her throat, and then—Eureka! there it was, a bristle sure enough. How long had it been there? Well—er—that's not for you or me to say, but undoubtedly Dr. Graham could tell, being such an expert, you know, as not only to see but to actually remove a bristle from a place where all others had failed even to see one.

Delighted that she was after all, right, in

spite of the verdict of all those gray-heads, she was doubly pleased that it was Dr. Graham who was bright enough to find it and relieve the pain in her throat.

After this the young doctor came often to the house, but notwithstanding the fact that she really cared for him she teased him a good deal and put herself out to be nice to Mr. King when Jack was around.

Now Jack had taken a violent dislike to this young man although he said nothing about it. One day, however, he happened to have the good fortune of having Betty all alone with him, and in some unaccountable manner the conversation led around to a discussion on Mr. King. Barbara was unusually mischievous this morning and teased her companion worse than ever, simply refusing to answer any of his questions sensibly, thereby making him in his jealousy say things which told her plainly enough the state of mind in which he was.

"Miss Blake, are you ever serious?" he asked in sheer desperation. "I don't believe you can be."

"Oh yes," she answered demurely, "I can be serious when I care."

"And do you care?"

"For Mr. King?"

"No," he said quietly, "for me?"

But in after years his conscience sometimes gave him a twinge when, in his retrospective moods he thought of the extracting of the bristle, both from his toothbrush and her throat—but "All's fair in love and war," and it won him his wife.







Edward M. Bragg, E. H. S. '92, is an assistant in the Engineering Department at Technology.

F. E. Thayer, C. L. S. '95, is president of the Harvard Chess Club.

Robert L. Raymond, '91, is editor-in-chief of the Harvard Law Review.

N. W. Tilton, '96, is a substitute on the Harvard 1900 crew.

J. B. Hawes, '96, is treasurer of the Freshman Glee Club.

At the Junior Dinner of Harvard '98, March 30, R. P. Utter, '94, read a poem on "The Class."

Several Latin School graduates are singing in the Harvard Varsity Glee Club: J. E. Sharkey, E. H. S. '95, and E. G. Adams, formerly C. L. S. '95 are second tenors; J. B. Hawes, C. L. S. '96, first bass, and J. F. Bacon '95, A. L. Richards '96 and F. R. E. Dolan '96, second bass.

Stewart T. Arnold, E. H. S. '95, is with the Frank A. Kennedy Baking Company, Cambridge.

Miss Alice H. Stratton, who has received an appointment as teacher at the High

School, graduated from the Latin School in the class of '92. She received an A.B. *cum laude*, from Radcliffe, in June, 1896.

Miss Mabel E. Harris, who has been substituting at the Latin School, was valedictorian of the class of '93, C. L. S. Last year she received Second Year Honors in classics at Radcliffe. She will receive her degree, *magna cum laude*, next commencement.

Roger Gilman, C. L. S. '91, is studying architecture in the Harvard Graduate School. He graduated from Harvard in '95, *magna cum laude*, and was a teacher for the year 1895-96 at Noble and Greenough's School, Boston.

Last spring the graduates of the Latin School in Radcliffe formed the "Radcliffe-Cambridge Latin School Club." The club holds monthly social meetings. Its members intend partially to maintain a scholarship to help a needy Cambridge Latin School graduate through Radcliffe.

The officers of the club at present are: president, Miss Anna M. Vaughan, C. L. S. '93; vice-president, Miss Mabel E. Harris, '93; secretary, Miss Blanche N. Cook, '95, and treasurer, Miss Mary H. Winslow, '95.

A. F. Barnes, C. L. S. '94, is rowing with the Harvard '98 crew squad.

# THROUGH THE WOODS.

## I.

Coming down a woodland path were a young girl and a boy. She was perhaps, fifteen, with a graceful girlish figure. On her dark brown hair was a wreath of oak leaves, while others encircled her waist and shoulders. Her eyes were hazel, deep and pure as a forest pool. She carried a white sailor hat in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other. She was humming that sweet old song, "Juanita."

He was only a little older but he was fully six feet tall. Tanned as he was by the sun, with his very black hair and eyes, and surrounded by the green of the woods, he looked—save for his modern golf suit—like some young Indian brave in his primeval forests.

They paused before a large tree on which many names were carved. "I am going to put our names here," he said. "I shall put Nita for you because you are always singing 'Juanita,' and I always think of the real one as looking very much like you."

"Oh, do let me do yours," she said, and in a few minutes the names DAN and NITA were cut side by side.

When they got to the edge of the woods Dan said: "We are going away tomorrow, Marjorie. May I write to you and may I come down this evening?"

That evening as Dan and his sister were saying good-bye, a rose fell from Marjorie's belt. Dan picked it up, but instead of returning it gave her one from his buttonhole, simply saying, "I will keep mine, will you keep yours?"

"Yes! Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

## II.

The next summer they played tennis together again in the quiet country town, but that fall Marjorie went to Europe to study and Dan went to Harvard.

Once in a while he heard from her, but it was only through friends of hers in Cambridge.

One day, just before commencement he went to one of the many lawn parties that are given about that time. During a conversation with a most engaging little girl, Miss Hastings' name was mentioned. "Yes," said the little girl, "isn't it horrid of Marjorie Hastings to go and get engaged to an old English lord or something grand? She won't know us if she comes back."

Marjorie engaged! Young Harrington got out of the crowd, bade adieu to his hostess and returned in a very bewildered state of mind to think it over in his cool window seat with his pipe.

## III.

Harvard class day came and went. It was a decidedly stupid graduation for Dan Harrington. His father had gone to California for his health, accompanied by his wife and daughter, so he, Dan, was free to spend his summer as he pleased. He was all alone at his graduation.

After a few days of lingering in the cool and classic shades of his Alma Mater, he decided that it would be better to loaf and smoke during the lazy summer days "up country" than on the veranda of a hotel at a fashionable resort where the dear girls would pronounce him "adorable" and bore him to death.

## IV.

Under the large tree in the woods stood Dan Harrington looking up at those two names. Many more had been put there since those were cut nearly five years ago.

Where was Marjorie now? Possibly Lady Something or other in England. And all he had left of her was that ever-present picture in his mind and a dry scentless rose in his hand. The one she had given him when they were—yes—children.

While he was thinking a clear, girlish voice fell on his ear.

"And daylight beaming for thy dreams are vain.  
Wilt thou not relenting for thine absent lover sigh—"

Was he dreaming? Wasn't it a trick of the imagination? No, the voice went on—

"In thine heart consenting  
To a prayer gone by.  
Nita, Juanita—  
Let me linger by thy side."

and a strong, manly voice finished it out—

"Nita, Juanita,  
Be my own fair bride!"

Then the vision in a cool brown gingham with a wreath of oak leaves on her head found herself clasped in a pair of manly arms and while she looked into those loving dark eyes, those dear lips whispered, "Won't you, Marjorie?" and I think the little birds heard her say "yes." I know Dan did.



### "ARABELLA OF TOURNAY."

Arabella, which was presented at Brattle Hall on the evenings of March 11 and 12 by

graduates and undergraduates of the High and Latin schools, was very successfully produced and surely was as good a comic opera as has been presented to a Cambridge audience for a long time. There were some weak points in the libretto and the music, although catchy, was rather light for the large chorus. Of course a few weak points must be expected in an amateur show, but nevertheless, great credit is due to the librettist, Harry W. Stearns, and to the composer, Harry H. Pike. Stearns, as the duke, took the leading male part and added another success to his already long list. Waldo Glidden, as Herman, the court jester, captivated the audience, and his topical song, "How much better 'twould have been had there been more of it," will be remembered for a long time. L. Ullman made a charming Rosalie, and C. K. Moore as Arabella interpreted exceedingly well the part of the duchess mourning over her husband's long absence. C. A. McGrew acted well the part of the old chamberlain. E. G. Adams as Maurice, Prince of Spain, and J. F. Bacon as Egbert had ample chance for displaying their superb voices.

The drill of the royal body guard, although a very foolish proceeding, was extremely laughable. One thing which was very noticeable was the life which the chorus put in the play. Several of the "girls" in the chorus were made up very prettily and acted very naturally when flirting with the men. The performance was under the management of William V. MacGill, the well-known manager. Although the opera was not a financial success, yet great credit is due the business managers, W. F. Wyeth and J. F. Bacon for not sparing time or expense in making the opera a good show in every respect. "Arabella" will long be remembered with pleasure by all who saw it.



## CURRENT EVENTS.

During the past year the government maintained in Alaska seventeen day schools, with nineteen teachers and an enrollment of one thousand and sixty-eight pupils.

An effort is being made to start a paper at Johns Hopkins University, which at present is the only large institution in the country which has no student publication.

Chicago fraternities have fourteen representative newspapers, with a combined circulation of six thousand three hundred and eighty copies each issue.

Dr. Nansen has ordered a yacht of about thirty tons burden and intends to continue his studies on the coast of Norway and Spitzbergen with it.

The tomb of General Grant in New York City, is to be dedicated on April 27, the anniversary of the general's birth. The cost of the tomb is six hundred thousand dollars. The expenses of the dedication will be assumed by the city of New York. Many distinguished persons are to be invited to attend.

A recognition of scientific work rarely given by the British government is the recent elevation of Sir Joseph Lister to the peerage. The new peer is the first medical man so honored by reason of his eminence as a physician. It may be noted that the few scientific men raised to peerages have been made peers on account of work in applied science, never of pure research. Lord Kelvin and Lord Armstrong are great engineers and the new peer is a surgeon.

Turkey evidently doesn't believe in electrical power. Science says: "It is reported that patents for inventions which relate to the production of electrical energy, or in which electricity is in any way employed, are refused in Turkey. There is nothing in the law to warrant any such refusal, and the only explanation afforded by the Turkish authorities is that orders have been received from the palace forbidding the grant of patents for such inventions. The fees paid on application are not returned."

Dr. Yersin, the French bacteriologist, and a member of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has gone to India to fight the bubonic plague.

Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer of Washington, D. C., who is attached to the United States Naval Observatory, has been elected an honorary member of the Russian Academy of Science. Professor Newcomb's portrait hangs among the collection of portraits of famous astronomers in the observatory at Pulkowo.

The same honor has been conferred on Lord Kelvin, professor of natural philosophy at the University of Glasgow, and Lord Rayleigh, scientific adviser to the corporation of Trinity House.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker, has purchased an island in the Hudson River, on which he proposes to erect buildings for the use of poor families who are unable to have an outing at their own expense in summer.

## TULU.

Friday, April 2, the drama given by the class of '97, Latin school, was repeated for the benefit of the athletic association by the same cast at Brattle hall. Although the audience was not very large, it was very appreciative and the players were called before the curtain after each act. There is a difference of opinion, but the majority believe that the acting was not as good as in the first performance, due probably to the inevitable conceit which a crowd has after once doing a thing successfully. A number of the cast of "Arabella" were present and sang one of the catchy songs of that opera at the end of the second act.

The staging was very pretty and great credit is due to Mr. MacGill for his very efficient work. Miss Wesselhoeft was very charming in her makeup for the second act, as were Miss McWhinnie and Miss Phillips. Stanley Hyde was much better in his love scenes than before and looked better without the wig. Elliott Emerson was very good.

The dancing was very enjoyable as the hall was not crowded. Harris H. Murdock managed the affair creditably. The pretty tickets and programs were his idea.



## C. L. S. D. S.

On February 26th, Vice President Wyman presided at the regular meeting. There was not a quorum present, so the society proceeded immediately to debate on the question: Resolved, That the United States navy should be increased. Mr. Sullivan, '99, spoke for the affirmative, while Mr. Wyman, '97, and Mr. Blanchard, '00, upheld the negative. Although the affirmative

won in the vote taken on the merits of the question, the debate was awarded to the negative.

On March 19th, President Estabrook called the meeting to order. After the transaction of the routine business the question of the evening, Resolved, That Hawaii should be annexed to the United States, came up for discussion. Mr. Murdock, '97, and Mr. Davidson, '00, upheld the affirmative, and Mr. Flanagan, '98, and Mr. Bennett, '00, ably responded for the negative. The jury, composed of Miss Hopkins, '00, Miss Crocker, '00, and Mr. Davenport, '00, awarded the debate to the negative. Mr. Horton, '97, and Mr. Davenport, '00, were unanimously elected to membership.

On March 26th, the meeting was opened by President Estabrook. After the transaction of the regular business, the society turned its attention to the question: Resolved, that the arbitration treaty should be adopted. Mr. Horton, '98, and Mr. Wyman, '97, were the principal speakers for the affirmative. Mr. Blackburn, '97, and Mr. Bennett, '00, spoke on the negative. The jury, composed of Miss Wesselhoeft, '97, Mr. Wesselhoeft, '01, and Mr. Stevens, '99, awarded the debate in the affirmative. The committee on the joint debate with the High school reported at this meeting. The date of the debate is set as May 28th. As formerly it will be held in the High school hall.

It is certainly gratifying to see the interest in the society increase as the annual contest with the English High School Debating society approaches. Let every one bestir himself and make an effort to be present at every meeting and to also take some active part in it, and very soon the society will reach a much greater condition of prosperity than it has attained in its former years.

## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

*"Any Questions of General Interest Will Be  
Cheerfully Answered."*

Inquirer.—At any book store can be found a copy of "Rules on Etiquette," for which you say you are looking. However, a simpler way for the boys desirous to do the "correct thing," who read these columns, would be to follow the example of trees which are among the best mannered productions of the globe. They always leave in time and never without a bough.

Student.—Your handwriting shows that your nature is rather weak. Never let it be said of you as of a certain young man, "He doesn't do anything for fear of doing something stupid."

Looking for Another Occupation.—"Under the mist and the moonlight I wander alone," sighs a long-haired poet, and we don't wonder at it. If he would only visit a barber's shop, black his boots and do away with his dreamy airs, we presume he could get some one to wander "under the mist and the moonlight with him." It is a settled fact that you must look rather "up-to-date" before you can get a girl to walk with you.

Friend.—A man should never play upon a woman's weakness or seek to make her angry. However, ask a woman how old she is if you want her to show her rage.

C. L. S., '97 and '98.—Paul Revere did not walk to Concord. He rode his wheel. But—some people do not possess wheels.

In Doubt.—No, my friend, Joan of Arc was not Noah's wife.

Englishman.—You ask what an autobiography is. Longfellow says: "An autobiography is what a biography ought to be."

Apt Pupil.—The following is the conversation to which you referred, taking place in a Physiology recitation. Instructor (to pupil)—"Master D——, will you please name the bones of a skull?" Pupil (perplexed)—"I've got them all in my head, sir, but the names don't strike me at this moment."

Desperation—I know of no way to retrieve your fortunes so hopelessly in debt. I fear it will be said of you as of a certain student:

QUITE SO.

Quoth a medical student named Proctor,  
As he staved off a creditor's letter,  
"Though I'm not known yet as a Dr.,  
I'm known far too well as a Dr."

Anxious One.—If, as you say, mumps are very prevalent in your neighborhood, and the maiden of your fancy is afflicted with them, I advise you, as a friend, to keep away from the spot where they are most noticeable.

"I want to know."—Girls are curious creatures, puzzles hard to solve, and their ideas upon marriage may often seem strange to us. You have doubtless heard the following anecdote:

Mother (reprovingly)—"You shouldn't make light of marriage, my daughter."

Daughter (indignantly)—"I think it's all right to make light of a match."





One of the easiest habits to acquire, and the most difficult to break is the use of slang. Too many girls consider the use of slang phrases cute and smart, but the most refined and cultivated members of society do not find beauty in familiarity with this language. Many girls think that the men admire them when they are able at any time to supply a slang phrase for proper English, but the truth is that while they are amused for the time being with the readiness with which their girl-friends pick up the words, after a time they become disgusted. Though no English is as expressive as slang, meaning can generally be conveyed without it, and a much better impression made on the hearers.

There is an interesting story told of a young Pennsylvania woman who was married in a tree. She and her betrothed had been to a party in a neighboring village, and on account of some jealousy had quarreled. They were returning home in sulky silence, accompanied by a minister who had been a guest also, when they were pursued by a fierce bull and all took refuge in some trees near by, each in a separate tree. The bull remained persistently under the tree, and the minister, thinking it an opportune time, undertook peace-making. This work, however, was almost completed before he began, and the young couple desired to be married

immediately. This was done, the young woman and her lover clasping hands from their lofty perches. Shortly after, a farmer came along, drove away the bull, and carried off the bride and groom in his wagon.

It is said that veils are largely responsible for poor complexions. To some extent they hinder the circulation, but the greatest harm is that they keep the face heated, and thus the dust blows in the open pores and creates a dusty skin. The veil also retains so much of the dust of the street that each time it is worn it imparts some to the face. The dye of a veil is also injurious to the skin. If on windy days a veil must be worn, it should be fresh, white, and loosely enough tied to allow free circulation of air.

Beware of smelling salts, girls! They not only destroy the sense of smell in time, but they bring wrinkles to the face. This has been proved true by actual observation.

Professor Gottfried Schadow of Berlin has given in his figure of an artistically formed woman the following measurements: Height, 63½ inches; breadth of neck, 2¾ inches; shoulders, 15 inches; waist, 9 inches; hips, 13½ inches. The unknown artist of the Venus de' Medici, the world's idea of perfection in figure, constructed it on

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The appointments of Applegate and Blackburn, '98, as captain and manager respectively of the track team have been ratified by the supervisory committee.

The REVIEW was set up on the Mergenthaler linotype this month. This machine was purchased at great expense to accommodate the increasing eagerness of the management to have the REVIEW out on time and have its contents bright and entertaining, a thing which has been impossible in past years because so much time was needed to publish each issue of the REVIEW. When the REVIEW copy is all handed in, the printer hires extra help and the linotype is run all night. This enterprise of the printers, Messrs. Lombard & Caustic, and the management should be appreciated by the readers of the REVIEW.

The following schedule has been arranged for the Base Ball league games for our team:

May 7—Hopkinson.  
May 12—English High.  
May 14—Somerville.  
May 18—Boston Latin.  
May 25—Roxbury Latin.  
May 28—Brookline High.

There will probably be a game with Arlington High on April 29.

The competitive debate at the Latin School society to choose speakers for the annual joint debate will be held Friday evening, April 9. The subject is: Resolved, That the army and navy should be increased. The joint debate will occur May 28.

The May REVIEW will appear on May 13 and all copy must be in by the 3d. Please write in ink, and on one side of the paper only.



## The Campaign of 1952.

The summer of 1952 was fast drawing to a close. In fact there were but two months before election. The weather was so hot and close that Boston's (therefore Massachusetts's) greatest politician was actually tired of discussing the prosperity that would be if the Republicans won the election. Godfry Jordan, for that was the politician's name, seized his hat and wandered down to the wharf at the foot of State street, hoping to get a breath of fresh air. There he met Mark Hanna's grandson, who was named after his grandfather, also taking his place in politics. He had just arrived in town.

Hanna was evidently feeling remarkably good, and as his eye met Godfry's, he called out, "Here Godfry." "Your hum—" began Godfry, but was cut short with, "Stop that; come and walk along with me for I must ask a favor of you." Now Godfry supposed that Mark might wish to be introduced to some learned body or some such thing, so he willingly accompanied him. They sauntered off, but as politicians are always long-winded, they did not reach the real subject of their conversation until they were comfortably seated at a table in Young's.

"See here, Mr. Jordan," Mr. Hanna remarked, "who is going to conduct the campaign in this new island state of Koskongouga?" Godfry took the hint; the very hint brought enough to cause his hair to rise on end, and not without reason, for it was said that the islanders were the most terrible cannibals alive. Hanna, perceiving this, laughed so that it stung Godfry to the quick. "Blame it all, I will," he said, trying to look manly. The expression of disgust

on Mark Hanna's face immediately softened into one of great respect, and as Jordan felt he deserved every bit of that respect, and no better friends ever drank each other's health. It was decided that Godfry, without delay, should go, by air, to Koskongouga. He was to be armed with 10 tons of colored beads, furnished by Wall street bankers, with which to restrain the savage inclinations of the islanders. Starting early Monday morning he arrived at his destination Tuesday night just as the savages were leaving a great public feast. The minute he was seen they raised the rejoicing cry of "More meat, more meat," calling all back to the grounds. However rejoicing the cry might have appeared to the cannibals, Godfry shook in his boots, for though he admired martyrs, he had no mind to be one himself. It took but a minute to rekindle the fire and strip poor Godfry of all his clothes. It would have taken but another instant to have deprived him of life, for the chief butcher, a robust fellow, naked except for a large gaudily colored apron, and a stray pair of shoes, was already sharpening a fancy paper-cutter. In the midst of all this peril he began to talk about 10 pounds of beads which he would give them if they would release him. They consented. But alas! where were his clothes? One imp was prancing around with his hat and eyeglasses, often holding the latter up to his nose and squinting at the others through them, while the older persons had divided the rest of his apparel among themselves. It was certainly mortifying for a respectable person to parade the streets of even a cannibal village unclothed, but as even the butcher refused



to lend his apron it had to be so, for he perceived the danger of lingering and dared do nothing but bring the beads.

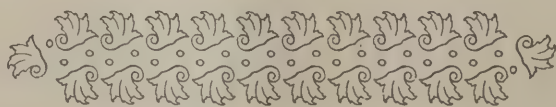
During that night he made a dazzling robe of beads, arrayed in which, he addressed the people in the morning upon the excellent character of the Republican candidate and the greatness of the whole Republican party. His main argument was very simple, so simple that even the poorest cannibal could understand it. As a matter of fact, the poorer the cannibal, the better he understood it. It ran thus: "Perceiving your love of art, which so kindly prompted you last night, I would say that it was the Republican party that furnished those beads. If you all vote for the Republican you shall have eight tons of such beads, but if you vote for the Democrat then you shall never see another one." This appeal was very effectual except that a certain banker raised the cry: "If the country is thus flooded by beads, what will become their actual value?" He thus quoted the Republican's own doctrine. However, Godfry was hunting for votes, not doctrines, and so he did not interfere when the townsfolk publicly feasted on the unfortunate banker.

Fearing lest the people might change their minds or cool down, Jordan proposed that the vote be taken next day, which, as the people were anxious for the beads, they quickly consented to. This could be done, Godfry explained, by dating the papers as if the vote has been cast on Nov. 4. Next day a unanimous vote was cast for the Republican candidates, Graves and Butcher, and Godfry immediately delivered the beads

over to the king of Koskongouga. The king then decided that the beads should all be his. so, as soon as he sent word for the populace to gather around the castle next morning, by the advice of Jordan, who telegraphed for the flying machine, he fled by the means thus given him, to America, where he arrived in safety. Jordan, however, taking an air launch, hovered about to watch the course of events.

Next morning the savages all gathered to receive their share of the beads, but no king or no beads were to be found. Thereupon, the people being enraged, began to kill and eat each other, according to their fierce nature until there were but two left alive, who immediately fell to fighting. Soon one conquered, cooked and ate the other, and was captured by Jordan, who intended to rent him as a wonder. Jordan's efforts were useless, however, for the cannibal died of an overloaded stomach, and indeed, it was no wonder, for the whole populace of Koskongouga was contained in that one man. Thus Godfry had the satisfaction of getting all the cannibals' votes, and also revenge.

When Godfry returned to America he was much honored, but his own friends could not help noticing that, in the last part, he had but followed the plan of the good St. Patrick. It is almost unnecessary to say that the Republicans were elected by a large majority and Jordan became secretary of state, which position he honorably filled until the next election, when the Democrats having the greater power, he joined their party, became their candidate, and was the 94th president of the United States.



# In The Year Nine.

(A Tale of the Teutoberg Forest.)

When Hermann swooped down, like a hawk  
on a chick,

His thousands were hid in the woods, dim  
and thick.

His myriads equalled the sand on the shore,  
They poured, like a torrent, the Roman  
bands o'er.

Like rustle of snow-flakes, which drift  
through the trees,

Or fiercely are blown on the keen, north-  
west breeze,

The German had suddenly broken the calm;  
Now had proud Varus good cause for alarm.

Goaded to fury, the Germans had risen;  
Insults they'd suffered, they'd never for-  
given.

Quietly, secretly, made they their plans;  
Pledged to the movement were clans upon  
clans.

Wily Arminius, Roman instructed,  
Skillfully, wisely the campaign conducted.  
Lured on the haughty and arrogant chief,—  
Varus, great Varus! Thy life was but brief.

League after league, through a fathomless  
maze,

Blindly, he marched on, for days after days.  
Marched in the torrents, through bogs and  
marsh-ground,

Crossed rapid streams, which were every-  
where found.

Crafty Arminius acted as guide,  
Marched with the Romans, by Varus's side.  
Late, in the twilight, one wet afternoon,  
Left he proud Varus, but reappeared soon.

Suddenly filled the proud Roman with fear,  
Soon felt the tyrant that danger was near.

Up on the mountain-side, from ravine deep,  
Everywhere, instantly, seemed there to leap

Countless, fair giants, by trumpet-blast clear  
Called into action, for Vaterland dear,  
Men who had never a feeling of fear,  
Armed with a shield, a short javelin and  
spear.

Down, the defenders of children and home,  
Dashed the brave Germans, like ocean-  
tossed foam,

On the invader, with fury incense,  
Shouting their war-cry, with fervor intense.

Scattered and straggling, the legions re-  
coiled,

Weighted with armor, they heavily toiled.  
Great was that battle, so cleverly planned;  
Never again in Cherusci's broad land

Trod the invader, for Hermann had freed  
Germans forever, from Rome's cruel greed.  
Hermann, brave Hermann! A glorious  
name!

Many came after, but none quite the same.

. . . . .

Soon the Great City, that far-distant Rome,  
Into great sorrow and mourning was thrown.  
Night after night, the great "Lord of the  
World"

Cried, as in anguish his brain madly whirled:

"Varus! Oh Varus! My legions, I pray!  
Varus, my Varus! Oh, why this delay?"  
Naught for an answer Augustus could find,  
Naught that would comfort his overworked  
mind.

Deep in the Teutoberg Forest they lay,  
Silenced by death, on that terrible day.  
When, like the Redskin, Arminius' braves  
Hemmed in the legions, and dug there their  
graves.



Freddy, the small son of a well-known minister, had misbehaved, and to punish him he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in a corner of the dining room. When his dinner was placed before him, Freddy said very solemnly: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast spread a table before me in the presence of my enemies."

A young lady entering a book store asked the clerk: "Is this a free translation?"

"No," replied the clerk, "that costs fifty cents."

"I'll make you dance," said an irate mother punishing her erring son, slipper in hand.

"Then," remarked the young hopeful, "we'll have a bawl."

Willie.—"Grandpa, tell me a story."

Grandpa—"Well, once upon a time before people thought of marrying for money"—

Willie.—"Oh, I don't mean a fairy story."

A revenue officer charged Noah with brewing beer aboard the ark because he saw the kangaroo going on board with hops.

Poet.—"Let me tell you, sir, that poem cost me a week's hard labor."

Editor (who has read it).—"Is that all? If I'd have had the passing of the sentence, you'd have got a month."

When the teacher asked him to state concisely his residence he replied: "I can't abridge her mains." Her brain was so dense that she failed to see the point and kept him after school.

Visitor—"I am grieved to hear of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious, no great cause for alarm, I trust?"

New French maid.—"No, monsieur, nozing beeg, nozzing grande. Something what you call leetle, petite. What zey call ze lttle-small-small pox."

A bald-headed man who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young woman in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes, it is extremely lucky for her," was the answer.

"Now, do let me propose you as a member?"

"But suppose they should blackball me."

"Pooh, absurd. Why, my dear fellow, not a man in the club knows you even."

A terrible "frame" of mind encloses the "picture" of despair.



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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MAY, 1897.

VOL.

XI.

No. 8.

C.M.H.

• VITA • SINE • LITERIS • MORS • EST •



*Have you tried*

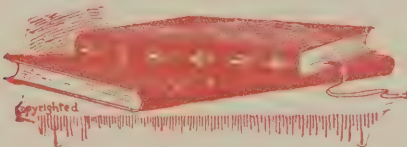
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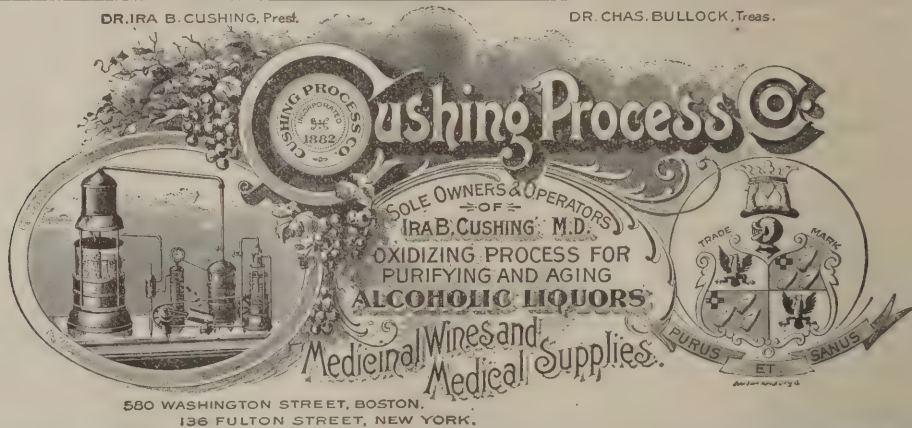
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

Although the Athletic association is a thing of the past, its dissolution does not settle the bills which were contracted in its name. The school still owes about sixty dollars. Several methods have been proposed for raising this sum, such as taking up a graduate subscription, an outside subscription, or even one from the undergraduates. We believe, however, that the subscriptions from the undergraduates should be used exclusively for present needs, and that a graduate subscription is the most practicable. Several graduates have expressed a willingness to contribute. The REVIEW will start the list with ten dollars, hoping that this may set the ball rolling and influence others to contribute. We would recommend a dollar subscription from as many graduates as feel willing to subscribe.

It is the management's intention to delay the June issue of the REVIEW until the latter part of the month, and to present to the readers an enlarged number. The June REVIEW will be increased to forty-four pages and will include besides the regular departments, the graduation speeches, wits about the graduat-

ing classes, a general athletic review and several other features.

In connection with this, the management offers a chance to any member of either school to get advertisements for this number. A liberal commission is offered and all who wish to take advantage of this offer will please consult the business manager at their earliest convenience.

As will be seen on page four, the supervisory committee has created the office of treasurer of athletics, taking the place of the treasurer of the Athletic association, only with more powers. One has been selected for the position who was prominent while in the school, and who will be remembered for the business-like way in which he managed the '94 foot-ball team. He was also one of the originators of the athletic association.

The REVIEW heartily approves of a treasurer of athletics and gladly seconds the appointment of Kenneth L. Mark, '94. We are sure that with the supervisory committee made up of alumni, teachers and undergraduates devoted to the interests of the High and Latin schools, and with Mr. Mark as treasurer and adviser, athletics in all branches

must improve. It has always been true that when athletics are managed properly, there is plenty of interest taken, so we may all look forward to a successful future for the Cambridge High and Latin schools.

---

### SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE.

Voted, That the finances of the different athletic teams of the schools are hereby placed in charge of a treasurer who shall be appointed by the supervisory committee of athletics, and shall be responsible to it.

Voted, That until further notice the managers of the different school teams are directed to observe the following rules:

I. No one appointed manager of a school team shall assume his office or perform any of its duties until he has received a written ratification of his appointment from the secretary of the supervisory committee.

II. No manager shall order or purchase goods without the written order of the treasurer. The person ordering or purchasing goods in violation of this rule will become personally liable, and the supervisory committee will not be held responsible.

III. No manager shall circulate a subscription paper, or take any other measure for raising money unless it receives the written approval of the treasurer.

IV. Every manager shall render to the treasurer, at least once a month, a detailed statement of his receipts and expenses.

V. Every manager, at the request of the treasurer, shall close his accounts and pay over the balance in his hands to the treasurer, receiving a receipt for the amount paid over.

VI. A member of, or player upon a school team is not to be allowed, under any circumstances, to order goods without being fur-

nished with an order signed by the treasurer and undergraduate manager, which shall specify the article purchased, and the person or firm from whom it is to be bought.

VII. All managers are hereby made directly responsible to the treasurer, and are required to conform to these and such other rules as may from time to time be made.

Voted, That Kenneth L. Mark, '94, is appointed treasurer of athletics, to serve until further notice.

GEORGE L. Dow,

Secretary of the Committee.

May 4th, 1897.

---

### The Chimes of Morningquest.

There stands a belfry tower hard by my  
door,

Old, ivy-covered, moss-encircled, gray;  
Whose quavering, cross-tipped spire points  
up alway,

Tracing the heavenly road for rich and poor;  
At morning, noon and eve of every day,  
When, with my window wide, I kneel to  
pray

For strength to bear, to suffer, to endure  
For Christ's dear love, to keep my heart still  
pure,

And thoughts that from His altar will not  
stray;

There falls upon my listening ear the chime  
Of soft-swung bells. How many weary lives  
Wait for this hour, how many voiceless souls  
Send Godward their petitions at this time!

I could not number those whose faith revives,  
As from the tower the grand old anthem  
rolls.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

A study of the records of the ten years of the existence of the Latin school reveals the fact set forth in the following tables.

The Latin school was separated from the High school on March 1, 1886, and the first diplomas were awarded in June, 1887. There have been ten classes graduated from the school; in six of these classes, a young lady has stood at the head, and in six, a young lady has been second also.

The largest class was that of '91, with 36 graduates, the smallest that of '87, with 11. The average size of the ten classes was 24.

The oldest class was '93, average age, 19 years, 3 months; the youngest, '92, average age, 18 years, 2 months. The average age of the ten classes was 18 years, 8 months.

There have been 245 diplomas awarded, 136 to boys, 109 to girls. Forty scholars have completed the course in four years.

The highest average for the work of the whole course was 96.3, the mark obtained by Miss Winifred Warren, '87. The average mark of the ten scholars who have stood at the head of their classes is 92.7; of those who have stood second, 91.1. Parts were not assigned until four years ago, the class of '93 being the first to hold graduating exercises.

The subjoined tables are self-explanatory. Thanks are due to Miss Dodge for assistance in formulating them.

The marks given are the averages of the work through the whole course.

| CLASS. | FIRST SCHOLAR.              | MARK. |
|--------|-----------------------------|-------|
| '87    | Miss Winifred Warren.....   | 96.3  |
| '88    | Miss Alice C. Hale.....     | 93.2  |
| '89    | E. H. Rogers.....           | 91.2  |
| '90    | Miss Alice S. Sawin.....    | 89.3  |
| '91    | William E. Stark.....       | 93.7  |
| '92    | Miss Alice H. Stratton..... | 93.5  |
| '93    | Miss Mabel E. Harris.....   | 93.5  |
| '94    | Miss Helen Fuller.....      | 93.7  |
| '95    | Edward W. Stevens.....      | 89.9  |
| '96    | Henry H. Fox.....           | 92.8  |

| CLASS. | DIPLOMAS GIVEN. |        |        |
|--------|-----------------|--------|--------|
|        | Boys.           | Girls. | Total. |
| '87    | 4               | 7      | 11     |
| '88    | 13              | 9      | 22     |
| '89    | 16              | 11     | 27     |
| '90    | 10              | 7      | 17     |
| '91    | 22              | 24     | 36     |
| '92    | 8               | 14     | 22     |
| '93    | 16              | 8      | 24     |
| '94    | 15              | 12     | 27     |
| '95    | 16              | 9      | 25     |
| '96    | 16              | 18     | 34     |
| Total  | 136             | 109    | 245    |

| CLASS. | SECOND SCHOLAR.             | MARK. |
|--------|-----------------------------|-------|
| '87    | Miss Annie M. Warren....    | 95.3  |
| '88    | Frank T. Hammond.....       | 90.7  |
| '89    | Walton B. McDaniel.....     | 90.4  |
| '90    | C. L. Lawrence.....         | 88.8  |
| '91    | Max Benshimol.....          | 92.1  |
| '92    | Miss Esther S. Dodge.....   | 90.3  |
| '93    | Miss Grace K. Dame.....     | 91.8  |
| '94    | Miss Alice B. Holmes.....   | 92.5  |
| '95    | Miss Lucile C. Reynolds.... | 89.1  |
| '96    | Miss Kittie L. Magoun.....  | 90.7  |

|     | AV. AGE OF CLASS. |        |       | Compl't'd course<br>in 4 years. |
|-----|-------------------|--------|-------|---------------------------------|
|     | Boys.             | Girls. | Both. |                                 |
| '87 | 18                | 18-9   | 18-4  | 1                               |
| '88 | 18-7              | 19     | 18-9  | 5                               |
| '89 | 18-11             | 19-3   | 19-1  | 2                               |
| '90 | 18-8              | 19-2   | 18-11 | 5                               |
| '91 | 18-4              | 18-6   | 18-5  | 14                              |
| '92 | 17-8              | 18-7   | 18-2  | 3                               |
| '93 | 19-3              | 19-4   | 19-3  | 1                               |
| '94 | 18-11             | 19-6   | 19-2  | 3                               |
| '95 | 18-9              | 18-11  | 18-10 | 3                               |
| '96 | 18                | 18-6   | 18-3  | 3                               |
|     |                   |        |       | 40                              |





THE NEW LATIN SCHOOL.

HARTWELL BROWNSON & DEVER  
ARCHITECTS, 255 BOSTON

# THE NEW LATIN SCHOOL.

---

We present to our readers this month an excellent cut of the New Latin school, and also the first floor plan, showing the shape of the building, and the location of the gymnasium. The contract price is \$179,437, and the builders will be John J. Jacobs & Son. The plans were drawn by Hartwell, Richards & Driver.

This building, which is to stand north of the English High school, between Ellery street on the east, and Trowbridge street on the west, is 201 feet in length on the two street fronts, and in extreme dimensions from east to west, 175 feet, 8 inches. In general plan, it is in the form of the letter H, the stem of the letter, which will be at right angles to Ellery street, being broadened to contain classrooms, library, principal's and secretary's rooms, and in the third story the assembly hall. As the building will stand on the lot, its north and south axis, and that of the English High school will lie in the same straight line. The fact that the two wings of this latter building will at an early day be extended north by the width of one school room, has been taken into account. There will then exist between the two buildings a distance of twenty feet, to be closed by gates, giving access to a large central area or court-yard.

North of the central section of the new building, or stem of the letter H, in the open space looking towards Cambridge street, is the gymnasium, 44x83 feet, starting at a level somewhat below that of the basement, and terminating with a very low roof under the sills of the first-story windows. The remainder of the basement is fully occupied by

the boilers and fan room, the lunch rooms, toilet and dressing rooms, book storage, bicycle, bath and play rooms.

The principal entrance to the building is from Trowbridge street, from which a corridor running east and west connects with laterals towards the north and south, and with four liberal iron stairways near the points of junction of the main sections of the building. From Ellery street are two entrances of ample width. Upon the right and left of the principal entrance are the teachers' and pupils' reception rooms, while eight class rooms with their recitation and coat rooms and certain toilet rooms occupy the remainder of this floor.

In the second story in the centre of the north side of the stem of the H is the library, a room 28 feet by 56 feet, opening from which are the principal's room, the secretary's room, and connecting with the latter are two book rooms. This story also contains large class and recitation rooms, physical laboratories, apparatus rooms, and a large physical lecture room, also a workshop, teachers' rooms, store rooms, toilet and hospital conveniences.

In the third story are the chemical laboratories, apparatus room, class and recitation rooms and coat rooms. The assembly hall, which occupies the entire area of the centre, is 60 feet by 84 feet, and 23 feet in height, with a beamed and panelled ceiling, a stage and ante-rooms opening off from the main corridors. The hall is so placed that the four main staircases are located one at each angle, and the eight or nine hundred people who may at any time be occupying this room can



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL

• MARTWELL RICHARDSON AND DRIVER •  
 ARCHITECTS •  
 BOSTON • MASS •

pass out upon one side or the other with equal freedom. Careful attention has been given to the problem of heating, air supply, and ventilation, and no doubt is felt as to the complete success of the building in this very important respect.

Every one will be glad to know that the

New Latin school will have a gymnasium. The lack of one has been long felt, and now it is to be expected that athletics will take a good start, and Cambridge High and Latin will once more seek first place in all branches of athletics.





The list of the fifty strong men in Harvard, determined by Dr. Sargent's tests, for the current year, contains the names of seven Latin and High school graduates. The records this year are higher than ever before. The list is as follows:

First, Arthur Lovering, C. L. S. '93, 1660 points.

Second, C. W. Bronson, E. H. S. '94, 1299.4 points.

Twentieth, E. G. Adams, formerly C. L. S. '95, 1111.7 points.

Twenty-ninth, J. B. Hawes, C. L. S. '96, 1061.5 points.

Thirtieth, E. W. Capen, formerly C. L. S. '94, 1055.1 points.

Forty-second, H. H. Fox, C. L. S. '96, 995.6 points.

Forty-sixth, Hugh Bancroft, C. L. S. '94, 981.6 points.

Lovering holds the record for each separate test. Lovering's and Bronson's names appear first and fifth in the list of the ten strongest men in the university since 1880.

Married: At St. Peter's church Wednesday evening, April 21, Miss Annie Amelia Andros, E. H. S. '92, to Mr. George Hawley of Melrose.

At the last Phi Beta Kappa election, C. K. Moore, C. L. S. '94, B. S. Oppenheimer, '93, and J. H. Shannon, '93, were chosen members. Moore was fourth on the list of new members from '97.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Parker Fiske, E. H. S. '92, to William Everett Stark, C. L. S. '91.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a table of interesting facts regarding the ten classes which have graduated from the Latin school.

Several teachers in the Latin and High schools are graduates of those schools. Of the teachers at the High school, Misses Emma A. Scudder, '58, Maria E. Spare, '61, Caroline Close, '73, Louisa P. Parker, '74, Myra I. Ellis, '74, Mr. Joseph A. Coolidge, '78, Misses Caroline A. Sawyer, '81, and Lilian C. Rogers, '82, graduated from the High school, and Misses Bertha L. Cogswell, '88, Gertrude H. Crook, '90, and Alice H. Stratton, '92, from the Latin school. Miss Martha L. Babbitt also is a graduate of the class of '74, E. H. S.

Of the teachers at the Latin school, Miss Helen M. Albee, '80, graduated from the High school, and Miss Constance G. Alexander, '89, and Mr. Max Benshimol, '91, from the Latin school. Of those who have been teachers at the two schools in the past, Miss Harriet E. Bird, '76, formerly at the High school, and Miss Charlotte C. Barrell, '79, now Mrs. R. A. Ware of Boston, formerly at the Latin school, graduated from the High school, and Miss Annie M. Warren, formerly at the Latin school, was a graduate of that school in the class of '87. Miss Annie S. Dodge graduated from the High school in the class of '84.

## MR. BURGLAR.

When most stories begin, they tell a lot of stuff about the weather, and how characters look. I shall do nothing of the kind.

My father and I were seated before a bright, open fire. We were drinking root beer. Right here I will say that it was very wet outside; perhaps it would be correct to say that it was wet inside, too. All day I had felt that something terrible was to happen that night. I told father about it, and he only laughed and said I was scared. Here, let me describe my father, since he is to play such an important part in my tale.

He was tall and very strong, but he didn't take advantage of that often, though when he did, I didn't ride my bicycle for two weeks (?). He was of a very gentle and amicable disposition, never saying a cross word, save when he was angry, and he was angry nine-tenths of the time. He was very handsome, and I think he knew it, for he was always asking ma if his hair was parted correctly. He rode a bicycle, at least, he tried to ride.

Well, now I will go back to where I left off, about when we were drinking, for that is the most pleasant time I can remember. Father presently said that he guessed he'd go to the club, ma being away. But I said I guessed he wouldn't, but should stay home and play "Old Maid" with me. He did. About ten o'clock he fell off to sleep right in the middle of the game. He began to snore like a walrus. I woke him up and told him I'd rather listen to the wind than his snoring. He got mad and went to bed. He went into my room for something, and I heard him stumble into my "museum," then I heard

some of the plainest English I have heard for many days. Next he went into the room and slammed the door. Let me say a word about my room. It was filled with South Sea Island, or some island, war clubs of every description. Father asked me one day why I didn't use one for a walking stick. He was sarcastic, so I told him because my mouth was not as large as his.

Up on the ceiling was my girl's picture. Father don't approve of my associating with young ladies, so I had to "put the picture on the wall," so he could not reach it. I had a sign on my door, "No Tramps Allowed," but father objected. Why, I don't know. After I had kicked the cat down cellar, tied the dog and put out the lights I went to bed. I was awakened about two by the most fearful racket I ever heard. I never had such cold chills. However, I got out of bed, seized two war clubs and went to father's door and woke him up. When I told him about the situation he turned white and said, "Well, you lead the way down stairs."

But I objected. We started out discussing who should lead. I managed to keep father ahead. This he did not find out until we were most down stairs. When he found it out he was for quits then and there.

The noise I had first heard had ceased during our descent, but, just at this critical moment, it began again. This was too much for father, who gave one yell, and then fled up stairs. I determined that as I had got so far, I'd go the rest of the way, so 'midst the tumult, I advanced into the room and loudly said.

"Villains, surrender!" I didn't suppose



they would, but I said that for effect. The noise ceased. I jumped behind a chair, thinking the enemy was going to attack. All was quiet. I stole softly toward the button that lights the gas. Just then the noise commenced again. I pressed the button. And this is what I saw:

There, curled up around the table leg, with part of it in his mouth, was my dog. He was growling and kicking for all he was worth. He was a bulldog and thought he was in a scrap. After I had awakened him and informed him about the state of affairs, I stopped to consider about the perilous plight I had gone through. Then, it struck me as being so funny that I laughed out loud. The

dog eyed me sorrowfully; he seemed much hurt that he should have been awakened in the very midst of his deadly encounter. Once more, after having placed "the scrapper" in another part of the room, I put out the lights and went to bed.

I met father on the landing. He told me he knew all the time what it was. I said nothing much only I had to tell him he ran well. He said very angrily that I could go to bed, he'd see to the lights. I thanked him and wished him sweet dreams.

I think I should have a medal, but he does not agree; however, I ride my bicycle "all" the time nowadays.

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## THE CHILD AND THE APPLE TREE.

It was spring, and the soft pink blossoms floated down from the old apple tree's gnarled branches, into the arms of the little boy, who was merrily running and jumping about beneath. He seemed to be enjoying the beautiful sunshine more fully than any one else, unless it was the little bird, carolling forth its joy on the topmost branch of the old tree. The little boy must have been about three years old. The sun was shining on his white piqué dress and sunny curls, as he raised his eyes toward the apple tree; big, mischievous black eyes they were, that one liked to think of on a dismal November day. As the little fellow looked up, a pink blossom landed right on the saucy little upturned nose, and he burst out into a gleeful laugh, that showed all his dimples. Just then a voice was heard calling, "Hal!" The call was repeated several times before the small owner of the name saw fit to answer the summons, but he finally turned, and trotted towards the house.

Again and again little Hal came to play by the apple tree, and the years seemed to make

the two old friends, until, after a while, new interests crept into the life of one. Hal wore trousers now, and would have scorned the indignity of a white piqué dress. He was only six and a half, but he considered himself almost a man, for was he not a school-boy now, a regular school boy like Cousin Fred, though perhaps a little lower down on the ladder? How could such an important fellow spare time to admire the old apple tree's pink blossoms? So the old friend mourned in vain, and shed its loveliest flowers for the sunny-faced baby that never came again.

The golden curls were darker now, and the plump, rosy cheeks, where the baby dimples used to play hide and seek, thinner and browner; but the big, black eyes remained unchanged, and it was they, or rather the mischievous sprite that lurked behind them, that used to get their owner into trouble. Mamma looked sober sometimes over the reports her small son brought home, and then he would promise, O so earnestly! to try to do better; but his fun-loving nature was too much for him, and he would soon be engaged in some

*(Continued on page 18.)*



## CURRENT EVENTS.

The class of '98 gave a very creditable performance of the three-act comedy, "The Flower of the Family" at the Newtowne club Monday evening, April 12th. A fair-sized audience was present and applauded liberally.

Abner Howland, a merchant....Mr. Capelle  
Oscar Loving, his ward.....Robert Hayden  
Tom Howland, his nephew...Samuel Usher  
Policy Newcomb, an insurance agent...

.....Mr. Marshall  
Spicer Spofford, clerk in insurance office  
.....John C. Fearn  
Mrs. George Howland, a widow.....

.....Miss Mary Dexter  
Alice Howland, her daughter.....

.....Miss Mabel Millard  
Lena Howland, Abner's adopted daughter  
.....Miss Mildred Gray

### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Morning—Plotting.

Act II.—Afternoon—The Elopement.

Act III.—The next morning—"The Flower of the Family."

Scene.—Apartment in the house of Abner Howland.

Miss Mildred Gray had the most attractive part, and she certainly did the part and herself justice. Miss Dexter was fairly easy and made a charming matron. She moved about the stage very gracefully and met the expectations of her friends. Miss Millard had a rather difficult part, and was rather weak in her interpretation of her character. She was not quite free enough in her first and second acts, and on the whole was too serious for the author's lines. She was better in the last act, where the lines called for a more serious representation.

Of the young men, Sam Usher was easily

the star, and in fact the best actor of the evening. His part was remarkably well suited to him, and his interpretation of it was perfect. He was very entertaining in his love scenes, and was well applauded for his good work throughout the entire play. John Fearn was very good, and the best praise is that he did not overdo his part, which it would have been very easy to do. Mr. Marshall tended to overdoing his lines, but made fair work of an extremely hard part.

Mr. Capelle and Mr. Hayden were rather stiff and put little snap into the play.

As a whole, the entertainment was very good, the drama going along without a hitch of any kind. The story was fair, the acting very good, and lines given distinctly.

The girls were pretty in their make-ups, and added greatly to the spirit of the show. The staging was very pretty and reflected much credit upon the stage manager. Boys from the class were ushers.

Pierce's orchestra furnished music between the acts and for the dancing; there were some rather shocking innovations brought out in some of the "Beanstalk" music.

After the drama, dancing was indulged in for an hour and a half. Sam Usher was floor director.

The programs were not very artistic, but showed the business ability of the business and advertising managers, Fred Webster and John Fearn. The dance orders were the prettiest seen for some time, with the class monogram in raised gold.

The affair was a success in every way, financially, as well as otherwise, and much credit is due to the enterprising class of '98 of the High school.

## CANTATA OF RUTH.

Tuesday evening, April 27, Union hall was filled to overflowing by a first-class audience, to hear the famous cantata, *Ruth*, the Moabitess, sung by a chorus of two hundred pupils in the English High school, the Latin school, and the Manual Training school of Cambridge, and by soloists who recently were members of these schools.

Mr. Frederick Elmer Chapman, director.

Naomi (Soprano) .....  
 Miss Florence W. James, C. E. H. S. '94  
*Ruth* (Contralto) .....  
 Miss Isabel C. Melville, C. E. H. S. '95  
*Boaz* (Basso) .....  
 .....Mr. James C. Bacon, C. L. S. '95  
*First Reaper* (Tenor).....  
 .....Mr. John P. Esty, C. M. T. S. '94  
*Orpah* (Soprano) .....  
 ....Miss Adah N. Bowles, C. L. S., '95  
*Israelitish Woman, and Jewish Maiden,*  
 (Mezzo Soprano) .....  
 Miss Catherine L. Bodemer, C. E. H. S. '94  
*Messenger* (Baritone) .....  
 .....Mr. John S. Hawes, C. L. S. '96  
*Assistant Reaper* .....  
 .....Mr. F. R. H. Dolan, C. L. S. '96

Chorus of Reapers, Binders, Gleaners and Israelites; Male Choruses; Male Quartette, J. P. Esty, C. M. T. S. '94; H. H. Murdock, C. L. S. '97; J. S. Hawes, C. L. S. '96; F. R. Dolan, C. L. S. '96.

Cambridge Festival Orchestra, Piano and Organ.

Organist: Mr. Waldo S. Kendall, C. L. S. '95.

Pianist: Mr. Harry F. R. Dolan, C. L. S. '96.

The affair was a great success financially, about five hundred dollars being realized for the Teachers' Annuity Guild, for whose benefit the cantata was given. At no time in the history of the schools has anything of the kind been attempted. It has given a large number of students more confidence in them-

selves and trained their voices to a very considerable extent. The success of the very arduous undertaking is due entirely to Mr. Chapman and has increased his already excellent reputation.

Some of the newspapers criticised the singing as if the soloists were professionals, and it is needless to say that such criticisms were very unjust. Miss Melville, Miss Bodemer and Mr. Bacon deserve special praise, as they undoubtedly sang excellently.

The singing in the chorus was as good in the performance as it was in any of the rehearsals. The sopranos were greatly assisted by several members whose voices led accurately and strongly. Without them the chorus would have been very weak. The basses were probably the strongest in the chorus.

Young gentlemen from the schools acted as ushers.

## RETRIBUTION.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
 What a man soweth, reap he must.

Why at the altar writhe and pray?  
 Cowardice only craves delay.

Time, the recorder, keeps no lie;  
 Take up thy life-cup,—drain it dry.

Nothing can change now—what shall be,  
 Sinking or saving—bond or free.

As was the life here, false or true,  
 So the recompense, roses or rue.

Judgment comes swiftly, that is best—  
 First the agony, then the rest.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
 What a man soweth, reap he must.

## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

*"Any Questions of General Interest Will Be  
Cheerfully Answered."*

Musical Student.—It was certainly unwise to submit your musical queries to a young married man who doubtless knows nothing of music except in A flat.

Chesterfield.—If a lady of mature age, drops her pencil, you should certainly pick it up for her, murmuring, "not at all," as she thanks you.

Reader.—You should never talk to yourself, as to many minds it would prove a conclusive argument that you are not just bright.

Charles.—In church as everywhere else, a gentleman looks after his own hat—but woe to him if he has to gaze behind a lady's.

Chappie.—Be careful in asking a girl for her likeness, for often instead of her photograph, she will give you her negative.

Yours in haste.—A man of sixty is supposed to have reached an age when he knows his own mind, and he may with propriety marry.

Radiance.—As your mother-in-law is an invalid, it would be a pretty courtesy if she insists upon seeing you, to call upon her.

Young America.—Don't be too sweeping in your remarks about the new woman. As a writer once remarked, "Some girls will die old maids before they become the new woman."

Sportsman.—Profanity in any form, to say the least, is ill-bred. On puncturing your tire, but one expression, "Blow it," would be good form.

About to set up housekeeping.—Colored servants are always in good form—except green ones.

Student.—If you find yourself getting a trifle anxious about your report card, just smooth your eyebrows down with vaseline. It will make them stay in place.

D. O. K.—No, young girls should not wear fraternity pins unless the pins belong to their brothers.

S. O. H., English, C. E. S. and others.—I do hope my readers will learn how to actually converse and not have the following, an illustration of their mental ability:

He.—"You seem pensive."

She.—"Do I?"

He.—"Yes, you do."

She.—"I don't think I am."

He.—"Don't you?"

She.—"No, really I don't."

He.—"I think you are."

She.—"Well, I don't."

He.—"Don't you?"

She.—"No, I don't."

A young lady of Indiana is endeavoring to establish bachelor girl clubs all over the city. Her aim is not to promote bachelorship, but to prevent hasty and unhappy marriages, and to make single life for girls a happy one. The pledge of membership is to carry with it an obligation to remain single until the age of 25. She has received much encouragement, and hopes much for the ultimate result.

—From *Girl's Galley*.



# Girls Corner.



H.H.C.

It is a comforting fact that at the present time, style and comfort may be combined in one's foot-wear. The pointed toe, which has so long been worn, is a thing of the past, and the up-to-date girl will insist on having a round full toe, a heavy wide-stitched sole, and a low heel. These add much to the graceful carriage of the wearer.

One of the most perplexing questions, and at the same time a very momentous one is, when is a chaperon necessary? In this college city, girls ought to be especially careful about this. In different places customs differ on this subject, but there are some occasions which undoubtedly demand the presence of a duenna. No rules or even suggestions can be given, for each one is her own best judge but the fact remains that society demands carefulness in that respect. It is not that girls cannot be trusted, but that in some matters the opinion of the world must be respected.

As style changes in everything else, so it changes in perfumes. While much perfume is in poor taste, a little of the correct kind adds the finishing touch to my lady's toilet. Like everything else the best is high-priced. The perfume which has been most in vogue during the past season is the wood-violet. The really good and pure cannot be purchased for less than \$4.50 an ounce. It takes 100 pounds of fresh violet leaves to make an ounce. How-

ever, a good essence of violets may be procured at fifty cents an ounce.

In America, when a girl is old enough and otherwise fitted to "come out," it is a simple matter. Invitations are sent out to her chosen friends and those of her mother, a caterer and decorator are engaged, and the matter is done. With the English girl, it is more of a proceeding. For before she can be launched into society, she must be presented at court. This is a very trying ordeal and one, though long anticipated, that is yet awaited with fear and trembling. Much thought and anxiety is spent on the gown, upon the hair, and upon all the necessary adornments. But no American girl can ever feel the joy and gratification of her English cousin when it is all over, and she may accept the congratulations of her friends.

The ex-queen of Hawaii, who was so much before the eye of the public during Mr. Cleveland's administration, Queen Lil, has in her possession, among other relics of her royal state, a magnificent cloak of feathers. The feathers are of a beautiful yellow, and the garment is very costly because the feathers are plucked from beneath the wings of a Hawaiian bird, and there are only two or three feathers on one bird. This cloak is a royal robe, and can be worn in Hawaii only by royalty.

# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following is the base-ball schedule of league games which has been arranged:

May 13.—Somerville at Tufts Oval.  
May 15.—English High at South End.  
May 22.—Boston Latin at Soldiers'.  
May 25.—Roxbury Latin at Soldiers'.  
May 28.—Brookline, undecided.

The above is subject to change.

Any one who wants to get advertisements for the June number will please consult the business manager as soon as possible. A liberal commission is offered.

Walter Clarkson, '99, has been elected captain of the base-ball by the members of the '96 team. The appointments of Clarkson as captain, and H. H. Murdock, '97, as manager have been ratified by the supervisory committee.

The date for the English High graduation has been fixed for June 16. The Latin school graduation will probably be on Monday evening, June 28, although it is possible that this date may be changed to the 21st, as the members of the class are unanimously in favor of an earlier date. If the date is as early as the 21st, the graduation speeches will probably be published in the June REVIEW.

As will be seen on another page, Kenneth L. Mark, '94, has been appointed treasurer of athletics of the High and Latin schools by the supervisory committee. Mr. Mark has accepted the position, and his duties will commence at once. For the present he will be at his home on Irving street on Monday evenings from 7 until 8, and at the Latin school on Wednesdays and Fridays from 8 until 8.30 A. M. All managers are obliged to consult him before making expenditures.

# THE THIRD TIME.

## I.

In the dim glow of a winter's twilight, two students sat in a cosy room smoking. The light of the lamp showed both faces strong and manly. At last one of them broke the pleasant silence: "I say, Dick! I had a queer dream last night. I was riding with a number of men through a dismal forest; it was a dark night and the rain came down in torrents. My companions and myself were tired and discouraged, hardly hoping to find any shelter in such a place, when we saw a light gleaming through the trees. We followed the direction of it and presently came to a small hut. I dismounted and knocked several times on the door, but as no one came to open it, I did so myself and entered. In the middle of the room was a figure of a man covered with an American flag, candles burning at his head and feet. I turned down the flag to look at the face and, by Jove, Dick, it was my own. There was a bullet hole in my forehead. I was feeling pretty ghastly when I woke up and I was glad I was alive, I tell you."

"Nonsense, Ned, old boy! It was only a dream. Cheer up and let's go out for our feed."

## II.

Those were troublesome days of '61 which followed that conversation in Stoughton 19. When the first gun was fired at Sumter, both boys prepared to go and fight. Edward, otherwise Ned, Houghton was a Northerner, while his chum and roommate, Dick Dryton, was from the sunny South. They both knew that when they left college they were enemies, so those last few days were precious. Dryton's train left a few hours before that of

his chum, who was at the station to see him off. Ned's last words were: "I forgot to tell you before, but I dreamt it again last night, Dick. Good-bye; write to me if you can. Good-bye."

## III.

For many weeks no news reached the Southern army, and when it came one morning, Capt. Dryton (he had been soon promoted) glanced through his letters, then finding one addressed in the old familiar hand, read this:

"DEAR OLD DICK: It has come. I have dreamt it a third time. Give my love to mother and Nell. Tell Nell I hoped to die like a man and soldier. I have not time to write longer. Good-bye and God bless you.  
NED."

That day there was a lively skirmish between the Northern and Southern forces. Dick Dryton, riding fearlessly across the field to carry an order from one general to another, saw himself covered by the rifle of a Union soldier. Quick as a flash he drew his revolver and the man was dead. As his horse dashed on over the bodies of the dead and wounded it flashed across Dick's mind that the dead Northerner's face was familiar, but the excitement of a cavalry charge, the danger and din of battle cast any such reflections to the winds.

That night Dick Dryton was sent with an armed escort to carry an important message. Their way led through a dreary forest. The night was dark and there was thunder in the air; an occasional flash of lightning left the gloom even more intense. When they were well into the woods the storm burst and the



rain came down in torrents. The road was wretched and his men, already fatigued by a day of hard fighting, were getting discouraged and disheartened, when a light was seen gleaming through the trees. Capt. Dryton ordered his men to follow its direction; then he thought of Ned's dream. Good Heavens, could it be? No, of course it was only a coincidence. They had arrived before a small rude hut. Dick dismounted and knocked several times on the door with his sword. No one answered his summons, so he entered. There, in the middle of the room, was a rude bier on which lay the form of a man, covered with an American flag, candles at his head and feet.

With face as pale as death Capt. Dryton advanced and mechanically turned the cover from off the face. As he gazed on the fair, manly face, peaceful as that of a new-born babe save for an ugly bullet hole and some blood stains in his forehead, "Good God; it is the Northerner I shot this afternoon! It is Ned! The third time it came true! My God, I murdered him! Ned!!" he cried with all the anguish of a broken heart.

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(Continued from page 11.)

wild prank again. Hal was a most engaging little culprit, always ready to own up, and take his punishment like a man, and other boys, too, sometimes; for Hal never told tales. Still people would shake their heads, and say they didn't know what was going to become of one who was so light-minded. One person always trusted, and that was Mamma, and he repaid her trust with a love that was pure and strong. And still the old apple tree stood there year by year, and mourned for its old playfellow, and shed its pink blossoms as spring came round.

Hal went to college, and his old friends were proud of the reports that reached them of the brilliant young student from the little

western town. But there came a day, terrible in its consequences to one, when the college laboratory was robbed. A small, though very valuable instrument had been taken, and there was conclusive evidence that the culprit was one of the students. Who was he? We shall find out if we enter the room occupied by Hal and another young man. The latter is sitting with head bowed on his arms, telling his story in a husky voice; he was embarrassed by debts, didn't know which way to turn, had meant to pay off his creditors and take a fresh start, the disgrace would kill his mother (here a sob, and Hal's eyes were suspiciously moist) if only he had another chance, he could make a man of himself, but now it was all over. "You shall have another chance, Grant," said Hal in a clear, ringing voice.

Hal returned the instrument to save his chum; when he met the consequences of his rash generosity, he only pressed his lips together, and grew very pale, but he said not a word in self-defence. He was expelled in disgrace, and went back to his native village under a cloud, to meet on all sides averted looks that betokened the distrust of his old friends. For two years he lived thus as a dishonored man, filling a humble position in the little store, waiting on the customers who had no smile for the Hal of today. Once he was made really happy, and that was when he heard that Grant had graduated honorably, and was studying for the ministry. He came down to the little village to see Hal, but it was too late, for the young man had died of a broken heart.

It was summer when they laid him by the old apple tree, and the leaves rustling overhead seemed to whisper gently, "We know, we know." In winter the bare branches bent lovingly over the new-made mound, and when spring came, the faithful old apple tree showered down its pink blossoms as if in blessing.



"Yes, it must have been a terrible disappointment when Miss Golding refused you."

"It was a crusher. I felt as if I had been sentenced to hard labor for life."

"Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—"

"My son, there is no need to go into details, when a girl intends to encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt what she means."

"So you didn't take Jones' house?"

"No, he wanted ten pounds a week, and we split on that."

"Oh, I see, you were rent asunder."

He had always thought he was a humorist. "What quantities of dry grasses you have collected, Miss Jones; nice room for a donkey to get into."

"Make yourself at home," she said sweetly.

Mead master.—"I wish I could help you."

Hubert (quickly).—"You could by putting yeast in my marks, and that would raise them to some extent."

Train robber.—"Come! Shell out!"

Rural minister (sadly).—"If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now

and then, I might have something to give you."

A man watching a tug hauling a lone line of barges up the river, said to his wife: "See there, such is life, the tug is like the men, doing all the work and—"

His wife (giving him no chance to finish).—"I know; the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

A woman on the witness stand gave her age as thirty. The judge asked her if she had not given the same age when she was before him two years ago.

"I think it very likely," she answered coolly; "I am not one of those women who say one thing today and another tomorrow."

Two old friends met for the first time in fifteen years.—"Well," he said, "you are still Lucy Benderby, are you?"

"Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Benderly."

"It isn't your fault, I know," he said, then stammered, "that is, I mean you're not to blame you know. You couldn't help it—er—that is, it was the fault of the men. They, you know," getting more nervous, "couldn't be expected, h-m, ha, to, er—well I must be going. Glad to have met you."

For the rest of the night—Beds.

Where talk is cheap—At the debating society.

When do dogs resemble cards? When they belong to a pack.

Doctor (at the night bell).—"Well?"

Caller.—"No; ill.

It is not strange that a bee-trothal should lead to a honeymoon.

When a man is crusty, is it right to describe his temper as tart?

"It is very hard," said the gas-meter, "I always register, but I can't vote."

A poet wants to know where the "fleecey clouds" are woven. In the air-looms of course.

Why is the vowel "o" the only one ever sounded? Because all the others are in audible.

The notice of the wedding of a prominent gambler contained this significant paragraph: "No cards."

Some complain because cabmen charge exorbitant fares. If you call a cab the cabman naturally takes you in.

"Young man," said the professor, as he grabbed a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," was the reply.

"Take away the women," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," promptly answered a man in the audience.

Sunday school teacher.—"What makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong?"

Pupil.—"Pa's trunk strap."

Wife.—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in."

Husband.—"Oh no, my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

The most terrible maladies sometimes result from disappointment in love. They tell of a young man in New York State who was rejected by his innamorata, and mortification immediately set in.

Dingling (telling a story).—"Well sir, when I reached the river, the last ferryboat was gone. I could see it approaching the other side. So I sat down to think it over."

Totling (with deep interest).—"And did you succeed in getting it back by that method?"

"Is this genuine vegetable soup?"

Waiter.—"Yes sir, eighteen carrots."

Benevolent old gentleman (to street Arab).—"If I gave you a dime to change so that I might give you a penny, what would be left?"

Street Arab.—"An old man."

"Fain would I write a poem on the delights of fishing; but ah me! I cannot find a word to rhyme with angle 'worm,'" sighed Pisistratus.

"But why must you put that word at the end of a line?" queried Eucalyptus.

"Because an angleworm is always at the end of a line," hissed Pisistratus between his set teeth; and for a long time it was so still that one could distinctly hear a peach blow.





## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Hair dressing apartments.

Stephens is a "spring" poet.

What was R. C. dreaming about?

Ask Miss C——k what "Hautboys" are!

The toothache seems to be an epidemic in '99.

Fearns, '98, still parades the corridors at recess.

High school graduation exercises are June 16, 1897.

We wonder who will rule the debating society next year.

"Elderly young ladies." A part of a French translation.

Van Daell's shot putting (very short indeed) is admired by everybody.

The first day set for the class of '97 to have a group picture taken, was stormy.

Jim Brown made a "home run" from one of Clarkson's in-shoots the other day.

If *pêche* means peach, what would *pêcher* mean? Ask U——r how he reasons it.

The captain of the track-team is shaking in his boots lest Conant may "cut him out."

Mr. William Clapp, '98, has just returned from Canada. We are glad to welcome him home again.

"We no longer recline at feasts and entertainments as the Greeks and Romans; please stand erect, F——!"

Too bad Stephens, '99, didn't make the joint debate. He tried so hard and stood so prettily that evening.

Mr. Jacquith, '98, has lost a stove-shaker; if any one can give the gentleman any information concerning this article, he will be very grateful.

It is reported that Lawrence Arnold, formerly of '99, is at work in Boston. How the teachers miss him! He was such a good behaved little boy (?).

We have not been told anything about our exercises for graduation yet. There is a good deal of joking going on among the girls about getting the valedictory.

'97 is going to give a strawberry festival and dance on Friday, May 14. If it is as great a success as their last dance, '97 ought to take the prize as business managers.

Class of '97 had a social on Saturday evening, May 1, at the home of Miss Greco. An advertisement game was the game of the evening, and the prize was won by Miss Wales.

"Because Shakespeare married young," was given as a proof of his wild, passionate youth by a pupil in a senior English division the other day. The teacher replied that she should think it was a sign of steadiness.

Kelso and Donovan, '98, have been doing a considerable amount of debating lately. In a recent debate at a certain out-of-town church they took an active part and were considered the co-efficients of shrewdness and the exponents of oratorical ability.

Richardson, '98, an ex-C. M. T. S. sprinter, has gone into training to race a watering-cart.

Donovan, '98, who desired to wish Mr. Sargent a pleasant time during the recent vacation, said: "Volo habere unum tempum bonum." The Latin teacher smiled.

On April 14, class of '99 held their regular meeting. A new president was to be elected. The candidates were Mr. Spragg, Mr. Rideout and Mr. C. B. Haley. Mr. Haley was elected. Mr. Spragg resigned his position as treasurer, and Wilbur Higgins was elected to succeed him.

Some of the girls of the High and of the Latin (or formerly of the Latin school) enjoyed very much a dinner given at the United States hotel on Friday, April 30.

Miss Alice L. Close presided. Miss Elizabeth McKeen was hostess, and Mrs. E. T. Gale and Mrs. Richardson were matrons. Miss Vesta Richardson answered to a toast to Harvard, Miss Jouett to a toast for "The Girls," Miss McKeen to the chaperons, and Miss Bertha Close to "Our Future." In the evening the young ladies entertained their friends, and every one agreed that they had a "splendid" time.

Luis Estrada is in Joplin, Mo.

Miss M—— is quite an acrobat.

Haley has been elected president of '99 in place of Walter Jones, resigned.

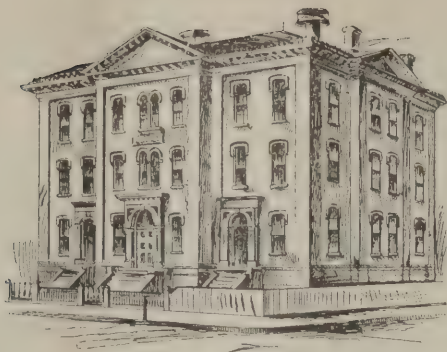
The '98 drama, "The Flower of the Family," was repeated at Brattle hall, April 29, before a large audience.



WALTER CLARKSON, '98.

CAPTAIN OF THE BASE BALL TEAM.

(Kindness of Boston Journal.)



## LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Did you go to the cantata?

June is coming; are you glad?

Only six weeks more of school!

Did you have a good time at the cantata?

All must go to the joint debate on the 28th.

The Delta Omega Chi gives a reception to-night.

The Radiator club has disbanded until cooler weather.

Which was the warlike goddess, Mercury or Mars, J—n—s?

Class socials have been very scarce during the last two months.

Have any "personal" remarks been made in Miss B——'s room lately?

The plans of the new school are very attractive, especially at recess time.

Miss Faith Foxcroft took quite a crowd to hear Sousa, the afternoon of April 16th.

Who was it that said Coleridge did not like physics? Some other people do not like it, either.

The second class find it pretty hard having so many examinations every week, from now until July.

Miss Mabel Hale, '98, gave a most enjoyable whist party to some of her friends on April 30th.

It is the fad now among the girls to wear their bicycle suits to school, and some of them are very becoming.

Who got that "lovely" poster which was on the bulletin board in the lower hall? Do you know, Miss A.?

During the last week or two, quite a number of ex-Latin School scholars have been down to school at recess.



'97 has a remarkably brilliant base-ball nine. '98 also has a class nine.

It is time to commence to grind for the examinations. They will soon be here and all should be prepared for the final misery.

The Harvard examination papers in Greek sight translation have begun, and the first few seem easy. May they continue to be so!

For the last few Fridays, all the scholars have had to go into the hall whether they sing or not. It must be hard for those who do not sing.

Electricity is now the subject in second-class physics, and some very interesting experiments and talks have been given about it by Mr. Chase.

Some boys from the Latin school on their wheels followed the course of the Marathon race from Ashland to Boston on April 19th, the distance being about twenty-five miles.

Little Willie now is dead,  
His face we see no more,  
For what he thought was  $H^2O$   
Was  $H^2SO^4$ .

This interesting sentence appeared the other day on a scholar's paper in the first class: "Fragments lay shivering on the sands." "Yoked horses" is another interesting phrase belonging to that class.

We hear that the girls in the second class have got up a great reputation for whispering. It is said that they whisper more than any girls have ever done before in any class, and they are such good girls, too!

A great many bicycles have been seen at school on the pleasant days this spring, for a number of the scholars ride back and forth, and everybody who has one ought to improve his opportunity during fine weather.

We hope that the second class have learned the correct way to spell "held" and "led" on their history papers, besides a number of other words on Miss Spring's board, whose curious spelling has attracted much attention, and has been greatly enjoyed by '99.

At the class meeting of '99, held in Miss Baldwin's room on Wednesday, April 28, R. F. Janes was elected president by a small majority over H. Stevens, to fill the place of S. B. Parker. It was voted to have a social as soon as possible, and the following committee was chosen: R. F. Janes, chairman; W. B. Dyer, Misses Hastings, R. McGrew and Whitmore. About twenty were present.

The annual track games among the classes of the High and Latin schools will occur next Monday, May 17th, on Holmes Field. '97 of the High School is to run a mile relay race with a picked team.

Every one should enter the competition and strive to win points for his class. The regular events will take place, with the possible addition of a two-mile run. No prizes are offered, but as no entry fees are charged, they cannot be expected. Last year's races were very interesting and resulted in a victory for the combined classes of '97. Winslow will probably win three firsts this year, so that '98 certainly stands a very good chance. If you can run, or think you can run, come out and add to the excitement. The time last year was: 100 yds., 11 s.; 220 yds., 24  $\frac{3}{4}$  s.; 440 yds., 56 2-5 s.; mile, 5 m. 4 s. Broad jump, 20 ft. 2 in.

# BASE BALL.

On May 11, our team defeated M. I. T., '99, 7-5. The account will appear in the June number.

The first game with Arlington resulted in a defeat for Cambridge by the score of 8 to 2. In the five innings W. Clarkson pitched, he allowed only one hit, and struck out 11. The fielding of the team was poor, and there was a marked tendency displayed to throw too high.

|                   |       |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|-------------------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Innings           | ..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |   |
| Arlington High    | ...   | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 1 | — | 8 |
| Cambridge H. & L. | ...   | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 2 |

Hits, Arlington, 5; C. H. & L., 5. Errors, Arlington, 4; C. H. & L., 9. Struck out, by W. Clarkson, 11; by F. Clarkson, 3; by Woods, 17.

April 28th, the team was defeated by the Freshmen in a seven-inning game. Cambridge showed a marked improvement in fielding, although some positions are still very weak. Clarkson was very wild, and his bases on balls were largely responsible for Harvard's big score. Saul led the team at the bat, making three hits with a total of five.

|                   |       |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |
|-------------------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Innings           | ..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7  |    |
| Harvard, 1900     | ..... | 6 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | —  | 16 |
| Cambridge H. & L. | ....  | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0— | 5  |

Hits, Harvard, 11; C. H. & L., 8. Errors, Harvard, 3; C. H. & L., 3. Struck out, by W. Clarkson, 4; by F. Clarkson, 3; by Foster, 5.

April 29th, Cambridge was again defeated by the crack Arlington High team. Clarkson was batted freely, and was unsteady at times. Saul played a superb game at second, and Howe and Hill batted well. Catch is still the weak spot in the infield, while the outfielders do not cover much ground, and are apt to miss ground balls.

|                |       |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |
|----------------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Innings        | ..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  |    |
| Arlington High | ....  | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3— | 12 |
| C. H. & L.     | ..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0— | 1  |

Hits, Arlington, 11; Cambridge, 6. Errors, Arlington, 2; Cambridge, 6. Struck out, by Clarkson, 11; by Woods, 12.

May 6th the team defeated the Cambridge Athletic Association 11 to 5. The school team played well both at the bat and in the field. Warnock at third had ten chances, all of which he accepted. Crowley caught rather poorly, having one error and five passed balls, and the outfielders still showed a tendency to be slow in starting for flies, but the fielding as a whole showed a marked improvement. At the bat Thomas led, making three hits with a total of six; Warnock, W. Clarkson and Saul also did well.

|                 |     |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |
|-----------------|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| Innings         |     | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9  |    |
| C. H. and L. S. | ... | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | x— | 11 |
| Cambridge A. A. | ... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0— | 5  |

Hits, C. H. and L. S. 15; C. C. A 11; errors, C. H. and L. S. 5; C. A. A. 9; struck out by Brookhouse, 6. Batteries, F. Clarkson and Crowley, Brookhouse and McLean.

Our first championship game was played with Hopkinson May 8th, on the South End grounds. The team seemed badly rattled and played a very poor game in the field. F. Clarkson gave four bases on balls in the first inning, which, with an error and four hits, gave Hopkinson seven runs. After that he played good ball until relieved by his brother in the eighth. W. Clarkson caught well but could not throw to bases, and Crowley also made a couple of costly errors. Warnock at third made an excellent stop of a wild throw. The team batted exceedingly hard and if it had fielded well would have won easily. In the first inning Howe put the ball over the

left field fence for a home run. Clarkson made two three-base hits and a double and Crowley and Saul also batted remarkably well. The team rallied splendidly in the last two innings, and, but for stupid base-running in the ninth, might have tied the score.

## THE SCORE.

## Hopkinson.

|                   | ab | r  | bh | tb | po  | a | e |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|-----|---|---|
| Jaynes r f.....   | 6  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1   | 0 | 1 |
| Hallowell c ..... | 7  | 1  | 1  | 2  | 12  | 2 | 0 |
| Stillman p .....  | 3  | 3  | 1  | 3  | 0   | 3 | 0 |
| Wood 2 b.....     | 4  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 3   | 2 | 0 |
| Quincy s s.....   | 6  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1   | 0 | 1 |
| Huntress 1 b..... | 5  | 4  | 1  | 1  | 7   | 0 | 0 |
| Bartlett 3 b..... | 6  | 3  | 3  | 3  | 1   | 1 | 1 |
| Ladd l f .....    | 4  | 3  | 2  | 2  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
| Parker c f.....   | 5  | 0  | 3  | 3  | 1   | 0 | 1 |
|                   | 46 | 17 | 13 | 16 | 26* | 8 | 4 |

## Cambridge.

|                     | ab | r  | bh | tb | po | a  | e  |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Saul 2 b.....       | 4  | 4  | 3  | 3  | 2  | 3  | 1  |
| Howe 1 b.....       | 5  | 2  | 2  | 5  | 13 | 0  | 2  |
| W. Clarkson c, p... | 5  | 2  | 3  | 8  | 3  | 1  | 2  |
| Warnock 3 b.....    | 5  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 4  | 0  |
| Cox c f.....        | 5  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 0  | 2  |
| Thomas r f.....     | 5  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Sullivan l f.....   | 3  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Crowley s s, c..... | 5  | 2  | 4  | 4  | 2  | 0  | 2  |
| F. Clarkson .....   | 5  | 2  | 2  | 2  | 1  | 4  | 0  |
|                     | 42 | 15 | 16 | 24 | 27 | 12 | 10 |

| Innings         | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Hopkinson ..... | 7 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0—17 |
| Cambridge ..... | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3—15 |

Earned runs, Cambridge 3. Two base hits, W. Clarkson, Hallowell. Three base hits, W. Clarkson 2, Stillman. Home run, Howe. Stolen bases, Hallowell, Stillman 3, Ladd, Parker, Saul, Howe, W. Clarkson, Cox, Crowley, F. Clarkson 2. Bases on balls, Jaynes, Stillman 2, Wood 2, Huntress, Ladd

\*F. Clarkson out for interference.

2, Parker, Saul 2, Howe, W. Clarkson, Warnock, Cox, Sullivan 2. Hit by pitched ball, Stillman. Struck out, Wood, Ladd, Huntress, Bartlett, Warnock 2, Cox 2, Thomas 3, Sullivan 3, F. Clarkson 2. Passed balls, Hallowell, W. Clarkson 3, Crowley. Time 2 hours and 15 minutes. Umpire Stivetts.

## VIKING ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The third annual meet of the Viking Athletic association was held on Holmes' Field, Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday, April 20, 1897, at 3 o'clock P. M. It was an open meet, and members of the Hyphen Club A. A., Brown & Nichols, and Latin schools joined in the sports. The day chosen was very favorable, but the high wind undoubtedly prevented the making of new records. The following officials were in charge of the affair:

W. Valentine Macdonald.  
Kenneth Mark.  
Edward Stevens.  
Griffith Bancroft.  
Ralph O. Durrell.  
Donald C. Barnes.  
Sever Warland.  
Robert Clark.  
Horace P. Stevens.

The first heat of the 100-yard dash (open) was won by R. Bartlett, V. A. A.; second, J. Blackburn, C. L. S. Time 12 seconds.

The second was won by H. Goodridge, V. A. A. Time 12 seconds.

Final heat won by R. Bartlett, B. A. A.; second, J. Blackburn, C. L. S.; third, H. Goodridge, V. A. A. Time 11 1-5 seconds.

The first heat, 100-yard dash (closed), was won by P. Bancroft, V. A. A.; second, R. A. Wood, V. A. A. Time 13 1-5 seconds.

(Continued on page 28.)



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❖   ❖   NOTICE   ❖   ❖

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|----------------|--------|------------------|
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| 1 Day .....    | 1.50   |                  |
| 1st Week ..... | 3.00   |                  |
| 2d Week .....  | 2.50   |                  |
| 3d Week .....  | 2.00   |                  |
| 4th Week ..... | 1.50   |                  |
| 2 Weeks .....  | 5.00   |                  |
| 1 Month .....  | 8.00   |                  |

### TANDEMS.

|                |        |                   |
|----------------|--------|-------------------|
| 5 Hours .....  | \$1.50 | } \$18 per month. |
| 1 Day .....    | 3.00   |                   |
| 1st Week ..... | 6.00   |                   |
| 2d Week .....  | 5.00   |                   |
| 3d Week .....  | 4.00   |                   |
| 4th Week ..... | 3.00   |                   |
| 2 Weeks .....  | 10.00  |                   |
| 1 Month .....  | 16.00  |                   |

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**PHARMACIES,**  
CAMBRIDGE, MSAS.

**Viking Atheletic Association.****Concluded from page 26.**

Second heat won by H. Goodridge, V. A. A.; second, W. V. Macdonald, V. A. A. Time 12 seconds.

Final heat won by R. A. Wood, V. A. A.; second, W. V. Macdonald, V. A. A.; third, H. Goodridge, V. A. A. Time 11 3-5 seconds.

The half-mile walk was won by J. Fox Macdonald, V. A. A.; second, E. W. Kendall, V. A. A.; third, A. Locke, H. C. A. A. Time 4 minutes, 30 seconds.

The quarter-mile run was won by C. W. Locke, H. C. A. A.; second, R. Bartlett, V. A. A.; third, G. L. Dow, C. L. S. Time 62 seconds.

The 45-yard hurdle was won by A. W. Ellis, V. A. A.; second, J. Fox Macdonald, V. A. A.; third, M. V. Macdonald, V. A. A. Time 7 1-5 seconds.

The one-mile bicycle race was won by F. I. Emery, B. & N.; second, W. V. Macdonald, V. A. A.; third, J. Blackburn, C. L. S. Time 3 minutes.

The 220-yard dash was won by C. W. Locke, H. C. A. A.; second, R. A. Wood, V.

A. A.; third, T. Ybarra, C. L. S. Time 27 2-5 seconds.

The half-mile run was won by R. W. Locke, H. C. A. A.; second, C. Adams, C. L. S.; third, K. Adams, V. A. A. Time 2 minutes, 30 seconds.

The 100-yard hurdle was won by H. Locke, H. C. A. A.; second, W. V. Macdonald, V. A. A.; third, H. Goodridge, V. A. A. Time 14 2-5 seconds.

High jump was won by E. Roberts, Hopkinson; J. Blackburn, C. L. S., and H. Locke, H. E. A. A., tied for second place, and Blackburn won on the toss. Height 4 feet 9 inches. Blackburn and Locke tied at 4 feet 6 inches.

Putting 16-pound shot was won by C. W. Locke, H. C. A. A.; second, E. Emerson, C. L. S.; third, M. Blackburn, C. L. S. Distance 25 feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump won by E. Roberts, Hopkinson; second, R. A. Wood, V. A. A.; third, H. Goodridge, V. A. A. Distance 16 feet, 9 inches.

The team race was won by the Viking Athletic association; second, Hyphen Club Athletic association; third, Brown & Nichols.

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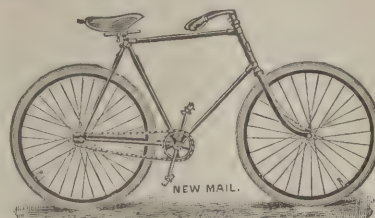
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GRADUATION NUMBER JUNE '97



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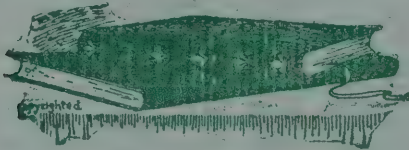
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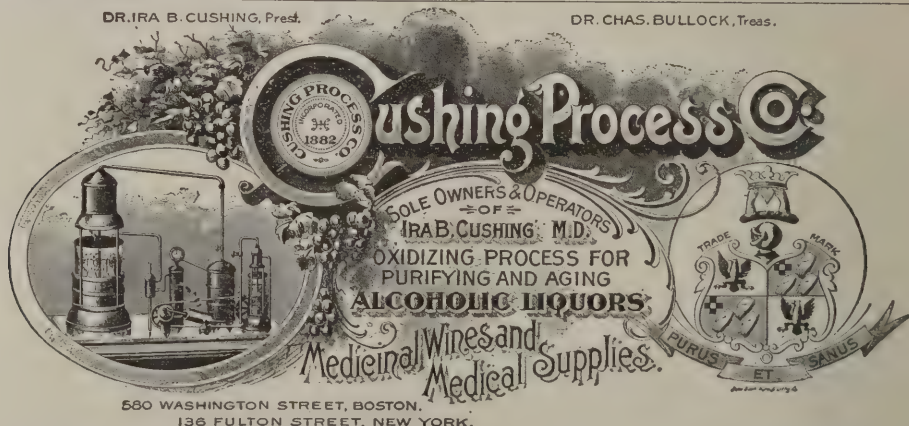
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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XI. NO. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1897.

## THE MONTH.

Another school year is about to close, bringing graduations to universities, colleges, academies, high and grammar schools all over the world. A feeling of joy comes to each graduate as he receives his certificate that he has conquered in a hard course of study, but coupled with the joy there is a tinge of sadness that old and sweet associations are to be broken. Those who are in the Latin School have new associations at college to which to look forward, and the tinge of sadness is, perhaps, almost unfelt, but those who are graduating from the High School, at least very many of them, commence their battle with the world, and new associations are not so easily formed there. There is a good deal of fun in going to school, though many do not realize it until they get out of school.

It is very natural, upon coming to the end of a road, to take a look behind before pressing forward upon an untried way. As we look back upon the past year in athletics, we see that we have not accomplished anything wonderful in football, baseball or polo. The polo team would undoubtedly have won all the games had the other teams in the league been sportsmanlike enough to play instead of

incessantly postponing their games. A look ahead shows a promising prospect in polo, as all the old men will be back again next year. In baseball, only one player graduates, and if any kind of coaching is offered by the advisory committee, there is no reason why the baseball team next year should not make a good showing. In football, considerable new material will be needed, and it is to be hoped that a coach will be procured for the men. It is also to be hoped that more than one man will enter the tennis tournament next year. The school could win fifteen points in this branch of athletics very easily.

This number of THE REVIEW will end the eleventh volume. Our printer has done his part towards making a very handsome magazine. We are also very grateful to the one who has drawn the various designs for the covers and some of the headings, and to our other artist friends who have sent us designs. The directors have done good work, and we thank them heartily. But more particularly are we grateful to the associate editors and the secretary, who have put lots of work into the paper and made our part very entertaining and enjoyable by their ready and willing contributions. To them is largely due the

great success of the year. And in behalf of the associate editors, we wish to thank the class editors for their contributions. The management wish to thank every one who has helped THE REVIEW either in the business or editorial departments.

The vacation is almost here, and there are very few who are not glad of it, teachers included. September will come again, and with it renewed opportunities for hard work. September will also bring a new class to be initiated into the mysteries of Latin and algebra. Instead of waiting till January to make new resolutions, students should make theirs in September. The trouble with most of those who fail in their studies is that they are inveterate procrastinators. Look out that you do not become one, and put off your hard work till January.

The new Latin School building is progressing finely, and in all probability will be finished in time for the class of '99 to graduate from the handsome structure. Some tax-payers have protested against the expenditure of so large a sum upon the building, but doubtless they do not realize that the men who will be in the foreground of the city's prosperity twenty-five years hence will have graduated from the city high schools.

Mr. Mead, in his recent address at the Latin School, said that there was probably no other school in the world like the Cambridge Latin School. It is certain that no academy or tutor better prepares for college a scholar who is willing to work than does the city of Cambridge, and there is probably no school where so large a majority of the graduates go to college. The present graduating class numbers forty-three, and all but five of these are sure that they will go to college. Of the one hundred that have dropped out of the class, a large number are in higher schools of

learning, and doing good work. Harvard and Radcliffe are the recipients of the majority of Latin School graduates, and probably will be as long as parents have an aversion to sending their children away from home, especially since there are such good schools at home.

A very pleasant vacation to all!



## CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOLS.

The following notice should be preserved by each pupil till September:

Persons to be examined for admission to these schools will meet at the English High School building, Friday, September 10, at 9 A. M. Pupils of either school who have examinations to pass for promotion will present themselves at their respective school buildings on Saturday, September 11, at 8.30 A. M.

On Monday, September 13, the several classes of the two schools will assemble as follows: Class I at 9; class II at 9.30; class III at 10; class IV (including the new class entering the English High School) at 11; and the new class entering the Latin School at 12. The boys who have been in the Manual Training School one year will assemble at the Manual Training School building at 9; the boys of the entering class who wish to take the Manual Training School course will assemble at the Manual Training School building at 10; the boys who have been in the Manual Training School three years will assemble at the English High School building at 9; and those who have been in the Manual Training School two years will assemble at the English High School building at 9.30.

Pupils having books loaned them for use during vacation are to return them on Thursday, September 9, between the hours of 9 A. M., and 1 P. M. Some one will be in attendance at the school building to receive them.

FRANCIS COGSWELL,  
Superintendent of Schools.

# THE BASE-BALL CUP.

We publish in this number an excellent likeness of the interscholastic Base Ball Cup, which is now the permanent property of the High and Latin School.

The following is a history of the Cup:

Offered in 1889, the cup was won that year by Boston Latin School, and in 1890 by Cambridge High and Latin with the following team:



John Corbett, c. (captain).  
 Alexander Dickinson, p.  
 George W. Whittemore, 1b.  
 Adalbert Harding, 2b.  
 Edward C. Clarke, 3b.  
 Howard Whiting, ss.  
 Thomas Moore, lf.  
 Ralph B. McDaniel, cf.  
 Bertram F. Linfield, rf.

In 1891 also the cup came to Cambridge, when the team was captained by the famous "Bob" Wrenn.

The make-up of the team was as follows:  
 George E. Close, c.  
 Tom Moore, p.

Richard W. Hovey, 1b.  
 Robert D. Wrenn (captain) 2b.  
 Frank B. Whittemore, ss.  
 Edward W. Fletcher, 3b.  
 Leslie M. Bigelow, lf.  
 Newton S. Bacon, cf.  
 William E. Stark, rf.  
 Newell Bent, substitute.  
 Rodney Thayer, manager.

In 1892, Boston English High School gained the trophy, but in 1893 it came again to Cambridge.

The team that year was as follows:

George E. Close, c.  
 Henry Clarkson, p. (captain).  
 Harry N. Stearns, 1b.  
 Nathan P. Tobey, 2b.  
 Ernest G. Adams, 3b.  
 Augustus C. Lamb, ss.  
 Fred'k J. Goodridge, lf.  
 George N. Roberts, cf.  
 William F. Saul, rf.  
 Arthur Lovering, substitute.  
 Arthur M. Jones, manager.

In 1894 the following teams were tied for first place: Cambridge High and Latin, Boston English High, and Roxbury Latin. That year Henry Clarkson was captain of Cambridge High and Latin, and G. S. R. McLean manager.

In 1895 the final award of the cup was made to Cambridge High and Latin, and the formal presentation was made at the Alumni Dinner, held at the Brunswick Hotel, February 13, 1897.

It was given by a number of Harvard graduates with the hope of training material for Harvard teams.



## SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

BOAZ ASKMORE.

*"Any Questions of General Interest Will Be  
Cheerfully Answered."*

Yachtsman.—A duck suit is the most preferable for yachting.

Mourning Groom.—Your demeanor should be quiet and grave; you may quietly call upon your friends, and as soon as you feel able to do so, there would be no impropriety in singing in the church choir.

Correspondent.—I thank you for your kind words. I should advise you to consult a physician about your attacks of mental aberration.

In Hopes.—Certainly, it is proper for you to marry at twenty—if you can get any one to marry you at that age.

Investigator.—You ask why women are so tall. A recent writer says, "The increase of woman stature is seriously attributed to the women's love of getting even."

Country Reader.—If a man happens to be escorting two ladies, he should keep next to the curbstone—it's safer.

Jilted.—If you were about to take a young lady to a place of entertainment and she said, "Had n't I better go home and make myself pretty?" and if, as you say, you remarked, "Oh, no, come just as you are," I certainly do not blame the young lady for being angry with you.

Vacation is about here, and of course you are very glad of it. A very good way to have a pleasant time is to try to make those around you enjoy themselves.

Miss A——.—The best and most concise

description of the ideal woman by any author is found in the Book of Proverbs, the last chapter.

Up to Date.—The following is the latest style of hair-dressing given in a recent society journal, "Part the little one's hair in the centre, and curl the back hair over the finger or a curling stick, tying front curls with narrow baby ribbon."

H-d, C. L. S. '97—Remember, a beautiful smile is as potent in the drawing-room as on the stage."

—? — —No. do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand. They do not come in bunches.

Inventor.—Undoubtedly, no machine has made as much talk as the telephone.

Desperation.—You ask to know what the young lady, upon whom you were calling meant, when, after you remarking, "I always pay as I go," she said, "Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?" I am obliged to confess I think she meant it as a delicate hint.

\$5.00 per week.—Custard pie is the poor man's desert. It has no aristocracy about it, that is to say, no upper crust.

To all it May Concern.—I have tried to impress my readers with the laws of polite society, but knowing some may disapprove of my suggestions, I say with Emerson (!) "Who can assume to guide a youth, a maid to perfect manners?"

Society Youth.—Girls are naturally sensitive creatures, and when paying them compliments, it requires great tact and skill. For instance, you should never say to a young lady, "What a little mouth you have, not large enough to hold your tongue." Everything lies in the wording of the compliment.

# Girls Corner.



Seemingly, a great many girls are given to heedlessness; heedlessness in recognizing their friends; heedlessness in the common courtesies of society. Not long ago at a party, a young lady was surrounded by a bevy of her friends. One of them had claimed her attention and was addressing her, when suddenly, without any warning whatever, she turned about and entered into an animated conversation with some one else. Of course, the lack of courtesy on the young lady's part was very apparent to those standing about, and they naturally supposed that she had some reason for discomfiting her friend, when really such was not the case. She was merely heedless. To cite a different case. Two young men were walking along the street. One of them had told the other that he was very well acquainted with a certain young lady. Just afterwards they met the young lady, but she apparently did not care to recognize her friend. As there was no reason for the cut, the second young man was rather incredulous as to his companion's veracity, and a decided coolness existed between them for some time, and just because a girl was heedless enough to forget to bow. A girl's heedlessness is always very exasperating, and sometimes causes much trouble.

Now that the canoeing season has fully commenced, it may be well to say a word about boating. The Charles River above Waltham is the greatest pleasure canoeing

ground in the world, and many pretty costumes are seen there. If you are asked to go up the river, don't act as though you had been asked to go on a drowning expedition. If you accept, don't act scared to death, for a canoe is really safe enough, provided you behave according to directions. If you go once, all your prejudices against canoeing will vanish, your fears as well as all others.

There are many girls among the graduates of the high schools this year who go to college. Those who go away will enjoy the ins and outs of college life, while those who go to some school at home will simply be day pupils as they are at the present. There are arguments in favor of both home and boarding college life. The most potent in favor of the former is father or mother, or both. May those who go away have good luck in making "Fudge" on the sly, and may those who go to college at home have a good time and study hard. To those whose school days are about over, just a word. Do not make the mistake of considering that you know enough. Keep up with your reading, for well read girls are, as a rule, good conversationalists. Make your letters more entertaining than ever, for you will no longer be excused because of your studies. Be sure that you do not become one of those idlers who expect everything and are willing to do nothing in return.



N. W. Tilton, C. L. S. '96, is rowing 6 in the Harvard 1900 crew.

C. P. Adams, '95, rowed 3 in the '99 crew which won the Harvard Class Races in May, and E. G. Adams, formerly '95, rowed in the winning four-oared crew.

W. L. Beardsell, '96, was substitute on the 1900 ball nine.

Married: On May 27, Miss Anna M. Warren, C. L. S. '97, to Mr. George A. Dunn of Gardner. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn sailed for Europe for a three-months' tour.

J. B. Hawes, '96, is treasurer of the Harvard Freshman Glee Club, and J. F. Bacon, '95, is librarian of the 'Varsity Glee Club.

L. Warren, E. H. S. '96, went to New York with the Harvard Mott Haven Team, where he did good work in the 220-yd. hurdles.

A. F. Barnes, C. L. S. '94, is a member of the Harvard Banjo Club.

A meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club was held May 18. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions on the death of C. F. Regan, E. H. S. '93.

Married: On Wednesday, June 9, Jessie Maude Durrell, C. L. S. '93, to Mr. James H. Grover of Lynn.

A. C. Lamb, E. H. S. '93, is manager of the M. I. T. Glee Club.

Miss Winifred Warren, C. L. S. '87, B. U. '91, daughter of President W. F. Warren of Boston University, has been abroad a year, studying classics with a fellowship from Bryn Mawr, from which college she received a Ph.D., three years ago. She has recently been offered a professorship in Vassar College.

H. N. Stearns, '95, played first-base on the '99 team in the Class Games last May.

Fourteen Latin School graduates will receive their A.B.'s from Harvard on Commencement Day. Three of them, C. K. Moore, F. T. Lewis and B. S. Oppenheimer, are Phi Beta Kappa men; and two, C. K. Moore and C. L. Stebbins, have completed the course in three years.

Married: On May 23, Rachel K. Taylor, C. L. S. '91, to Dr. George W. Fitz, of Harvard.

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#### OBITUARY.

Charles F. Regan, E. H. S., '93, died at his home in Cambridge on May 11 of pneumonia. Regan was born in California in 1874, but moved to Cambridge while young. After graduating from the High School, he attended the Latin School for a year. In college, he stood well in his studies, specializing in economics and history. Resolutions have been passed by the Harvard C. L. S. Club and by the class of '98, Harvard.

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## DUNN=WARREN.

At the residence of Dr. William F. Warren, president of Boston University, 329 Broadway, Cambridge, a quiet home wedding took place at noon Wednesday, May 27, when his daughter, Miss Anna Merrick, was married to Mr. George Ainsworth Dunn of Gardner, Mass.

The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by Dr. William E. Huntington, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. Immediate relatives only were present.

The bride's gown was organdie over white silk, and she carried lilies of the valley. Miss Christine Merrick Ayars, a three-year-old niece of the bride, was maid of honor, and Mr. Frank C. Dunn, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. Willis B. Holcombe, Mr. William S. Burrage and Mr. Franklin T. Hammond, all of Cambridge.

A reception followed the ceremony, dur-

ing which many friends and relatives of the family were present, among whom were many prominent Cambridge and Boston people. Mr. Bradbury dismissed the school at 12.30 in order that the teachers might attend the reception.

Both bride and groom are graduates of Boston University, with the degree of A.B., the bride being a member of the class of '91, and the groom a member of the class of '89. Mr. Dunn is the son of Mr. John A. Dunn of Gardner, Mass. Miss Warren was a teacher at the Latin School for about a year, leaving just before her marriage. The bride and groom have the best wishes of all the pupils and teachers of the school that they may have a long and happy life together.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunn sailed for Liverpool by the steamship *Armenian*, June 2, and will spend three months in foreign travel. On their return they will reside in Gardner, Mass.—*Tribune*.



## BOOK REVIEW.

There is probably no other publication in America so successful as the *Youth's Companion* in securing the services of famous men and women. Think what a collection this is, for a single year: Ian Maclaren, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Madame Lillian Nordica, Hon. Carl Schurz, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the daughter of Longfellow, the son of Emer-

son, three members of President Cleveland's Cabinet, a United States Senator, the Speaker of the House of Representatives and half a hundred other men and women equally well known! The value of such a list of writers lies in the fact that each describes or discusses the work he is identified with—the work that has made him famous. An Illustrated Prospectus will be sent free to those who address

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



A cheap country seat—a stump.

A bad sign—an illegible signature.

Cupid is always shooting, and forever making Mrs.

The secrets of navigation are contained in a small compass.

A blacksmith cannot only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

A photographer has this inscription over his grave: "Here I lie, taken from life."

Men say smoking is very soothing. For the more they fume, the less they fret.

Indians never kiss each other, and having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

"Doctors are hard workers, considering."  
—"Considering what?"—"How easily they could take life if they wished."

Bluff—"I look upon you as a rascal."

Biff—"You are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume."

All government buildings should be paved with flag-stones. They are more patriotic than anything else.

A girl being asked by her teacher what kind of a noun "kiss" was, replied, with a blush, that it was both proper and common.

Student (to the professor): "Can anything go, and not go anywhere?"—Professor: "I should think not"—Student: "Then I should like to know where the light goes when it goes out."

The teacher asked the class wherein lay the difference between the words "sufficient" and "enough."—"Sufficient," answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time that I stop eating pie! 'enough,' is when I think it is."

"How is it, miss, you gave your age to the census-taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year as I was, and I am thirty-nine?"

"Oh! You have lived much faster than I."

"Why is the meat in your sandwich like the middle class in society?"

"Because it lies between the upper crust and under bred."

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

"What shall we name her?" said Mrs. Darley, as she gazed fondly at her first born.

"Well, name her Yorick," replied Mr. Darley. "Yorick," echoed his wife. "Why, that's a boy's name." "Indeed, it is not. Did n't Shakespeake say, 'A lass, poor Yorick'?"

A school boy was asked how many wars Spain had in the fifteenth century. "Six," said the boy. "Enumerate them," said the teacher. "One, two, three, four, five, six," replied the boy.

It has been said that the first persons seen by Robinson Crusoe on his desert island were a great swell on the shore, and a little cove running inland. The most remarkable geographical feature was the big bluff put up by the cannibals.

Teacher: "Come, come, boys, can't any of you give me an instance of the active transitive voice?"—Boy (after a little hesitation): "Yes, sir, I know one—the voice that goes through the telephone from one place to another."

Suggestions for a geographical cable code for tourists: Mother has left home—Marseilles. Were you acquainted with her? Genoa. Charley is very ill—Carlsbad. She is my brother's daughter—Nice. It is important you should leave at once—Moscow. Mother is not here, but—Paris.

A tragedy on the Nile; being the death of an amorous Crocodile in a thrilling melodramatic style.

On an island in the Nile  
Sat John, the Crocodile;  
Engulfed in deepest sorrow  
As his fellows passed him by.  
They said with wink of eye,  
"He won't live till tomorrow."  
For he loved a croco-lady,  
The forty-footer Sadie,  
A flirt of many a wile.  
She had captured his affection  
And ensnared his predilection  
By her sweet and winning smile.  
But when he did propose,  
She snubbed him to his nose,  
With cruelty unsurpassed.  
Poor John lost all his vigor  
And only ate one nigger  
For his every-day repast.  
He wrote his will one night,  
Then supped on dynamite;  
Next lit a cigarette.  
Was there an awful crash?  
Was Johnny blown to hash?

You bet!

Beneath a weeping willow  
With the cold ground for a pillow,  
Sleeps that lover true.  
While the wicked croco-lady,  
The forty-footer, Sadie,  
Is pent up in a Zoo.





## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Stephens is '99's typewriter.

How to put it back? Ask Robinson, '97!

Why is it that J—— could not go to the dance?

Class of '97 has set again for their group picture.

Our school year is drawing to a close. Now for the finals.

Mr. Sargent's room has a new password, namely: "Out."

It is the style now, in class of '97, to answer retorts by poetry.

Donavan's Latin verbs are rather queer and are well applauded.

The graduating class have had all their exams. How we others envy them!

Can all those around you be bought for a cent, Miss G-a-y, or is it only a selected few?

Miss Elsie G. Phelan, C. E. H. S. '00, was the pianist for the private dancing class at Radcliffe during the season of 1895-'96.

Every one that has the chance enjoys these lovely Saturdays "up river." How often trains are lost on the return.

The bicycle suits which the girls of '98 wear are very much liked by all. We hope the other girls will follow their example.

'97 held a very pretty strawberry festival and dance in Armory hall the 14th of May, which was both a social and financial success.

The chemistry divisions cleaned house last week. I wonder how many of the girls will make their aprons useful in some way at home.

The leading parts at graduation will be taken by the following: Valedictorians, Miss Grace MacLeod and Miss Hope Lincoln; historian, Miss Alice Close, and salutatorian, Master Sexton.

The class reception of '97 will be held June 18, when Miss Emma Loughton will read her prophecy and Miss Tjermbloom her poetry, the former having been chosen class prophetess and the latter class poetess.

The senior class has begun to practice its songs for graduation. The one where "with the roll" comes in continually, some of the girls claim, makes them sea-sick!

The Friday before Decoration Day, exercises were held in the hall. The two speakers, Mr. Olin and Mr. Evans, failed to appear for some good reasons and we therefore were dismissed at 1 o'clock, but the school enjoyed a talk from Mr. Huling, piano selections by Mr. Bruce and the C. M. T. S. Glee club.

The boys on that occasion clapped when it was announced by Mr. Huling that the two gentlemen would not be present. I wonder why!

# LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

We wish you a pleasant vacation.

W. R. Estabrook, '97, is at Royalton, Vermont.

Janes and Parker, '99, ride a Monarch tandem to school.

Did '98 really get around to have a picture taken that Monday?

All the scholars were most appreciative of Miss Warren's wedding.

Preliminary examinations come on the first, second, and third of July.

We were very glad to receive some of the bright scholars from the Lee Street School in our building during last month.

The first class graduates on Monday, the twenty-first, and the reception comes on Tuesday, the twenty-second, at the Newtowne Club.

'99 held a very pleasant social at the home of Miss Needham on May the twenty-fourth. A Library Party furnished great fun, and Misses Davidson and Georgie tied for first prizes. A large number from other classes were present and had a most enjoyable time. '99 seems to be the only class which is able to hold socials.

The marvellous '97 base-ball team has lost almost every game it has played. It was defeated by Belmont, and twice by Watertown, although it won from some of the Harvard scrub teams, of fancy names. Belmont has been beaten by a school team composed mostly of '98 fellows.

'97 held a class meeting at recess on May 12. A report of the last meeting was read by the secretary, Miss Norris, and was accepted. Miss McWhinnie was unanimously elected as prophetess, and Mr. Blackburn as historian. Mr. Humphrey was elected as class poet. The reception committee consists of Mr. Blackburn, chairman; Messrs. Murdock, Hall and Peters, and Misses Phillips, Foxcroft and Cogan. Mr. Wyman has been announced as valedictorian, and Mr. Dunlap as salutatorian. Mr. Bradbury has chosen some of the best scholars to take part in the Greek dialogue.

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## THE SHIP THAT WAS.

A storm came up from the north, last night,  
And lashed the sea into welts of white;

The wind blew high, the wind blew  
strong,—

A great ship, caught by the whirl-  
wind's thong,

Strained and tugged at her moorings.

The cabin prayed, and the captain swore,  
As the waves rushed by, with angry roar;

The wind blew high, the wind blew  
strong,—

Till the good ship split her cable strong,  
Breaking away from her moorings.

The day dawned fair, and the sea was still,  
For the storm had worked its mighty will.

The wind blew soft, the wind blew  
low,—

But men looked in vain, searching to  
and fro,

For the ship that had lain at her moorings.

## ATHLETIC REVIEW.—BASE-BALL.

Five of the six championship games have now been played, four of which have been defeats, the poorest record ever made by a Cambridge base-ball team. Yet at the beginning of the season we had undoubtedly a championship team. The well known sporting magazine, the *College Athlete*, says: "In Clarkson the nine has the headiest twirler in the league and around the bases are fellows who understand the game. The fielders, however, are slow in getting hits back to the diamond, do not seem anxious to try for anything like difficult chances, and were responsible for both defeats (by Hoppy and E. H. S.). Saul, Howe, Clarkson and Crowley are all splendid batsmen and have piled up the largest column of total bases in the league. In fact, C. H. & L. only needed team work to assure a place at or near the top." Even a more important factor in our poor showing than this lack of team work was the hard luck the nine had to contend with. Both pitchers got lame arms early in the season, Thomas and Warnock missed a couple of games, Hill did not play the first game and Crowley and Howe injured their hands. This necessitated constant changes in the positions of the men and was responsible for many errors. Only three of the nine regular men played every game without changing the position at least once, and W. Clarkson played four positions, pitch, catch, third base and left field. Individually, the team compares very favorably with that of last year, and there is no reason why Cambridge should not win the championship next year as the most of our players will return to school. Fred Clarkson, who has done the bulk of the pitching this year, has done good work, although he has neither the speed nor the puzzling curves of his

brother Walter. Both in the box and at left field he has fielded his position admirably but has not done much at the bat. Hill is a fair backstop, but throws to bases poorly. He is one of the best batters in the league, and his place will be hard to fill. Howe fields his position well and has a fair batting average. Saul is, perhaps, next to Clarkson, the best all-round player on the team. He is a hard batter and fields sharply and accurately. Crowley at short has played a poor fielding game. He is a first-class batter. Warnock at third fields his position excellently, but has not done much with the stick. W. Clarkson has played so many positions that his fielding average has suffered greatly. He is an excellent batter and probably leads the league in total bases. Sullivan at centre is a sure fielder on flies, but is slow on ground balls. With experience he will be a valuable man. Thomas at right, leads the team in batting, and his loss will be greatly felt. He did not have an opportunity to show his ability in the field, as he had only three chances, two of which he accepted. The averages this year present several unusual features. In making up the averages for the season, the scores of the five practice games of which the records were taken, have been combined with the records of the championship games. The batting in the championship games is 60 points higher than it was last year, and only 10 points behind the season's average. The fielding average is much lower than usual and is just the same in both practice and championship games, when it should be much higher in the latter. The most remarkable feature is the fact that there are very few changes in rank in the two tables and very slight differences in the individual averages.



| Batting.          | Games<br>played. | AB. | BH. | TB. | AV.  |
|-------------------|------------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Thomas .....      | 3                | 15  | 8   | 12  | .533 |
| Crowley .....     | 5                | 19  | 10  | 14  | .526 |
| Hill .....        | 4                | 19  | 10  | 13  | .526 |
| Saul .....        | 5                | 25  | 12  | 17  | .480 |
| W. Clarkson ..... | 5                | 28  | 12  | 23  | .428 |
| Howe .....        | 5                | 26  | 7   | 10  | .269 |
| Warnock .....     | 3                | 15  | 3   | 3   | .200 |
| F. Clarkson ..... | 5                | 23  | 4   | 4   | .172 |
| Brown .....       | 2                | 6   | 1   | 1   | .166 |
| Craig .....       | 1                | 6   | 1   | 1   | .166 |
| Sullivan .....    | 5                | 22  | 3   | 3   | .136 |
| Cox .....         | 2                | 9   | 0   | 0   | .000 |
|                   |                  | —   | —   | —   | —    |
|                   |                  | 213 | 71  | 101 | .333 |

| Batting.          | Games<br>played. | AB. | BH. | TB. | AV.  |
|-------------------|------------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Saul .....        | 9                | 40  | 19  | 27  | .475 |
| Hill .....        | 6                | 26  | 12  | 16  | .461 |
| Thomas .....      | 7                | 30  | 13  | 20  | .433 |
| W. Clarkson ..... | 10               | 47  | 19  | 31  | .417 |
| Howe .....        | 10               | 46  | 14  | 18  | .304 |
| Crowley .....     | 10               | 39  | 11  | 15  | .282 |
| Warnock .....     | 4                | 19  | 5   | 6   | .263 |
| Sullivan .....    | 9                | 36  | 8   | 8   | .222 |
| Brown .....       | 3                | 9   | 2   | 2   | .222 |
| F. Clarkson ..... | 10               | 42  | 9   | 10  | .214 |
| Cox .....         | 4                | 18  | 2   | 2   | .111 |
|                   |                  | —   | —   | —   | —    |
|                   |                  | 352 | 114 | 155 | .323 |



| Fielding.         | P.O. | A. | E. | AV.  |
|-------------------|------|----|----|------|
| F. Clarkson ..... | 4    | 10 | 1  | .933 |
| Warnock .....     | 3    | 7  | 1  | .909 |
| Hill .....        | 29   | 9  | 4  | .904 |
| Howe .....        | 53   | 1  | 8  | .870 |
| Saul .....        | 16   | 11 | 6  | .818 |
| W. Clarkson ..... | 11   | 12 | 6  | .806 |
| Sullivan .....    | 6    | 1  | 2  | .777 |
| Crowley .....     | 7    | 12 | 9  | .677 |
| Thomas .....      | 1    | 1  | 1  | .666 |
| Cox .....         | 5    | 0  | 4  | .505 |
|                   | —    | —  | —  | —    |
|                   | 135  | 64 | 42 | .825 |

| Fielding.         | P.O. | A. | E. | AV.  |
|-------------------|------|----|----|------|
| Warnock .....     | 7    | 13 | 1  | .952 |
| F. Clarkson ..... | 8    | 13 | 2  | .913 |
| Hill .....        | 32   | 10 | 5  | .893 |
| Howe .....        | 84   | 2  | 13 | .858 |
| Saul .....        | 30   | 17 | 8  | .854 |
| W. Clarkson ..... | 20   | 22 | 11 | .792 |
| Sullivan .....    | 7    | 1  | 3  | .737 |
| Crowley .....     | 17   | 8  | 12 | .676 |
| Brown .....       | 2    | 0  | 1  | .666 |
| Thomas .....      | 3    | 1  | 3  | .571 |
| Cox .....         | 6    | 0  | 5  | .545 |
|                   | —    | —  | —  | —    |
|                   | 216  | 87 | 64 | .825 |

# DESCRIPTION OF C. L. S. '97.

| NAME.           | APPEARANCE.                 | HOBBY.                       | CHARACTER.                       | WHAT OTHERS SAY.                                             |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| G. A-l-x-and-r. | Sweetness long drawn out.   | Sylvan whispers.             | Uncertain.                       | "Her silence and her patience speak to the people."          |
| M. B-k-r.       | Compressed.                 | Physics.                     | Undiscovered.                    | "Thou art a scholar."                                        |
| A. B-t-s.       | Bland.                      | Songs without words.         | Loving and giving.               | "Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will listen."               |
| M. C-h-l-l.     | Short and sweet.            | Home.                        | Angelic.                         | "Here in her hair, the painter plays the spider."            |
| A. Ch-s-s.      | Oh! !                       | Brotherly love.              | Blameless.                       | "Few taller are so young."                                   |
| M. C-g-n.       | Young.                      | Sailor hats.                 | A little late.                   | "W-Hew! !"                                                   |
| M. F-rd.        | Grecian.                    | College.                     | Meek.                            | "A mind at peace with all below."                            |
| F. F-xer-ft.    | Gay.                        | F. (2) A. (1) D. (3).        | Above mention.                   | "A deacon's daughter always does,—" right.                   |
| P. G-r-y.       | Overworked.                 | "Shrugs, hums and has."      | Fickle.                          | "Her brain more busy than the laboring spider."              |
| F. Gr-h-m.      | Light-headed.               | Looking backward.            | Sweet.                           | "She was as good as she was fair."                           |
| B. I-mb-rd.     | Pleasing.                   | P-l-ne.                      | Above the average.               | "She is a woman, therefore may be won."                      |
| L. McWh-nm-.    | Devout (?)                  | Callers.                     | Beyond words.                    | "Let her own works praise her."                              |
| A. M-r-g-n.     | Literary.                   | Low shoes.                   | Harmless.                        | "What beautiful circles!"                                    |
| M. N-r-r-s.     | Scholastic.                 | Pitcher's Castoria.          | Medicinal.                       | "Wisdom is better than rubies."                              |
| H. P-t-rs.      | Ethereal.                   | Wheels.                      | Demure.                          | "She has brown hair and speaks small like a woman."          |
| A. Ph-l-l-ps.   | Regal.                      | "Tulu."                      | Fickle.                          | "They don't come in bunches."                                |
| E. W-ss-lh-ft.  | Sheepish.                   | Making up.                   | Admirable.                       | "The devil himself hath not such a name."                    |
| C. B-eh-d-r.    | Docile.                     | "Chips."                     | Lacking interest.                | "Will he ever marry?"                                        |
| A. Bl-ekb-ra.   | Cherubical.                 | Eds.                         | Not permitted to know all things | "Thou young and rose-lipped cherubim."                       |
| J. B-yl-.       | All collar.                 | "Talking through his hat."   | "Not prepared" to say.           | "Assume a virtue if you have it not."                        |
| G. Ch-pm-n.     | Rocky.                      | Turning soda.                | All right, as far as known.      | "Is that a society smile?"                                   |
| R. Fl-nt.       | Japanese.                   | Theft.                       | Plaguy.                          | "How much better" would have been, had there been more       |
| N. H-l-l.       | A bearded youth.            | Stamp pictures.              | Puerile.                         | "He looks a safe treasurer."                                 |
| W. H-l-l.       | Adenid.                     | Getting wounded,             | Weak.                            | "I spied an Ancient Angel coming down from Hell."            |
| L. H-mphr-y.    | Sportive.                   | Stiff upper lip.             | Hopeless.                        | "His air, his manners, all who saw, admired."                |
| B. H-d-.        | Blamed if I know.           | Girls, maidens and fairies.  | ? ? ? ? ?                        | "The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles."      |
| A. D-w-n-g.     | Minus his trunk.            | Burning midnight oil.        | Hazy.                            | "Would thou could'st hide thyself under a bushel!"           |
| R. Est-br-k.    | Tired.                      | Spread-eagle oratory.        | Without an equal.                | "Yon golden flag!"                                           |
| E. D-nl-p.      | Mysterious.                 | Solids.                      | Noble.                           | "He in his study chair, Digs Greek roots with learned care." |
| A. L-e-c-k-.    | Infantile.                  | Playing horse.               | Girlish.                         | "Intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."        |
| L. M-and-lsh-n. | Cheshire.                   | His neighbor.                | Out of date.                     | "What a fine man your tailor makes you!"                     |
| H. M-rd-ek.     | Becoming.                   | Bows.                        | Natural.                         | "What to Felix?"                                             |
| J. N-l-l-g-n.   | Of manly build.             | Hustling ice.                | Out of sight.                    | "What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!"                    |
| C. P-t-rs.      | Foxy.                       | Taking a back seat.          | Genuine.                         | "Night after night he sat and blurred his eyes with books."  |
| W. R-e-.        | "Scared out of his senses." | Avoiding a tonsorial artist. | Same as he appears.              | "Delusion, a mockery, a snare."                              |
| J. Ry-n.        | Hot-headed.                 | Dress-suits.                 | Not any.                         | "All right from his hair up."                                |
| R. S-mm-n-s.    | Languishing.                | Making corrections.          | Morganatic.                      | "Never mention him."                                         |
| W. Th-m-s.      | Freckled.                   | Clogging.                    | Shaky.                           | "Too much of a good thing."                                  |
| W. W-lk-r.      | Saintlike.                  | The Press.                   | Undeveloped.                     | "How can one so tall, wear so small a shoe?"                 |
| B. W-lsch.      | Let each judge.             | Writing Two-steps.           | It wants recommendation.         | "We know he doesn't use a trot."                             |
| A. Wym-n.       | Unostentatious.             | Car numbers.                 | Straight goods.                  | "Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap?"                   |
|                 |                             |                              |                                  | "And the last shall be first."                               |

## GARRETT AND APPLGATE.

William Garrett has been running several years, but his brilliant victory in the half-mile run in the Interscholastic Outdoor Meet was his first in interscholastic circles. Mr. Bigelow, the Harvard sprinter, has been training the Cambridge team for some time, and Garrett's good form and excellent stride are in a great measure due to his kind teaching. Garrett is easily the best all-round athlete in the schools, and his good showing this year is very gratifying to his old classmates at the Latin School and to his present ones at the High school.

William Applegate, the captain of our track team, has also been running for some time, his distance being the 600-yard run in which he has won several prizes, but never an

interscholastic one until this year. It was he who succeeded in obtaining the services of Mr. Bigelow. His race in the 440-yard dash was a very pretty one and one in which he showed lots of sand. He led the bunch an awful pace on the back stretch, but was passed by three men on the curve. On the spurt he passed one, then Hersey, but Whitcomb could not be reached in time and Applegate crossed the line a good second.

The other members of the team did good work, Winslow winning his heat in the 220-dash, and running a good fourth in the finals. Dow got into the finals of the 440, and finished well up in the bunch. Taft ran well in the mile. Warnock won third in the mile bicycle, but in the second run off was not placed.



## NEW MUSIC.

White, Smith Mus. Pub. Co.:

New Quartettes for mixed voices by Alonzo Stone, Mus.Bac. "The Flower She Wore," a lover's remembrance; "The Fairest Maiden," a very cute and pretty song; "Tripping Through the Rye," with refrain from the famous Scotch ballad. Part songs for ladies' voices by Adam Geibel. Two two-part songs, "Spring Blossoms," and "Memory's Christmas Bells." One three-part song, "June Song." "Deus Misereatur in C," by A. W. Lansing, for quartet or chorus choir. Sacred compositions for mixed voices; "The Heavenly Shepherd," by C. P. Morrison, and "Jubilate Deo," by Carl Pflueger. Sacred song for a high voice, "O Divine Redeemer" (repentance); words by Alfred Phillips, music by Charles Gounod.

"The Coons on a Lark," coon song, quartet and dance; words by E. A. Church, music by George Lowell Tracy. A very clever piece. "Don't You Wish You Knew Me?" sung with immense success by Florrie West. Words by Sigmund B. Alexander, music by Joseph Knecht.

Instrumental. "The F Clef Picture Book," a set of easy teaching pieces, sequel to the celebrated "G Clef Picture Book," may be used as studies for the pianoforte, by Harold Leston, including "Simon Says Thumbs Up," "I Won't Play," "One Good Turn Deserves Another," "First Finger Wiggle" and "Lucky at Last." "Staccato Impromptu-Polka" for pianoforte, by Fr. Siebmann. "Angel's Dream," nocturne for pianoforte, by F. d'Orso. "Amorello," entr'acte "Fool's Gold," for pianoforte, by John A. Loud. "Il Squilla March," arranged for mandolin and piano, by C. D. Blake.



# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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THE REVIEW STAFF, '96-'97.





LATIN SCHOOL, '97.





ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, '97.



## OUTDOOR MEET.

The twelfth annual outdoor meet of the I. S. A. A., was held on Holmes Field June 4. A heavy rain interrupted the program, and compelled a postponement until the following Monday. The bicycle race which was ridden on the Waltham track May 31 was declared off, and run over again on the Charles River Park June 5. Several new records were made this year. The 120-yd. hurdles being won in 16 2-5 seconds by Hallowell of Hoppy, beating the old record by a whole second. Boyce of Brookline threw the 12-lb. hammer several feet better than the old. Rotch of Hoppy beats Payne's record in the high jump by a fraction of an inch. Garrett of Cambridge surprised his friends by doing the 880-yds. in record time. The mile bicycle record of 2.41 was lowered a great deal.

Had Boyce of Brookline not tripped in the 220 hurdles final heat, the result of the championship would have been much different. Converse broke the record by a full second. Shorey of Cushing Academy failed to do his usual vault. All other firsts were generally conceded to the winners by knowing athletes.

The best all-round performance of the whole meeting was the showing of W. B. Boyce of Brookline High, who won 12 points for his school—all that it got—and missed winning more by close rubs. He lost a place in the shot by half an inch, and fell in the hurdles when on the verge of winning.

### 100-YARD DASH.

Final heat—Won by H. J. Kane, English High; A. M. Butler, Worcester High, second; A. F. Duffy, English High, third. Time—10 2-5s.

### 120-YARD HURDLES.

Final heat—Won by J. W. Hallowell, Hop.; W. B. Boyce, Brookline High, second; J. J. Peter, Phillips Andover, third. Time—16 2-5s.

### THROWING 12-POUND HAMMER.

Won by W. B. Boyce, Brookline High, 130 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; W. R. Williams, Phillips Exeter, second, 128 ft. 2 in.; W. W. Coe, Noble's and Greenough's, third, 111 feet. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

### 440-YARD DASH (HEATS).

Second heat—Won by F. W. Haskell, Phillips Andover; W. A. Applegate, Cambridge High and Latin, second; G. H. Dow, Cambridge High and Latin, third; M. L. Bernstein, English High, fourth. Time—54 2-5s.

### 880-YARD RUN.

Won by W. A. Garrett, Cambridge High and Latin; R. C. Batchelder, Waban School, second; F. M. Kingsley, Worcester Academy, third. Time—2m. 1 1-5s.

### MILE WALK.

Won by W. F. Mohan, English High, G. O. Thatcher, Hopkinson, second; R. C. Dorr, Worcester Academy, third. Time—7m. 50 2-5s.

### MILE RUN.

Won by E. W. Mills, Chauncy Hall; G. E. Woodbine, Phillips Andover, second; D. T. Sullivan, Worcester High, third. Time—4m. 38s.

### RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Won by C. M. Rotch, Hopkinson, 5 ft. 8 in.; H. B. Kendall, Worcester Academy, C. H. R. Howe, Worcester Academy, G. Ellis, Phillips Andover, tied for second, 5 ft. 6 in.; Kendall won second on a toss and Howe third.

(Continued on page 23.)



## HIGH SCHOOL '97 HITS.

Bertha A. Aldrich:

"With too much quickness ever to be taught."

Lucretia O. Allen:

"So light of foot, so light of spirit."

Grace Barrett:

"For if she will, she will—you may depend on't;  
And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't."

Ella J. Boyle:

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Edith C. Brewster:

"Still constant in a wondrous excellence."

Mary Busnach:

"Those eyes  
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair,  
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

Annie G. Casey:

"Her cheeks were like the dawn of day."

Etta B. Clark:

"Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Etta G. Clarke:

"Ambition is the germ,  
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds.

Alice L. Close:

"Ever foremost in the ranks of fun."

Stella M. Coker,

Ruth L. Ellis,

Edith A. Hadcock:

"Chatterers they,  
Like birds of passage piping up and down."

Annie Connelly:

"Is she not a modest young lady?"

Bessie H. Cook:

"Her face,  
—so full of mirth."

Louise Coveney:

"The fascination and the nameless charm  
That shall lead all men captive."

Avice W. Crocker:

"With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those  
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm."

Evelyn M. Cummings:

"By my troth, a pleasant spirited young lady."

Frances A. Curtis:

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Elsie F. Davey:

"The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she."

Lena S. Doe:

"That Latin was not more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Alice L. Duer:

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony,  
But organically I am incapable of a tune."

Mary C. Ferrara:

"Black were her eyes as the berry that  
grows by the wayside."

Grace G. Gilligan:

"Do not delay, the golden moments fly!"

Alma M. Greco:

"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in a  
woman."

Marion A. Howes:

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look to her face, and you'll forget them  
all."

Lydia W. Johnston:

"Your absence of mind we have borne, till  
your presence of body came to be  
called in question by it."

Emma M. Loughton:

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers  
strike,  
And like the sun they shine on all alike."

May E. Lathrop:

"As merry as the day is long."

Lillian G. Lewis:

"Be to her virtues a little kind, be to her  
faults a little blind."

Abby H. Lincoln,

Grace McLeod:

"But they while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

Laura M. Landin:

"Knowledge comes  
Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else."

Rose M. McCarthy:

"Sweets to the sweet."

Gertrude C. Oliver:

"When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that."

Sarah L. Pike:

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Jennie L. Raymond:

"And all her looks a calm disclose  
Of innocence and truth."

Hattie P. Russell:

"Alas poor child! thou too must learn, like  
others."

Marion E. Ryan:

"My lady sleeps!"

Josephine Shea:

"Her very hair is of the dissembling color."

Annie D. Sherman:

"She bore herself  
So gently, that the lily on its stalk  
Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Mabel A. Stinson:

"Youthful and simply dressed."

Blenda K. Tjernblom:

"Fair nature's sweet simplicity  
With elegance refin'd."

Edith G. Wales:

"Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep."

Hattie C. Westcott:

"Her deep and thrilling song  
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach  
The soul."

Sarah S. Wyman:

"Although the last, not least."

Susie C. Gillis,

Genevieve G. Hannon,

Etta M. MacDonald,

Katherine A. McAleer,

Joannah McGillicuddy,

Ellen J. McMahon,  
Katherine A. Mullins,  
Ellen V. Murry,  
Kathryn A. O'Donnell,  
Sadie A. Parker,  
Margaret F. Sanderson:

"Thy praises I leave unexpress'd."

William A. Applegate:

"In wrestling nimble, and in running  
swift."

Walter G. Conant:

"I must be one of these same dumb, wise  
men."

Edward P. Flemming:

"He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Olmore Francis:

"Describe him who can,  
An abridgement of all that is pleasant in  
man."

Chester L. Freeman:

"The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech  
was low."

William W. Garrett:

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Ernest O. Garrett:

"And nothing's so perverse in nature  
As a profound opinionator."

William J. Greene:

"Surely I shall be wiser in a year."

Charles Haley:

"Thou art fickle as the sea,  
Thou art wandering as the wind."

John A. Hannon:

"Alas, he is too young!"

Henry Hudson:

"Manhood, fused with female grace."

James M. L. Jones:

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

Cornelius J. Mahoney:

"Good nature and good sense must ever  
join."

Joseph A. McCarthy:

"Assert thyself; rise up to thy full height."

Lawrence C. Miller:

"Music is the universal language of man-  
kind."

Leo T. Myles:

"And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-  
cuse."

Harry F. Perkins:

"It is a long, long story."

Frederick Pope:

"For none more likes to hear himself con-  
verse."

Lee J. Robinson:

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

George A. Sawin:

"The heart to conceive, the understanding  
to direct, or the hand to execute."

Frederick H. Sexton:

"But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you  
sit."

Norman L. Skene:

"Seldom he smiles."

Theodore H. Taft:

"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better  
acquainted with thee."

Alfred H. Thayer:

"Men of few words are the best men."

W. Thorning Wood:

"A calm and resolute bearing."



# WINGED MESSENGERS.

(Continued from page 19.)

Blow softly, Sweet Breezes, o'er moor and  
o'er fen,  
Glide swiftly and quiet, like ink from a pen.  
Caress, with thy tenderness, lands far and  
wide,  
The torrid sand-stretches and rugged sea-  
side.  
Then temper the desert and broad, level  
plain,  
Relieve in thy kindness the world's heated  
pain.  
Delight, or Soft Breezes, hot valleys and  
hills,  
And kiss the dark pools and the swift moun-  
tain-rills.  
Enliven the torpid and sluggish dog-days,  
Inspire the poet to musical lays;  
Give comfort to country, and mountain, and  
shore,  
Where ponderous billows with violence roar.  
  
Especially comfort parched cities, and bear  
Good tidings, in place of their worry and  
wear,  
Of blessings, of ease, and of pity for those  
Who labor and toil under burdens and woes.  
Oh, lighten their burdens, and bring them  
relief,  
And give them refreshment, in place of  
their grief;  
Then bless the poor children, and set them  
at ease.  
This do, for humanity's sake, Gentle Breeze.  
These blessings, in summer, do freely be-  
stow,  
Oh, Chill Blasts, in winter, forbear ye to  
blow.  
Then due for thy kindness are thanks to  
Our God,  
For ye are Winged Messengers, sent by the  
Lord.

440-yard dash.—Final heat: Won by G.  
G. Whitecomb, Exeter; W. A. Applegate,  
Cambridge, 2d; Hersey, Worcester, 3d. Time,  
52 1-5s.

220-yard hurdles.—Final heat: Won by J.  
H. Converse, English High; J. W. Hallowell,  
Hopkinson, 2d; J. J. Peter, Phillips Ando-  
ver, 3d. Time, 25 4-5s.

Putting 16-pound shot.—Won by W. W.  
Coe, Nobles and Greenough, 36 ft. 7½ in.;  
W. R. Williams, Phillips Exeter, 2d, 35 ft.  
3½ in.; L. Spear, Phillips Andover, 3d, 34 ft.  
8½ in.

220-yard dash.—Second heat: Won by H.  
Winslow, Cambridge High and Latin; A. F.  
Duffy, English High, 2d; A. M. Butler, Wor-  
cester High, 3d. Time, 23 3-5s. Final heat:  
Won by H. J. Kane, English High; A. M.  
Butler, Worcester High, 2d; G. M. Hersey,  
Worcester Academy, 3d. Time, 22 4-5s.

Running broad jump.—Won by W. B.  
Boyce, Brookline High, 21 ft. 6 in.; A. M.  
Butler, Worcester High, 2d, 21 ft. 4½ in.;  
W. A. Hersey, Worcester Academy, 3d, 21  
ft. ½ in.

Pole vault.—Won by T. C. Schreiber,  
Phillips Andover, 10 ft.; J. M. Rowland,  
Phillips Andover; H. B. Kendall, Worcester  
Academy; J. A. Shorey, Cushing Academy,  
tied for second, 9 ft. 9 in.

## POINTS WON BY SCHOOLS.

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| English High.....             | 21 |
| Hopkinson .....               | 19 |
| Phillips Andover .....        | 13 |
| Brookline High .....          | 12 |
| Phillips Exeter .....         | 9  |
| Worcester Academy .....       | 9  |
| Cambridge High and Latin..... | 7  |
| Nobles and Greenough.....     | 6  |
| Chauncy Hall .....            | 5  |
| Waban School .....            | 2  |
| Cushing Academy .....         | 1  |
| Mechanic Arts High.....       | 1  |

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HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM.

Walter Clarkson, '99 (captain), pitcher, left field.  
William O. Hill, '97, catcher.  
Marshall M. Howe, '00, first base.  
Arthur D. Saul, '98, second base.  
William A. Warnock, '99, third base.  
William Crowley, '99, short stop.  
William K. Thomas, '97, right field.  
Patrick J. Sullivan, '99, centre field.  
Fred Clarkson, '99, left field, pitcher.  
George H. Cox, Jr., '99, substitute.  
James L. Brown, '99, substitute.  
Harris H. Murdock, '97, manager.

HIGH AND LATIN FOOTBALL TEAM, '96.

William F. Donovan, '98, right end.  
Frederic W. Fletcher, '98, right tackle.  
Leon A. Jaquith, '98, right guard.  
W. Raymond Estabrook, '97, centre.  
Malcolm D. Miller, '98, left guard.  
Roger W. Simmons, '97, left tackle.  
William W. Garrett, '97, left end.  
William A. Warnock, '98 (captain), quarter back.  
William Crowley, '99, right half back.  
C. Arthur Lewis, '97, left half back.  
William C. Hill, '97, full back.  
Gordon D. Houston, '98, substitute.  
George L. Dow, '98, substitute.  
Robert G. Kelly, '00, substitute.  
Walter Clarkson, '99, substitute.  
Alex. M. Blackburn, '97, manager.

HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL POLO TEAM, '96-'97.

William A. Warnock, '98, rush.  
Walter Clarkson, '98, rush.  
Arthur D. Saul, '98, (captain) centre.  
James L. Brown, '99, guard.  
Fred Clarkson, '99, goal.  
William D. Dyer, '98, goal.  
Elliot S. Emerson, '97, manager.

HIGH AND LATIN TRACK TEAM, '96-'97.

William A. Applegate, '97, captain.  
William W. Garrett, '97.  
Charles W. Locke, '97.  
Henry J. Winslow, '98.  
Samuel Usher, '98.  
Leon A. Jaquith, '98.  
Theodore H. Taft, '97.  
John H. Blackburn, '98, manager.



# BASE-BALL.

In our second league game, the team suffered defeat at the hands of English High in a contest marked by hard batting and loose fielding on both sides. Cambridge outplayed their opponents in every respect, and should have won easily, but the team played in hard luck, and had a doubtful decision given against it in the ninth inning which cut off our last chance to tie the score. The best work was done by Saul, W. Clarkson, Crowley and Hill.

The score:

|                     | E. H. S. |    |     |     |     |    |    |
|---------------------|----------|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
|                     | AB.      | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
| Walsh, cf. ....     | 5        | 3  | 5   | 5   | 0   | 1  | 1  |
| Murphy, lf. ....    | 6        | 2  | 2   | 2   | 1   | 0  | 0  |
| Reilly, 2b. ....    | 5        | 1  | 2   | 4   | 5   | 7  | 2  |
| Carroll, 1b. ....   | 5        | 1  | 1   | 1   | 9   | 0  | 1  |
| Sherlock, 3b. ....  | 3        | 3  | 1   | 1   | 1   | 1  | 1  |
| Bogan, rf. ....     | 5        | 3  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 1  | 1  |
| Mooney, ss. ....    | 6        | 0  | 2   | 3   | 1   | 4  | 2  |
| Nettleton, p. ....  | 5        | 3  | 1   | 1   | 1   | 2  | 0  |
| Barrington, c. .... | 5        | 2  | 1   | 1   | 9   | 0  | 1  |
|                     | 45       | 18 | 16  | 19  | 27  | 16 | 9  |

|                       | C. H. & L. S. |    |     |     |     |    |    |
|-----------------------|---------------|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
|                       | AB.           | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
| Saul, 2b. ....        | 6             | 4  | 3   | 6   | 4   | 2  | 1  |
| Howe, 1b. ....        | 6             | 2  | 1   | 1   | 13  | 0  | 2  |
| W. Clarkson, lf., p.. | 6             | 3  | 3   | 5   | 0   | 6  | 0  |
| Warnock, 3b. ....     | 4             | 0  | 1   | 1   | 2   | 2  | 1  |
| Crowley, ss. ....     | 3             | 2  | 2   | 2   | 2   | 5  | 1  |
| Craig, rf. ....       | 6             | 1  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 0  | 0  |
| Hill, c. ....         | 5             | 2  | 4   | 5   | 5   | 5  | 1  |
| Sullivan, cf. ....    | 6             | 2  | 2   | 2   | 0   | 0  | 1  |
| F. Clarkson, p., lf.. | 5             | 1  | 1   | 1   | 1   | 0  | 0  |
|                       | 47            | 17 | 18  | 24  | 27  | 20 | 7  |

|                   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Innings .....     | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
| English High .... | 0 | 5 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1—18 |
| C. H. & L. ....   | 6 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0—17 |

Earned runs, C. H. & L., 6. E. H. S., 5.  
Two base hits, Saul 3, Hill, Mooney. Three  
base hits, W. Clarkson, Reilly. Stolen

bases, Saul 2, Howe 2, W. Clarkson, Craig, Hill, Sullivan, Walsh 4, Murphy 2, Reilly 4, Carroll 2, Sherlock 4, Bogan 2, Nettleton. Base on balls by F. Clarkson, Walsh, Reilly, Sherlock 3, Bogan, Nettleton, by W. Clarkson, Carroll, by Nettleton, Warnock 2. Struck out by F. Clarkson: Murphy, Carroll 2; by W. Clarkson; Murphy; by Nettleton, Howe, Warnock 2, Sullivan, F. Clarkson 3. Passed balls, Hill 4. Wild pitches, F. Clarkson 3. Hit by pitched ball, Hill, Crowley 3. Double plays, Mooney, Reilly and Carroll, Reilly and Carroll, Nettleton, Reilly and Carroll. Time, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

May 25, Cambridge won its first championship game from Roxbury in a well-played contest. The team batted hard, and the fielding was sharp, a stop by Thomas in the ninth being especially worthy of mention, and the errors were mostly excusable. At the bat Thomas led the team, but Saul, W. Clarkson, Crowley and Hill also did well. Thomas and Crowley each got home runs.

The score:

|                      | C. H. & L. S. |    |     |     |     |    |    |
|----------------------|---------------|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
|                      | AB.           | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
| Saul, 2b. ....       | 5             | 2  | 3   | 4   | 6   | 3  | 2  |
| Howe, 1b. ....       | 5             | 1  | 1   | 1   | 11  | 0  | 1  |
| W. Clarkson, 3b., c. | 6             | 3  | 3   | 5   | 2   | 3  | 1  |
| Brown, rf. ....      | 3             | 2  | 0   | 0   | 0   | 0  | 0  |
| Crowley, ss. ....    | 4             | 3  | 2   | 5   | 1   | 3  | 1  |
| Thomas, lf., c. .... | 6             | 2  | 4   | 7   | 0   | 1  | 0  |
| Hill, c., lf. ....   | 6             | 1  | 3   | 5   | 7   | 2  | 0  |
| Sullivan, cf. ....   | 5             | 1  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 0  | 0  |
| F. Clarkson, p. .... | 6             | 0  | 0   | 0   | 0   | 3  | 1  |
|                      | 46            | 15 | 17  | 28  | 27  | 15 | 6  |

## ROXBURY.

|                     |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|----|---|---|
| E. Putnam, c. ....  | 6 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 14 | 1 | 0 |
| G. Putnam, ss. .... | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1  | 1 | 2 |
| Paul, 3b. ....      | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2  | 1 | 2 |
| Philbrick, p. ....  | 5 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 0  | 2 | 2 |
| Farmer, lf. ....    | 5 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Samson, 2b. ....    | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2  | 1 | 1 |
| Hayes, cf. ....     | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2  | 0 | 1 |

|                   |    |   |    |    |     |   |   |
|-------------------|----|---|----|----|-----|---|---|
| Hoxie, 1b. ....   | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 3   | 0 | 0 |
| Crocker, rf. .... | 3  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 0   | 0 | 0 |
|                   | —  | — | —  | —  | —   | — | — |
|                   | 41 | 7 | 12 | 14 | 26* | 6 | 8 |

\* Hill out, hit by batted ball.

|                    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Innings .....      | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
| C. H. & L. S. .... | 0 | 0 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0—15 |
| Roxbury .....      | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0—7  |

Earned runs, C. H. & L., 3. Two base hits, Saul, W. Clarkson 2, Hill, E. Putnam, Philbrick. Home runs, Crowley, Thomas. Stolen bases, Saul 3, Howe 2, W. Clarkson, Brown 2, Crowley 2, Thomas, Sullivan, F. Clarkson, G. Putnam, Paul, Philbrick 2, Farmer 2, Hayes, Hoxie 2, Crocker. Base on balls, by F. Clarkson, Samson, Hayes, Crocker; by Philbrick, Saul 2, Howe, Brown 3, Crowley 2, Sullivan. Struck out by F. Clarkson, E. Putnam 3, Philbrick, Paul, Samson, Hoxie, Crocker; by Philbrick; Howe, Brown 2, Crowley, Hill, Sullivan 2, F. Clarkson 4. Passed balls, E. Putnam 7. Wild pitches, Philbrick 3. Hit by pitched ball, Hoxie. Umpires, Massy and Carrick. Time, 2 hours and 40 minutes.

May 28th we were defeated by Brookline High 20 to 5. Cambridge could not hit the ball, and fielded and ran bases wretchedly. The only redeeming features were Hill's all-round work, the fielding of F. Clarkson and Saul, and good batting by W. Clarkson. It ought to be said, however, that the team was crippled by the loss of Thomas and Warnock, and that some of the others were suffering from various injuries.

The score:

#### BROOKLINE.

|                   |     |    |     |     |     |    |    |
|-------------------|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
|                   | AB. | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
| Lancy, 3b. ....   | 7   | 2  | 4   | 4   | 3   | 2  | 0  |
| Hall, lf. ....    | 6   | 1  | 2   | 2   | 0   | 1  | 1  |
| Hutchins, c. .... | 5   | 2  | 0   | 0   | 9   | 1  | 0  |
| Morse, cf. ....   | 7   | 3  | 2   | 3   | 1   | 1  | 0  |
| Ware, 2b. ....    | 7   | 4  | 3   | 4   | 4   | 3  | 2  |

|                    |    |    |    |    |    |    |   |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| Stillman, 1b. .... | 6  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 8  | 0  | 2 |
| Parker, rf. ....   | 6  | 4  | 4  | 7  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| James, ss. ....    | 4  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0 |
| Kernan, p. ....    | 6  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 1  | 2  | 0 |
|                    | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  | — |
|                    | 54 | 20 | 19 | 24 | 27 | 12 | 5 |

#### CAMBRIDGE.

|                       |     |    |     |     |     |    |    |
|-----------------------|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
|                       | AB. | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
| Saul, 2b. ....        | 5   | 1  | 1   | 1   | 1   | 2  | 0  |
| Howe, 1b. ....        | 4   | 2  | 1   | 1   | 11  | 1  | 2  |
| W. Clarkson, 3b., p.  | 5   | 1  | 2   | 4   | 2   | 1  | 3  |
| Crowley, ss. ....     | 3   | 0  | 1   | 2   | 0   | 3  | 3  |
| Cox, lf. ....         | 4   | 0  | 0   | 0   | 2   | 0  | 2  |
| Hill, c. ....         | 4   | 0  | 2   | 2   | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| Brown, rf. ....       | 3   | 0  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 0  | 0  |
| F. Clarkson, p., 3b.. | 3   | 1  | 0   | 0   | 0   | 2  | 0  |
| Sullivan, cf. ....    | 3   | 0  | 0   | 0   | 1   | 0  | 0  |
|                       | —   | —  | —   | —   | —   | —  | —  |
|                       | 34  | 5  | 8   | 11  | 27  | 9  | 10 |

|                 |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Innings .....   | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
| Brookline ..... | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 0 | 0—20 |
| C. H. & L. .... | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0—5  |

Earned runs, Cambridge 1, Brookline 3. Two base hits, Crowley, Morse, Ware, Parker 3. Three base hit, W. Clarkson. Stolen bases, Saul, Hill 2, Lancy 3, Parker 3, James 3, Kernan. Bases on balls by F. Clarkson: Hall, Hutchins, James 2; by Kernan; Howe, Cox, Brown, F. Clarkson, Sullivan. Struck out by Clarkson; Hall 2, Hutchins, Stillman, James 2, Kernan; by Kernan, Crowley, Cox 3, Brown, Sullivan 2. Hit by pitched ball, Crowley 2. Wild pitch, F. Clarkson. Passed ball, Hill. Time, 2 hours and 45 minutes.

June 2, we were defeated in a very exciting game of 10 innings by Somerville. The team played poorly in the first few innings, but did excellent work in the last innings, and should have won, but it was hampered by the crowd getting on the field. The best work was done by Saul, Hill and Thomas. Saul stole third very prettily in the 6th, but could not score.

## SOMERVILLE.

|                     | AB. | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| McRae, 2b. ....     | 5   | 2  | 2   | 2   | 5   | 1  | 0  |
| Hafford, p. ....    | 6   | 2  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 1  | 0  |
| Wiley, rf. ....     | 6   | 1  | 3   | 5   | 1   | 0  | 1  |
| Brookhouse, 3b. ... | 6   | 2  | 2   | 2   | 2   | 2  | 1  |
| Saunders, ss. ....  | 4   | 3  | 3   | 3   | 1   | 3  | 3  |
| Baldwin, 1b. ....   | 6   | 0  | 2   | 2   | 7   | 0  | 0  |
| Chandler, cf. ....  | 4   | 0  | 1   | 1   | 4   | 0  | 0  |
| Sheridan, lf. ....  | 4   | 2  | 1   | 2   | 0   | 0  | 1  |
| Cuddy, c. ....      | 3   | 2  | 1   | 1   | 5   | 2  | 0  |
|                     | 44  | 14 | 16  | 19  | 25* | 9  | 6  |

## C. H. &amp; L. S.

|                       | AB. | R. | BH. | TB. | PO. | A. | E. |
|-----------------------|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| Saul, 2b. ....        | 5   | 1  | 2   | 3   | 3   | 1  | 2  |
| Howe, 1b. ....        | 6   | 0  | 2   | 2   | 5   | 0  | 1  |
| W. Clarkson, lf. .... | 6   | 1  | 1   | 1   | 4   | 1  | 0  |
| Warnock, 3b. ....     | 6   | 1  | 1   | 1   | 0   | 1  | 0  |
| Crowley, ss. ....     | 4   | 1  | 1   | 1   | 2   | 1  | 2  |
| Thomas, rf. ....      | 4   | 2  | 3   | 4   | 1   | 0  | 1  |
| Hill, c. ....         | 5   | 3  | 2   | 3   | 7   | 2  | 2  |
| Sullivan, cf. ....    | 5   | 1  | 0   | 0   | 3   | 1  | 0  |
| F. Clarkson, p. ....  | 4   | 3  | 1   | 1   | 2   | 1  | 0  |
|                       | 45  | 13 | 13  | 16  | 27* | 8  | 8  |

|            |       |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|------------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Innings    | ..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10   |
| Somerville | ..... | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1—14 |
| Cambridge  | ..... | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 0—13 |

\*F. Clarkson hit by batted ball. Hill out, foul bunt on third strike and winning run made with none out.

Earned runs, Cambridge 1, Somerville 1. Two base hits, Saul, Thomas, Hill, Wiley 2, Sheridan. Stolen bases, Saul 2, Crowley, F. Clarkson, McRae, Hafford 4, Brookhouse 5, Saunders 5, Cuddy 3. Bases on balls by F. Clarkson; McRae, Saunders 2, Chandler, Cuddy; by Hafford; Saul, Crowley, Thomas, F. Clarkson. Struck out by Clarkson; Wiley, Chandler; by Hafford; Howe, W. Clarkson, F. Clarkson, Sullivan 2. Wild pitches, Clarkson 1, Hafford 1. Umpires, Robinson and Shea. Time, 2 hours and 45 minutes.

## CLASS TRACK GAMES.

Annual class games were held on Holmes Field at 11 A. M., Saturday. The work done was fair, Richardson doing 21 ft. 4 in., in the running broad, while in the mile and half-mile, the winners were both capable of better work. Winslow did best all around, winning 22 points. Ninety-eight won first with 36 points, and ninety-seven second with 28.

## 220-Yards Dash.

1st, Winslow, '98; 2d, Richardson, '98; 3d, Bartlett, '99. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

## 440 Yards Run.

1st, Applegate, '97; 2d, Dow, '98; 3d, —. Time, 53 2-5 seconds.

## Running High Jump.

1st, Winslow, '98, Applegate, '97, tie; 3d, Richardson, '98. Height, 5 ft. 1 3/4 inches.

## Bicycle Race.

1st, Soule, 1900; 2d, Munroe, '99; 3d, —. Time, 3—19 2-5.

## Shot Put.

1st, Whalin, 1900; 2d, Usher, '98; 3d, Applegate, '97. Distance, 31 ft. 10 1/2 inches.

## 220 Yards Hurdles.

1st, Garrett, '97; 2d, Locke, '98; 3d, Goodridge, '98. Time, 28 seconds.

## Running Broad Jump.

1st, Richardson, '98; 2d, Winslow, '98; 3d, Garrett, '97. Distance, 21 ft. 4 inches.

## 880 Yards Run.

1st, Garrett, '97; 2d, Dow, '98; 3d, Usher, '98. Time, 2 minutes, 10 seconds.

## 1 Mile Run.

1st, Taft, '97; 2d, Locke, '97; 3d, Jaquith, '99. Time 5 minutes, 1 second.

## 100 Yards Dash.

1st, Winslow, '98; 2d, Garrett, '97; 3d, Richardson, '98. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

Starter, M. C. O'Brien. Judges, Whalin, Leitch. Timers, Sever, Edwards. Announcer, Henry Hudson.



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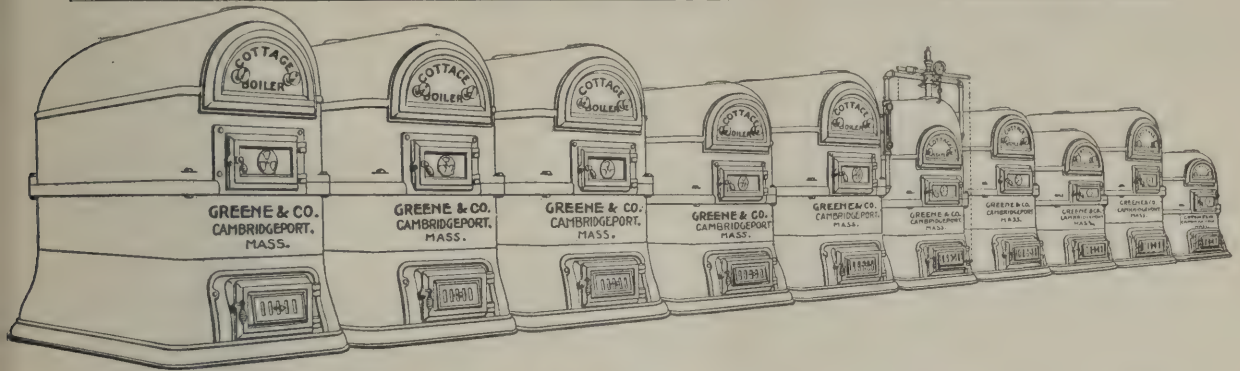
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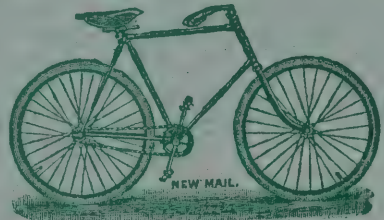
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